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OUR KNAPSACK.

Sketches for the Boys in Blue.

COMPILED AND PUBLISHED

BY

F. M. McADAMS, Richwood, Ohio,

Late Sergeant 113th O. V. I.



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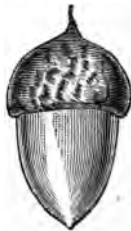


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Late in the afternoon, and within three miles of Ringgold, we encountered the outposts of the enemy, driving them in, and appropriating their half-cooked supper of yams and sweet potatoes, which we found cooking in iron kettles.

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to move in the rear with my squad. The Confederates, ascertaining that we were falling back, pressed our rear, and for several miles, and until darkness came on, a brisk skirmish fight was kept up, in which our loss was three killed and eight or ten wounded. We had now reached a slope of heavy timber, and were permitted to move on unmolested. Coming at length to a level piece of bottom land, through which runs the stream Chickamauga, we forded the stream and went into camp on the edge of the prairie near a strip of timber. It was now nearly ten o'clock at night, and our camp fires were soon blazing in the necessary preparations for supper and rest. During the afternoon I had had the misfortune to lose my darkey who carried my haversack and blankets, but Captain Bowersock generously shared with me his rations, and, supper being over, we stretched ourselves on the ground with our feet to the fire, congratulating ourselves that we might rest for the remainder of the night. Our enemies had calculated otherwise, for, just as Morpheus was escorting us into the dim land of dreams, we were startled by the report of a cannon shot, and the whiz of a shell filled the air above our heads. This was followed by others in rapid succession, until the air seemed alive with screaming, screeching, exploding, deadly missiles. To spring to our feet, seize our arms and extinguish our fires, was but the work of a few seconds. All was confusion for a time, but, changing our position for another that seemed to promise security, we again lay down and rested unmolested till dawn.

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About dusk we received orders to march immediately, and, leaving our tents and personal effects in charge of a light guard, we were soon moving at a quick pace in the direction of Chickamauga Creek and the fatal field. At the distance of six miles we halted, and spent the night without fires, though the night was frosty and cold.

The sun had scarcely risen the next (Sunday) morning, when the opening roar of cannon to the southeast of us told that the bloody work of the day had begun. After a hurried breakfast we fell in line and advanced about two miles to the east, where we halted and threw out a line of pickets. As the day advanced the roar of cannon became incessant, and the noise of musketry was a deafening accompaniment. We could see the sulphur smoke of battle, and its locality indicated to us the position of the deadly combatants. We were all on the tip-toe of excitement; some seemed anxious to go forward and share in the struggle with the foe; others shrank and grew pale; but truth compels me to say that in the hours that followed, the timid and the bold fought with equal bravery.

About half past nine o'clock the bugle called us to arms, and we were hurried at double quick toward the scene of battle. Presently we came to where the dead and wounded lay scattered over the field, the surgeons busy attending to the latter. This was a trying moment, for, as we were hurried along, we crossed a level, open piece of ground, and the enemy appearing in the woods on our left, opened a deadly artillery fire upon us, and, strange as it may appear, our line crossed that space of several hundred yards and not a man was injured. Striking the timber again, we came very nearly entering the enemy's lines. General Steedman rode up, his horse covered with a heavy lather of sweat, and gave orders to file to the right. We hurried through a corn field and took our position in the timber. Stray balls were flying around with a continual spatter. In five minutes after coming to a halt we were ordered to charge up the rising ground in our front. Obeying, we met the flying remnant of a regiment of our troops, who were being swept by the enemy from the position to which we were advancing; but on we went, and, reaching the summit, we met the enemy in overwhelming numbers. Now came the tug of war. Grape, canister, shot, shell, and other death-dealing projectiles, made of our ranks a harvest of death, and in five minutes nearly one-fourth of our regiment was either killed or wounded. Utter destruction awaited us. We wavered, gave way, and fled down the hill in disorder. Reaching a somewhat sheltered position we halted, and, re-forming, lay down in line of battle. Shells and cannon-balls were doing their deadly work, cutting trees and large branches which, in their fall, sent consternation and sometimes death into our ranks. One limb in its fall killed two men.

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I plunged into the thick undergrowth, feeling that I had hopes of escape, but I ran right into a regiment of Confederates lying concealed in the thick undergrowth. A half dozen muskets were pointed at me, and I was ordered to surrender. I had no alternative to do otherwise, and accepted the situation.

I saw that the regiment or brigade into whose midst I had run was bent on some particular object, for they were creeping along cautiously, and lying close to the ground. I asked my captors if I might stand behind a tree, which would shelter me from the fire of our own troops, being a prisoner, I did not wish to be killed by my friends. To this they consented, and for a brief time a friendly oak protected me. The balls from our troops were flying dangerously near, and the dead and wounded of both armies were to be seen all around me. At length there came a momentary lull in the firing, but this was followed by a storm of shot, shell and musketry poured into the ranks of the rebels by the Union troops, almost annihilating them. They fell back, leaving large numbers of their dead and wounded, and also leaving me behind the tree to care for myself. I hesitated how to proceed, but concluded to pursue my flight down the gulch in the bare hope of finding an open space through which I might escape the foe and rejoin my retreating friends. I had proceeded but a short distance when I ran into a second line of the enemy, and was again a prisoner. It was now sundown, and the work of that bloody Sabbath was drawing to a close; the fighting ceased to be general, and the enemy at once took the best means of securing the hard-earned fruits of the day's conflict. I was hurried to the rear and joined to a squad of near two hundred other prisoners, and as night came on,

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The family who owned the house we were occupying, and who had been driven from it by the battle, returned on Tuesday following the battle. Everything of a personal character, except the house, had been destroyed or swept away by the contending armies, and the situation upon the return of the family was anything but inviting and



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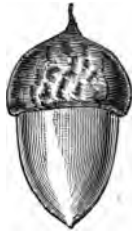


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We had been following the rebel army under Bragg all the way from Shelbyville to Chattanooga, and had about given up the hope of his giving us battle. Our corps, under General Gordon Granger, had pitched our tents near Rossville, an insignificant village, near five miles south of Chattanooga, and were now resting from the tiresome marches of the several days previous. On the third day after our halt, the division (Steedman's) to which we were attached, started on a reconnoissance in the direction of Ringgold and Tunnel Hill, a distance of nearly twenty miles from our camp. The Confederates were reported to be in that direction with a strong force, and the object of our movement was to ascertain his position and strength.

Late in the afternoon, and within three miles of Ringgold, we encountered the outposts of the enemy, driving them in, and appropriating their half-cooked supper of yams and sweet potatoes, which we found cooking in iron kettles.

Halting about a mile from town, we placed six pieces of artillery in a commanding position, and, for a time, paid our compliments to our enemies after the cast iron fashion. I was sent with a squad of men to the top of a hill on our left to ascertain and report any aggressive demonstration of the foe, but nothing occurred of importance. Our division, having accomplished the object of the trip, began to fall back toward Rossville late in the evening, and I was ordered

to move in the rear with my squad. The Confederates, ascertaining that we were falling back, pressed our rear, and for several miles, and until darkness came on, a brisk skirmish fight was kept up, in which our loss was three killed and eight or ten wounded. We had now reached a scope of heavy timber, and were permitted to move on unmolested. Coming at length to a level piece of bottom land, through which runs the stream Chickamauga, we forded the stream and went into camp on the edge of the prairie near a strip of timber. It was now nearly ten o'clock at night, and our camp fires were soon blazing in the necessary preparations for supper and rest. During the afternoon I had had the misfortune to lose my darkey who carried my haversack and blankets, but Captain Bowersock generously shared with me his rations, and, supper being over, we stretched ourselves on the ground with our feet to the fire, congratulating ourselves that we might rest for the remainder of the night. Our enemies had calculated otherwise, for, just as Morpheus was escorting us into the dim land of dreams, we were startled by the report of a cannon shot, and the whiz of a shell filled the air above our heads. This was followed by others in rapid succession, until the air seemed alive with screaming, screeching, exploding, deadly missiles. To spring to our feet, seize our arms and extinguish our fires, was but the work of a few seconds. All was confusion for a time, but, changing our position for another that seemed to promise security, we again lay down and rested unmolested till dawn.

Returning to the vicinity of Rossville, our former camp, we remained the greater part of the day, and being within a few miles of the battle, which opened early in the morning, we could hear the roar of cannon and the din of battle as it progressed. This was Saturday, September 19th, the first day of the conflict. None of us comprehended the extent of the engagement now pending, nor did we realize that the day and the morrow would be fraught with the mighty events that have since passed into history.

About dusk we received orders to march immediately, and, leaving our tents and personal effects in charge of a light guard, we were soon moving at a quick pace in the direction of Chickamauga Creek and the fatal field. At the distance of six miles we halted, and spent the night without fires, though the night was frosty and cold.

The sun had scarcely risen the next (Sunday) morning, when the opening roar of cannon to the southeast of us told that the bloody work of the day had begun. After a hurried breakfast we fell in line and advanced about two miles to the east, where we halted and threw out a line of pickets. As the day advanced the roar of cannon became incessant, and the noise of musketry was a deafening accompaniment. We could see the sulphur smoke of battle, and its locality indicated to us the position of the deadly combatants. We were all on the tip-toe of excitement; some seemed anxious to go forward and share in the struggle with the foe; others shrank and grew pale; but truth compels me to say that in the hours that followed, the timid and the bold fought with equal **bravery**.



About half past nine o'clock the bugle called us to arms, and we were hurried at double quick toward the scene of battle. Presently we came to where the dead and wounded lay scattered over the field, the surgeons busy attending to the latter. This was a trying moment, for, as we were hurried along, we crossed a level, open piece of ground, and the enemy appearing in the woods on our left, opened a deadly artillery fire upon us, and, strange as it may appear, our line crossed that space of several hundred yards and not a man was injured. Striking the timber again, we came very nearly entering the enemy's lines. General Steedman rode up, his horse covered with a heavy lather of sweat, and gave orders to file to the right. We hurried through a corn field and took our position in the timber. Stray balls were flying around with a continual spatter. In five minutes after coming to a halt we were ordered to charge up the rising ground in our front. Obeying, we met the flying remnant of a regiment of our troops, who were being swept by the enemy from the position to which we were advancing; but on we went, and, reaching the summit, we met the enemy in overwhelming numbers. Now came the tug of war. Grape, canister, shot, shell, and other death-dealing projectiles, made of our ranks a harvest of death, and in five minutes nearly one-fourth of our regiment was either killed or wounded. Utter destruction awaited us. We wavered, gave way, and fled down the hill in disorder. Reaching a somewhat sheltered position we halted, and, re-forming, lay down in line of battle. Shells and cannon-balls were doing their deadly work, cutting trees and large branches which, in their fall, sent consternation and sometimes death into our ranks. One limb in its fall killed two men.

Our division was now occupying the brow of a hill, with orders to hold it to the very last moment. The men hugged the ground, loading and firing continually, each man as fast as he could. The deafening roar of musketry and the boom of cannon drowned, in a great measure, the shrieks of the wounded and dying. Every moment was heard the dull thud which told that another had been killed or wounded. A few yards to my right stood a man behind a tree a foot in diameter. He was loading and firing at will, intent on killing all he could. But the brave fellow's earthly career was cut short by a cannon ball which struck the tree four feet from the ground, cutting the tree off, and killing the man so suddenly that he never knew how he was struck.

We held our position till nearly sundown. Nearly half the men in our company and the regiment were killed, wounded or missing, and at each successive moment our ranks were melting under the terrific fire of death which continued to assail us. We had done all that brave men could do to hold our position, and further stay here seemed death to the remainder. At length an order was received to fall back, and the field with our gallant dead and wounded was left to the foe. After proceeding a short distance I turned aside in company with comrade Clark, of Company B, and, as we again turned to run and rejoin our retreating column, Clark was struck by a ball and

instantly killed. I caught him in my arms and laid him on the ground, and, being unable to render him any assistance in his last moments, except at the risk of my life, I again ran forward. As I ran down the hill I came near to a poor fellow whose leg had just been shot away midway between the knee and foot. He begged me for God's sake to stop, and though the balls were flying thick and fast, I could not refuse him. I tied up his leg as well as I could, and, as I rose to run again, my canteen dropped to the ground. Stooping to pick it up, I noticed that the strap was cut asunder by a ball, and this made me decide to let the canteen take care of itself, and hurried forward as fast as I could run.

Reaching the gulch at the foot of the hill, I discovered that our forces had been re-enforced, or had been able to re-form, and were now in position on the opposite side of the gulch, on the high ground, and were opening fire on the advancing rebels. This placed me under the fire of friend and foe, and doubled my danger.

Two others, left by their commands, were trying to find shelter behind a double tree which grew in the gulch. While I argued with them that there was room for a third, one of them was shot through the hips. I then concluded that I did not want the place, and at once started down the gulch, hoping to reach a place of safety by flanking friend and foe.

I plunged into the thick undergrowth, feeling that I had hopes of escape, but I ran right into a regiment of Confederates lying concealed in the thick undergrowth. A half dozen muskets were pointed at me, and I was ordered to surrender. I had no alternative to do otherwise, and accepted the situation.

I saw that the regiment or brigade into whose midst I had run was bent on some particular object, for they were creeping along cautiously, and lying close to the ground. I asked my captors if I might stand behind a tree, which would shelter me from the fire of our own troops, being a prisoner, I did not wish to be killed by my friends. To this they consented, and for a brief time a friendly oak protected me. The balls from our troops were flying dangerously near, and the dead and wounded of both armies were to be seen all around me. At length there came a momentary lull in the firing, but this was followed by a storm of shot, shell and musketry poured into the ranks of the rebels by the Union troops, almost annihilating them. They fell back, leaving large numbers of their dead and wounded, and also leaving me behind the tree to care for myself. I hesitated how to proceed, but concluded to pursue my flight down the gulch in the bare hope of finding an open space through which I might escape the foe and rejoin my retreating friends. I had proceeded but a short distance when I ran into a second line of the enemy, and was again a prisoner. It was now sundown, and the work of that bloody Sabbath was drawing to a close; the fighting ceased to be general, and the enemy at once took the best means of securing the hard-earned fruits of the day's conflict. I was hurried to the rear and joined to a squad of near two hundred other prisoners, and as night came on,

we remained on the field under a strong guard. I dare not recall the feelings that robbed me of slumber during that long night. I would not recall them if I could. One of the most painful recollections of one who has gone through a battle, is that of the friends lying wounded and dying, and who need that help which he is utterly unable to give. I suffered this and much more, for, as the weary hours wore away, the pangs of defeat and the consciousness that we had fallen into the hands of a merciless enemy, added to the terror of our situation.

The next morning most of the Union prisoners who were not wounded, were set to the work of caring for the wounded Union troops, who, being unable to leave the field, had fallen into the hands of the rebels. Nearly all the wounded of both armies were yet on the field, and in general, uncared for. There was a vast number of each class, and the work of collecting them together and giving the necessary attention to each man, was a task a hundred fold greater than could be performed. This was Monday morning, and the battle had raged for the two days before, over an area of field and woods of several miles in extent. We prisoners were permitted to care for our wounded as best we could, but the most we could do for them was to bring them water and give them such acts of attention as our limited means afforded. Hundreds died, who, with proper medical attention in time, might have lived and recovered. It is probably due to our foes to say that their time was fully employed in the care of their own wounded, and that the inattention given to ours, was a necessity, and beyond their control. We collected fifty or more of our comrades together, and placed them in an old house and shed adjoining. This house, and its surroundings, showed many evidences of the conflict, as several holes were to be seen in it which had been made by cannon balls. It stood in what had been a cornfield, but the fences and the crop and nearly everything but the naked house and the ground on which it stood, had been swept away by the battle.

Besides this house, there were numbers of other places on various parts of the field of battle where our wounded were collected and cared for by the well prisoners, if such attention as we were able to give them, might be called care and attention. By Tuesday, after Sunday's battle, we had many more wounded on our hands than we could possibly attend to, yet many perished for lack of attention. The rebels were still busy attending *their* wounded and burying *their* dead; our dead being as yet unburied, the work of decay had set in and the stench produced thereby was insufferable. This state of affairs made the condition of our unfortunate comrades the more deplorable, for to be compelled to inhale the tainted atmosphere was, of itself, horrible.

The family who owned the house we were occupying, and who had been driven from it by the battle, returned on Tuesday following the battle. Everything of a personal character, except the house, had been destroyed or swept away by the contending armies, and the situation upon the return of the family was anything but inviting and

agreeable. The old lady, a tall, angular woman, with a Roman nose and dark penetrating eye, was fired with malicious rage towards the Yankees. Coming into the house and finding the floor covered with the suffering wounded, she gave vent to her feelings in a tirade which I shall never wish to hear repeated, and which I can never forget. "Oh, you wretches," said she, "I am glad to hear you groan. If I durst, I would set fire to the house and burn it over your heads." And I think she would have done so, but for fear of the guards, who, I must say, treated us kindly. A brave soldier, let him fight on whatever side he may, is always magnanimous and merciful to his captive. It is the dastard and coward who uses this opportunity to inflict upon his helpless captive a humiliation or insult.

On Wednesday, September 23d, I got permission to go over that part of the battlefield on which the 113th had fought on Sunday afternoon, thinking I might find some of my comrades of the regiment who were yet alive, and to whom I might be of some service. I found every bush and tree bearing the marks of the conflict; every object was marked with grape, cannon and rifle balls: even the small twigs had been cut down, and the forest appeared as though a mighty whirlwind had swept through it. I counted on one tree the marks of forty shots, and the wonder is that any man could stand in such a place and live for a moment.

I found our dead here and there, lying where they fell—sometimes singly, sometimes in groups, all unburied. I recognized the faces of a number of the 113th, among the dead; many of the wounded were yet alive, but all I could do for the poor fellows was to give them a drink of water. Captain Joshua M. Wells, Company C, 113th O. V. I., was still alive, having been shot through the left lung. He was fully conscious, and expressed hopes of recovery. Giving what attention I could, I returned to our hospital at the old house, and giving an old man two dollars, I had the Captain brought in and placed where I could give him attention. Here I gave him all possible care, but under the circumstances very little extra care could be bestowed upon a single one.

Captain Wells lived till the following Sunday, September 27th, and met death like a heroic Christian soldier. While I attended him, he expressed a great desire that his body should be sent home to his family at Columbus, O., in case of his death. I assured him it should be done if possible, but I felt utterly powerless to do so. The Captain's body was laid in a grave prepared by my hands; I also marked his grave by a headboard, cutting thereon his name, company and regiment. I afterwards wrote to his widow, giving her an account of the incidents of his closing hours, and of the sad rites I had performed. Some months later, when the Federal troops obtained possession of the battlefield, the body was exhumed and sent home in a good state of preservation.

For a week following the Captain's death we remained in this place, continuing the care of the wounded and the burial of the dead. Seven days after the conflict, the dead

were not all buried, and the stench arising from the decaying bodies, surpassed all description, and I am inclined to think caused the speedy death of many of our wounded.

An exchange of wounded prisoners on both sides, was now effected by, and between General Rosecrans and General Bragg. We prisoners who had remained thus in care of the sick, had allowed ourselves to hope that we would be included in the exchange; but we were doomed to disappointment, for, on the day following, we were mustered into line, our name, company and regiment listed, and we were marched to a station on the railroad between Chattanooga and Ringgold, where we were loaded in box cars, a hundred men to each car, and sent south to Atlanta. Remaining two days at Atlanta, we were again loaded on a train and sent to Richmond, Va., arriving at our destination about the 10th or 12th of October, 1863.

None of us had believed that our imprisonment would last but a few days, and had expected nearly every day before leaving northern Georgia, to be exchanged and returned to our commands. Upon arriving at Richmond, we were marched across two long bridges, which span the James river, below the falls, and thence down a street running parallel with the river, and thence into the famous building known as Libby.

Libby stood on the bank of the James. It was a long, brick building, with basement and two stories, and had probably been used as a wholesale tobacco house. The long way of the building was up and down the river, or, in other words, the building stood with its side to the river. On its end front was the sign "Libby & Son." Nearly four hundred of us were quartered on the lower floor of this building on our arrival, and the same evening we had issued to us, a small piece of brown bread and a half pint of thin soup to each man—not half enough to satisfy our appetites. Piling ourselves upon the hard floor, we rested well for the night, for the journey of several hundred miles had been one of fatigue and unrest.

Next morning the prison was visited by two Confederate officials, accompanied by half a dozen guards, and the work of robbing the prisoners of their money in a business-like manner began. We were told to surrender our money to the officers for safe keeping; that an account of it would be kept for us and the amount returned to us whenever we left the prison. We were also told that those who refused to surrender their money voluntarily, would be searched, and all money thus found would not be returned. Having thirty-three dollars, I thought I would divide with them; so pulling off my boot, I secreted twenty dollars therein. When my turn came to "stand and deliver," I handed over thirteen dollars, and all was satisfactory. One of my fellow prisoners had four hundred dollars in gold, all of which he handed over to these robbers. Nearly every one of us had more or less money, and by the time they were through taking care of it for us, they had a considerable pile of greenbacks, and they seemed thoroughly satisfied with the amount realized, for not a man was searched, and the few who had the good sense to keep their money,

saved it all. Not a cent of this money was ever returned, nor was there any intention of returning it when it was taken. It was a cowardly, heartless theft. The second day we received our rations in kind and quantity like the first, but as before, the quantity was far short of our necessities, and after eating the whole quantity, we were almost as hungry as before.

The next day we were marched out of Libby and put into another prison known as "Pemberton's Building." This prison stood further east than Libby, and on the opposite side of the street. It was a large three story brick, with a cellar the full size of the foundation; a brick partition divided it into two nearly equal apartments. Before we were put into this prison, it was already full of prisoners, but we were crowded in among the rest, and now it was with great difficulty that we could find room to lie down. I, with others of my comrades, found a place on the third floor. The men on each floor drew their rations separately, and according to the number of men on each. One of our number was appointed to receive the rations for all the men on one floor, after which a sub-division was made to squads of twenty-five men, and then these twenty-five would sub-divide, giving to each man his portion with exactness, for even a crumb is a matter of contention among starving men. Our rations were cooked and prepared for us in the basement of Libby prison, and each day a certain number of men were detailed from each floor to go after them. Our rations now consisted of a very small piece of old bacon, boiled, a half pint of thin soup made of the water in which the bacon was boiled, a small piece of bread. This was not sufficient for one good meal a day, and our hunger was never satisfied. As soon as our food, which was intended for three meals, was issued to us, we ate it all in one, and then hungered till the same hour the next day. I have been so hungry that when I got my soup, thickened with skippers which came out of the meat in boiling, that I never pretended to separate the skippers from the soup, but greedily swallowed skippers and soup together, and thought it excellent. We all did the same in this respect. Every atom of food was precious in our eyes, and being continually hungry, our minds and conversation dwelt upon things we wished to eat. It appeared to us that if we could only have had enough to eat, that notwithstanding our loathsome confinement, we would have been the happiest creatures alive.

Nearly every day flying reports of an exchange were circulating among the prisoners, and our hopes were alternately buoyed and depressed by these groundless reports, originating—nobody knew where; and yet for all this, they served to keep us hopeful. But as day after day passed and no exchange came, I began to despair of being speedily exchanged, and began to look about and devise means and mature plans of escape. These thoughts I kept to myself, but it was several days before I struck a plan that was at all practical.

There was quite a trade, in a small way, kept up between the prisoners on the inside and the guards on the outside of the building. ~~This was in violation of orders, and whatever was done in this line~~



must be done with the utmost caution. I had already made several little trades with one of the guards, resulting in quite an intimate acquaintance, and the thought suggested itself that if I could induce this guard to sell me a Confederate uniform, I might by this means effect my escape. I approached the guard very cautiously at first, telling him that my clothes were about gone, and that I did not know what I would do for more, and finally ventured to ask him how much he would charge me for a pair of gray pants and a roundabout. At first he was disinclined to sell this kind of goods, fearing that by some means it might be found out, and he made to suffer. He made many excuses, saying he did not know where he could get them for me. I assured him that there would be no danger, and promised him eternal secrecy. At last he agreed that for ten dollars in greenbacks he would bring me the required articles when he came on guard again that night at one o'clock. I returned to my place on the floor and waited with impatience for the intervening hours to wear away. I feared to lie down, knowing that if I fell asleep I might miss my appointment with the guard.

At last I heard the guards sing out their accustomed cry. "Twelve o'clock and all's well." One more hour to wait and then I should know of my success or failure. That hour seemed almost an age, but at length came the cry, "One o'clock and all's well." I waited a few minutes and then crept cautiously down stairs to the window near which the guard was stationed. I found him all right, and told him in a low whisper to pass the clothes to me through the iron bars of the window, and I would pass the money to him in the same manner. The exchange was quickly made, and I hurried back up stairs to my sleeping companions. After roll call next morning, I put on my suit of gray and began to plan for the future. I have before stated that we procured our rations ready cooked in the basement of Libby prison across the street, and at some distance westward. When the time came to draw our rations, I contrived to be detailed for that purpose, and picking up a wooden bucket, I fell in line with the rest. A guard was always on duty to prevent any attempt to escape, and therefore my chances were desperate, but it could be no worse if I failed. Generally when the cook house was reached, we had to wait sometime before receiving our rations, and at these times the guards and prisoners were apt to be engaged in little trades of various kinds, and the guards were likely, on such occasions, to relax their watchfulness. It was at such a time as this, that I hoped to find a chance to escape. Watching my opportunity while the attention of the guard was drawn on some little trade, and at the same time watching for the Confederate officers, I handed my bucket to a companion with a sly nudge and look which meant silence, I slipped out of the ranks. I did not attempt to leave immediately, but stood around with some Confederate soldiers who were off of duty, and who were watching the prisoners out of curiosity. I asked one of the bystanders how long since these fellows had been captured, and made some further remark about threshing the Yankees. When the squad began draw-

ing their rations, I sauntered slowly and carelessly up the street, passing "Castle Thunder" on my way. This building stood on the same side of the street as Libby, and two hundred yards or more further west, and not far from the river. It was a three story brick building, and was now filled with Confederate soldiers, probably deserters and those who refused to enter the rebel ranks. Being dressed in all respects as a rebel soldier, I did not attract any particular attention. As I passed on I met numbers of officers and soldiers, greeting them with the true military salute. I wandered towards the upper part of the city, intending to get out of town in the dusk of the evening. I was fearful of pursuit, for I did not know how soon I would be missed from the prison. I was risking all on one desperate chance of escape, and was, therefore, in no frame of mind to enjoy the sights of that part of Richmond through which I was passing. I stopped at a small provision store kept by an Irish woman in the suburbs of the city. I bought two dollars worth of cheese and crackers, paying for the same in Confederate money, and got about enough for a full meal. I would have eaten it all on the spot, but was fearful of exciting the curiosity of the old woman by eating too greedily.

As the sun began to sink behind the western hills, I walked out of the city, but it was dusk before I had passed beyond the last houses of the outskirts; indeed it seemed to me that the houses of the city reached a great way into the country, and every moment I feared I might meet some one who would inquire where I was from and where I was going. These were two questions which I preferred not to answer. Fortunately I saw no one who was inclined to be inquisitive.

As soon as darkness set in I left the gravel turnpike and struck out into the fields on my right. I was entirely ignorant of the country, but I knew I could not remain in or near the city long undiscovered, and I must go somewhere. The night being cold and chilly, I had to keep continually on the move to keep from suffering with cold. If I had desired to start a fire, I had no means to do so, therefore exercise was a necessity. I stumbled into ditches, scratched my face and hands with brambles, crossed fences and kept floundering along without any definite knowledge as to where I was going, but my plan was to pursue a northwesterly course from Richmond. I somehow thought this route would be clearest of enemies, and that I might be fortunate enough to slip through the lines of the enemy and get into our own lines and be safe.

A short time before daylight I entered a heavy forest, and as day began to break, I sat down, for, by this time, I was well nigh exhausted. I now ate what little food I had and waited for the sun to rise, that by that means I might be able to shape my course. I was now far out of sight of the city, and sincerely hoped I might always remain so.

As the sun came up I shaped my course and moved ahead through the woods, moving slowly and cautiously; in fact I could not have hurried if I had desired to do so. About ten o'clock I emerged from

the woods onto a plantation. I could see the mansion of the planter about a mile to the right, and a little to the left of the mansion and several hundred yards distant, were the quarters of the slaves. The day was pleasant, it being the time of year when the nights are cold and the days pleasant.

Lying down behind a log, I was soon sound asleep. As near as I could judge, I slept till about two o'clock in the afternoon, when I was awakened by the barking of a dog. I aroused myself in some alarm, and looking around I saw a fierce looking canine within a few yards of me, barking savagely as though he had found something. Rubbing my eyes, I peered about that I might be able to see the dog's master, and saw an old gray haired negro with an ax on his shoulder, and a heavy piece of a dogwood sapling under his arm. He spoke to the dog to be still, and eyed me with a half-frightened look. In a moment I saw that concealment was out of the question, and the best thing I could do would be to make friends with my sable visitor. The old man seemed very shy, but I spoke kindly to him, called him uncle, and told him that being exceedingly tired, I had lain down to rest and had fallen asleep. He told me he was the slave of Major Brown, and that his master was in the army, as was also a younger son of his master, but that there was one of the sons at home. He asked me if I was not a soldier, too. I admitted that I was. He said he had heard that the Yankees were a very bad kind of men, and that they would coax the poor black man from home and then roast and eat him. I told him that I had no doubt but that many of them were very bad people. He told me the distance to Richmond was eleven miles, and that there was a camp of troops some seven or eight miles west of us. I told him I wanted to go home to see my mother, and that if these soldiers or any one else knew I was here, they would not let me go, and that he must tell no one of having seen me. I told him then that he had better go home and that I would lie down and rest a while longer. As soon as he was out of sight, I thought it unsafe to remain here longer, so I hurried away, keeping in the skirts of the woods next to the plantation on my left.

Further on I reached a road running westward, and followed it for half a mile or more, but becoming fearful of meeting Confederate soldiers, or of being seen by them, I struck off into the woods on my right, as the safest plan to escape observation. Traveling till near sundown, I came out into the open country again. The country through which I had traveled during the day was rough, hilly and broken, but now I found myself on the edge of what appeared to be a highly cultivated valley, with mansions and negro quarters stretching out before me as far as the eye could reach. I was now nearly exhausted from hunger and fatigue, and lying down, I rested till after dark, determined on procuring something to eat, by some means, at any risk. Before night came on, I had observed some negro huts in the distance, and to these I made my way, urged on by a gnawing hunger which grew keener with each passing moment.

I went first to a shanty where I could see glimmerings of light through the cracks and crevices in the wall, but upon approaching nearer, the noise of laughter and confusion from within made me hesitate to enter, and I determined to call at one or more of the other shanties near by; but at these there was no response to my knock, and I was compelled to return to the first. The hungry voice within would not be hushed, and prudence having surrendered to necessity, I could only make known my desperate condition and take the consequences. I knocked boldly at the door. The noise within at once ceased, and the door was opened by a burly darkey, who, upon seeing me, started back in some trepidation. At a glance I saw within a number of negro women, young girls and children, besides four negro men, but last and worst, there were four rebel soldiers in the party. Retreat was not to be thought of. I therefore walked boldly in without showing the fear that I felt. The soldiers were considerably startled at the situation, and I think they took me to be one of their men bent on the arrest of their party. Comprehending what might be passing through their minds, I concluded the best thing to do was to play a bold hand, so I remarked to them that we had caught each other this time, but it would never do for one soldier to blow on another.

It was but a short time till things were again moving on as usual, yet I could see that I was the object of suspicion, and the soldiers kept an eye on me, which showed a lack of confidence. Before my arrival one of the negroes had been playing the fiddle and the soldiers and wenches had been dancing, but my coming had dampened the enjoyment of the hour.

I asked one of the women for something to eat, and showed her a bone ring which I had made while in prison, promising it to her if she would get me what I wanted to eat. She set before me a good sized piece of corn bread and a small piece of bacon, which I ate with great relish, thinking it as palatable a mess as I had ever eaten.

I intended as soon as I finished eating to step quietly out of the house and make my escape; but fate had decided otherwise, for, just as I swallowed the last mouthful, there came a loud knock at the door, and, before anyone from within could open the door, it was flung open from without, and in stepped a Confederate sergeant, followed by eight soldiers with fixed bayonets. There was no chance of escape, for the only door to the room was guarded by two of the soldiers. The squad proceeded to arrest the four rebel soldiers and myself.

The negroes were kicked and cuffed shamefully, while we were threatened with severe punishment when we reached camp. The four Confederates arrested with me were known to the sergeant and his party, and I soon learned from their conversation that they had evaded duty and absented themselves from camp early in the morning. I was the extra man unaccounted for. The sergeant asked me what regiment I belonged to, and, knowing that it would be useless to tell anything but the truth, I told him I was a member of Com-

pany E, 113th O. V. I. He did not at once comprehend, and said that he knew of no such regiment about there. I did not feel inclined to enlighten him further just then, knowing that all I could say would do no good. The five of us were securely bound together, while the negroes were ordered to their respective quarters, a command they obeyed with alacrity. We were now marched off in single file in the direction of the rebel camp, which I think was about three miles distant from the place of our capture. We reached camp about one o'clock A. M., and spent the remainder of the night in a guard house, closely guarded.

When daylight appeared I had an opportunity of looking about me and of becoming acquainted with my surroundings. The camp was situated in a grove of small timber, and the troops numbered, perhaps, three regiments. I learned from my fellow prisoners that these troops were stationed here for the purpose of caring for and feeding up a lot of cavalry horses.

About seven o'clock we were furnished with a light breakfast, consisting of corn bread and beef, after which we were ordered out under a guard to perform fatigue duty. I told the sergeant who had charge of the guards over us that, as I did not belong to that command, it was unjust to compel me to do such duty. I was fearful that if I waited to be found out by force of circumstances I might be taken for a spy, in which case my punishment would be death. I told the sergeant to request his captain to come and see me, as I had something of importance about which I wished to speak. The captain, a tall, well made man, with black whiskers, made his appearance, and desired to know why I wanted to see him. I told the story of my escape and recapture, withholding nothing. He seemed much surprised, and, promising to report my case to the colonel in command, went away. After a time two guards came and conducted me before the colonel.

There were several officers present when I was taken into the presence of the colonel, all of whom looked upon me with doubt and suspicion. The colonel questioned me very closely as to how I made my escape, where I had at first been taken, and many other questions which I do not recall, all of which I answered truthfully. After this I was returned to the guard house. I felt ill at ease, for, though I had told a straight and truthful story, I could see that I was not more than half believed. About two o'clock that afternoon a lieutenant came to the guard house and told me that they had concluded to send me to Richmond, and if I had not told the truth I would have a quick passage to the other world. This gave me relief, for at Richmond I felt confident I could establish the truthfulness of my story and my innocence in being a spy. The lieutenant and two guards then started with me to Richmond. We were all mounted on mules, I riding beside the lieutenant and the two guards in our rear. We soon became somewhat acquainted, and fell into a lively conversation on the topics of the war, North and South. I told him of my services as a soldier, and of being captured, and many other incidents,

in all of which he seemed interested. He, in turn, recounted some of his experience in the C. S. A., and our talk became animated and pleasant, both of us wishing the war at an end, so we could be at our respective homes—he in North Carolina and I in Ohio.

It began to grow dark before we reached the city; I was taken before the military officer in command of the city, and from there was taken to the city jail, into which I was thrust. The cell was dark, damp and loathsome. Here I spent the night, supperless. Next morning I was given a light breakfast of corn bread and soup, after which I was taken out and conducted under guard to the office of the commanding general. Here I was closely questioned in the presence of several officers in regard to the plan and means of escape, and here, as before, I told a plain and truthful tale, knowing that the truth would serve me better than a lie. The general asked me if I could name anyone in the prison by whom I could establish my identity. I mentioned the names of Ed. Wright and Thomas Hinton. They were sent for and confronted me. They were much surprised at seeing me, as well as being thus called from the prison in this manner, for what purpose they knew not.

These two men were questioned separately and very closely, and their statements regarding me coincided so completely that all present were fully convinced that I had told a true story. The general lectured me soundly for my ingratitude in trying to escape from such kind friends, and said that, as a punishment, I should be sent to the dungeon for twenty-four hours.

I was accordingly taken to the city prison, and thrust into an underground cell with an iron door. The cell was musty and without ventilation; the air was damp and stifling. In a corner was an old straw mattress, falling to pieces with age and filth. As soon as the guard had closed and locked the massive iron door, the intense darkness of the cell became oppressive beyond description. Not the faintest gleam of light could find its way into this abode of inky darkness. The darkest night was as brilliant sunshine compared with this dungeon. The thought of remaining here twenty-four hours was tormenting, and the fear that I might be forgotten entirely, and left to die a dreadful death of hunger and thirst, filled my mind with frightful fancies. None but those who have passed through a similar experience can have the least idea of the tormenting doubts which assail a person in the position I then was. Hour after hour dragged slowly away. I became feverish and desperately thirsty; my only thought now was water. If I only could have one good drink of water I thought I could endure my situation in comfort.

At length, worn out with my own thoughts, I cast myself upon that couch of filth, and thought to wear away a part of my sentence in sleep. A restless sleep at length came over me, in which I dreamed of running streams of limpid water, at which I was drinking but could not slake my thirst. I awoke from my feverish sleep with a dull, heavy pain in my head, and with my thirst more tormenting than before. I was now really sick. I could not tell how

long I had been in this horrible place, but short as the time really was it seemed to me almost an age. At length I heard the rattle of keys in the door. It was flung open, and there stood the guard and the turnkey of the prison to conduct me beyond these hated walls. Staggering to my feet, I was soon in the upper daylight, and was breathing the pure, invigorating air of heaven. It was some time before I could accustom my eyes to the glare of the sun. There was plenty of water in the prison yard, of which I drank and bathed my face, feeling much refreshed. I was then conducted by two guards to my old prison, and was again locked within its walls. Those who knew me in the prison crowded around me, asking a thousand questions; I promised to tell them all at a future time, but for the present I needed rest. I went up stairs to my old place and lay down. Some of the prisoners gave me something to eat, and I fell asleep and slept till next morning. I awoke feeling much refreshed, and though my trip to the country had not resulted as I desired, I felt that I had had some valuable experience.

Time now moved on without incident for some days. Our rations were barely sufficient to sustain life, but never enough to appease our hunger. Such of us as had money, or some other means of traffic, could sometimes effect a trade with the guards, and thereby procure a little extra to eat. At length, as if by accident, we found in one part of the prison, securely locked from our reach, a quantity of wheat bran, which could be reached by tying a tin cup to a long stick and fishing it to within our reach. By stealing this bran we were able to make mush by boiling the bran in our little tin buckets, but, lacking salt, our mush was very unpalatable. I have heretofore stated that the building had a brick wall passing up through the center. There were prisoners on both sides, but they were kept separate and not allowed to communicate with one another; but by drilling holes through the brick walls this restriction was avoided and friendly relations established.

We now ascertained that those in the other department had plenty of salt, an article of which we on our side were sadly in need, and by increasing the size of the holes in the wall to admit a spoon we were able to transport a spoonful of salt at a time; a circumstance that added much to our comfort, and traffic in salt grew active. Finally it leaked out that the salt we were buying from our fellow prisoners was found in quantity in a room of the basement on their part of the building. This induced us to prospect under our part of the building. Back next the water closet was a small passage or entry. With the aid of a hatchet which had been smuggled into the prison, we tore up the floor of this entry and sent a man below to explore. He soon returned with the news that the cellar under our part of the building was a big strike—a regular bonanza. A door-keeper was appointed, secrecy was enjoined on all, and the utmost caution was used to prevent our good news from spreading to the authorities. Only a few were permitted to go down for sugar at a time. The men would take off their worn and dirty drawers, tie the

ankles in a knot, and watch patiently for a turn to descend into the cellar for sugar. Then, filling these lousy, filthy garments with sugar, would return to their places. Every available article that would hold sugar was brought into use. Needles and thread were found and sacks made out of everything possible, and these filled till every man on our side of the house was plentifully supplied and had sugar to sell. On the other side they had plenty of salt, but no sugar; on our side there was a glut of sugar and a demand for salt. A brisk trade ensued in these two commodities and was carried on by way of the holes in the wall before mentioned.

The sugar and salt added much to our comfort; the sugar served to deaden our appetites and also to sweeten our bran mush; while the salt added made it quite palatable. The routine of prison duties were somewhat after the following order: The first thing after getting up of a morning was lousing, that is, we would pull off our clothing, give them a careful inspection and kill all the lice we could find. These were not a few; I think that on the average each man would kill from three hundred to four hundred of these parasites each day, and by the next morning there would be as many more to share the same fate. After "lousing" came roll-call and after roll-call we could steal sugar and trade with our friends for salt, or occupy our time in some other way. From one till two in the afternoon was our time to draw rations, but no more of our number were allowed to go out in a Confederate uniform as I had done. We ate our dinner about three o'clock in the afternoon; then we would sit around and talk of home, or of an exchange, or of what grand dinners we would have when we get out of prison. We usually lay down in our sleeping places as soon as dark came on, for, being without fire or lights, we kept early hours. A rule had been established among us that no one should go down for sugar except in the night, for there was danger of being discovered in the day-time.

The prison was so crowded that when the men all lay down the floor space was entirely occupied, and this led to more or less trouble between the occupants of the lower floor and those of the second and third floors. Those of the first or lower floor claimed a sort of monopoly in the sugar trade, and finally became so arrogant as to say that we from the second and third floors had no right to come down during the night to get sugar, and they would suffer it no longer.

The feeling increased from day to day and many personal encounters ensued between the monopolists on the lower floor and the occupants of the other two floors. Open rupture threatened, and my partner and I, seeing the storm coming in the distance, managed to accumulate a stock of sugar ahead, for under the heated animosity existing among the men, our sugar plot would soon be made known to our captors.

About the end of the third week following the discovery of our sugar mine, the crisis was reached. The men of the two upper floors said, with emphatic profanity, that they would go down in the

night and get what sugar they wanted; and those of the first floor declared with equal emphasis that they would not suffer their dominions to be invaded and their dreams disturbed by intruders. So when night came on the occupants from above went below as they had promised to do, and during the whole night there was nothing but fighting and quarreling. Those from above filled their haversacks, drawers, and the like with sugar, and in attempting to return to their places they were set upon by the others, who attempted to rob them of their sugar, or, failing in this, they would rip open the sacks and other things used in carrying the sugar, and the contents were scattered on the floor.

This state of things lasted all night, and resulted in the unnecessary destruction of hundreds of pounds of sugar, so that in the morning the floor where the scene had occurred was covered with a coat of sticky taffy, the heat of the room having reduced the sugar to a half-melted state, so that in walking over the floor one's feet would stick at every step. Further concealment was now out of the question, and from the condition of affairs we felt satisfied we would have to face the music. We had now killed the goose that laid the sweet egg. It is unaccountably strange to see how very foolish men act at times, but it has been so and will so remain.

When the Confederate officers came in next forenoon to call the roll, as was their custom, they at once discovered that something unusual had occurred; their feet would stick to the floor, and they soon made the discovery that we had been stealing their sugar. A rumor ran through the prison that all of us were now to be searched, and such as were found with sugar in their possession would be tied up by the thumbs as a punishment, but these reports proved to have no foundation in fact. No one was searched nor punished, and those who had sugar were permitted to keep it. The Confederates estimated that they lost \$20,000 worth of sugar and salt, but I am inclined to think that the real loss would not reach over \$6,000.

The basement of our prison was emptied of these articles the same day of this discovery, and the immediate result to us was that both rose rapidly in value, the demand exceeding the supply. Sugar which could be had for nothing yesterday, is to-day worth \$2.50 per pint; salt rose proportionately.

Our rations were now cut down for a week as a punishment, and as a consequence we suffered much. Day succeeded day and one week wore into another without much note until about the first of December, when we were taken out of this prison and transferred to Danville, Va., about one hundred and fifty miles southwest of Richmond and about four miles from the North Carolina line. Danville is a place of 3,000 or 4,000 inhabitants, situated on the Dan River. The Dan River Canal and the railroad leading to Richmond run through the city. Several thousand of the prisoners at Richmond were at this time, December, 1863, moved to Danville. We were quartered in large brick buildings which before the war had probably been used as tobacco warehouses. These buildings were



numbered from one to six, and situated in various sections of the city.

I was put in No. 4, a large brick building covered with a tin roof. Most of these prisons were covered in the same manner. I occupied, with many others, the lower floor. On the south side of our prison was a tier of small rooms which may have been used as offices in times of peace. In one of these little rooms I and four comrades were quartered, there being two floors above us, and each filled to its utmost capacity.

At the west end of this building was a stockade inclosing the end of the prison, and here was the privy and a well of water. A strong guard was placed on the outside of the prison, but there were no guards on the inside, therefore we had the freedom of the space where the well of water was. Our rations at Danville were more than they had been at Richmond, and we all felt benefited by the change, but withal we drew only enough for an ordinary meal, and this was insufficient to satisfy the cravings of our appetites. The guards here were less vigilant than those who had guarded us at Richmond.

Prisoners confined as we were are ever restless and uneasy, planning some scheme to deceive their guards or plotting at some means to escape. Every day there were rumors of an exchange of prisoners, and we were always making calculations on being exchanged within a month's time. Many of the boys spent much of the time in making trinkets which they sold to the guards. These consisted of finger rings, tooth-picks, and breast pins, made of bone or gutta percha. By this means something to eat was purchased.

After we had been at Danville a week the occupants of our room tore up the floor and found that it was about four feet above the level ground. Here we found pieces of plank, scraps of iron and tin and a few nails, which had been used in the construction of the building.

We determined to keep this matter to ourselves, and the five of us at once began to plan to escape by tunneling out. The foundation of our prison was of stone, and was sunk eighteen inches below the surface. Along the south side of the prison ran a wide street, and on the opposite side was a dwelling house, with garden attached. We calculated that the street was sixty feet wide, and that the whole distance we would have to tunnel would be seventy-five feet. We possessed ourselves of an old hatchet and with what we had we at once began operations. Besides the hatchet we had two or three case knives and some scraps of iron. Nine o'clock in the morning was the time for roll call, at which time we would be in our places, and the planks down. We made our bed over the loose planks, and our blankets were so spread as to conceal any defects in the floor. While two of us went below to work a strict watch was kept above to prevent surprise and discovery.

With the utmost diligence very little progress could be made. We were compelled to dig down under and below the foundation before we could make a start at tunneling, but by the end of a week we

had made a fair beginning. We concluded to lighten the labor by taking others into the secret; and accordingly four others, in whom we had the utmost confidence, were initiated into the plot and made acquainted with our plans and purposes. We toiled day after day nearing the accomplishment of a project, which, if successful, would be life and liberty. We never went below to work till after roll call in the morning. This we considered the safer plan, for we knew not what minute they might come in upon us. By the end of the second week our numbers had grown to fifteen, as each of our original number had his particular friend whom he wished to favor, and every day an additional man was let into the secret. As soon as roll call was over in the morning two of our number would go down and work for an hour, while one, pretending to be sick, would spread his blankets on that part of the floor through which we went down, thus guarding against interruption and discovery. When the hour was up two others would go below and take the places of the first two, and thus the work went on till dark, when it was suspended till the next day. We managed to make our exchanges so as not to attract the attention of the other prisoners, for to have made known our aim and object to all the prisoners, would have insured its failure. In making the tunnel one of our number would creep into the excavation, dig the dirt and fill it into a flour sack, which had come into our possession. This sack had attached to it two ropes, by means of which it was worked to and fro. When the sack was full it was pulled backward and its contents emptied out under the prison floor. It was then pulled back and refilled. In this way we worked till days grew into weeks, and six weeks had elapsed since we started our tunnel. We had made our way under the very feet of our guards, and passed under one of the busy streets of the city. Wagons and carts and throngs of people passed over our heads, but heeding not their din we bent every effort to one coveted end.

We were rapidly approaching a completion of our work, and all were in the best of spirits. A few more days and we would be able to go out whenever we considered the opportunity favorable. The number interested in the tunnel had now increased to near sixty. Just how so many came to be let into the scheme I never could well tell. By a careful measurement the tunnel was one hundred and twelve feet long, and we felt confident that we were far enough into the garden to insure our escape if the nights were dark, but unluckily for us the moon just at this time was full, and we were compelled to delay our final effort to escape until the dark of the moon. We, however, made all the necessary preparations so as to be fully ready when the time should arrive. Each day some of our number would go down into the tunnel to work a little and see that all was right. All our plans were discussed and to-morrow night was fixed upon as the time for our escape. We had barely finished laying our plans when a squad of soldiers led by a lieutenant came into the building and ordered us to pack our effects and move to the upper floors. This was as a clap of thunder in a clear sky to all who were



interested in the tunnel. It dawned upon us in a moment that we had been betrayed, but by whom we could not tell. We were all crowded up on the second and third floors, and then our captors began walking around on the first floor in order to discover any loose planks. When they reached the little room we had occupied they found what they very probably already knew to be there, namely, the loose plank which we had used as a doorway to our work. Then followed some bitter and loud profanity. They then procured a light, and, going below, explored our work from end to end to their entire satisfaction. A squad of negroes were then brought, and put to work filling up the tunnel. From a window in the upper story we watched them, as they followed our subterranean channel across the street and into the garden where it terminated. We could see that we had gone a sufficient distance into the garden to have made our escape, and would certainly have done so but for the base treachery of some one. The tunnel was now filled with stone, and then covered with dirt. A guard was now placed on the first floor, and the prisoners were all kept on the second and third floors. This made us so crowded that it was with great difficulty we found space to lie down. No more of us were allowed to remain on the first floor, but ten were allowed to go down at a time, under guard, to get water and for other necessary purposes, and when these ten returned another ten were allowed to go in the same manner, and this going by tens was kept up day and night, the prisoners being required to fall in line and await their turns. In addition to the guard kept on the first floor, there was also one stationed in the little back yard where the well of water was situated; and, besides these, there was a strong guard at regular intervals around the prison building. Escape seemed next to, if not absolutely impossible, but prisoners confined as we were are ever restless, and ready at all times to resort to desperate means to gain their freedom.

About three weeks after the discovery of our tunnel, ten prisoners went below at night in the usual manner to procure water. When they reached the back yard, which I have before described, one of them approached the guard and asked him if he wanted to trade for a gutta percha finger ring. (The guards were always on the trade when they had the opportunity.) The guard replied that he did not know, and wanted to see the ring. While the guard was looking at the ring and dickering about the price, a prisoner approached him from behind and dealt him a heavy blow on the head, felling him to the ground. Another prisoner had stationed himself near a small gateway, which had formerly been used as a passage way in and out, but which of late had been securely barred by heavy oak planks nailed cross-wise. As soon as the guard was knocked down, the prisoner at the gate began to knock off these plank, using for the purpose an old ax with which he had provided himself before coming down stairs.

The result was that ten made their escape through the guards no the outside of the prison. The guard who was knocked down began

screaming as if suffering from a horrible night-mare, and the guard on the lower floor of the prison was so shocked with fear that more than fifty of us prisoners, rushing down stairs, passed by him without opposition. We surmised that a break for liberty was being made, and we all rushed for the place of exit. But the alarm had been sounded to guards on the outside, and on our reaching the gate we were met by a company of Confederate soldiers with fixed bayonets, who made us hurry back up stairs about as fast as we had come down. Nine of the ten men who made their escape were captured and returned to prison; of the tenth I never learned of his recapture or successful escape.

Soon after this last occurrence I was taken sick with typhoid fever, and for nearly a week I lay in my place on the floor suffering intensely. The hum of conversation and other necessary noises of the prison greatly aggravated my suffering, and as I was without medical attention my condition became alarming. I was at length moved out of prison and placed in a hospital nearly a mile from the town. Here I enjoyed the comforts of a clean bed and pure air, and besides was given some attention by the doctors. I remained very low for about three weeks—so low that a part of the time I was unconscious of what was passing around me. Finally, my strong constitution enabled me to weather the storm, and I was in a fair way of recovering my accustomed good health; my appetite returned and I was able to be up a part of each day and walk about the ward.

I began to congratulate myself on a rapid recovery, but one evening about a week after I commenced moving about, I felt so ill of a sudden that I was scarcely able to reach my bed, and my fever seemed to have returned with all its original malignity. I thought that by some means I had taken a relapse, and I began to think that I would soon be paroled into the next world. After taking my bed I became violently delirious, and I have a vivid recollection of that terrible night of scorching fever. I imagined myself in a hundred different fearful positions. At one time I seemed to be cut up into numerous pieces, placed in a wheel and whirled round with lightning velocity; then I would suffer from some other hallucination. The next morning my fever abated somewhat, and I felt better. When the doctor made his customary morning round he looked at me a moment and then directed the nurses to carry me out of the ward, and telling me at the same time that I had the small-pox, and that it would not do for me to stay there. A little while before this the small-pox had broken out among the prisoners at Danville, and I had in some manner been exposed to it. The nurses carried me to an old out-building which had the siding partly knocked off of it, and which was situated at some distance from the rest of the buildings. Here were already a dozen or more prisoners with the same disease, furnishing the company which misery is said to love. I now realized that my situation was a desperate one, and I nerved myself to endure and suffer much. On the following day several other small-pox patients were brought in, and at the end of the



third day our number had increased to forty, thus crowding the old building to its utmost capacity, and creating a picture of sickness and suffering that would appall the stoutest heart. We were crowded and piled together in a manner that would have been very uncomfortable to men in health. Some of our number had the disease in its most malignant form; most of these died. Others were afflicted in a milder form and a majority of these soon recovered. All night long was heard the moaning of the sick and the ravings of the delirious. Much less attention was paid us than our suffering condition demanded; we were left to get well or die, as the case might be, and those who recovered did not owe their recovery to careful nursing. Sometimes a patient would become delirious, get out of bed and walk out into the cold and snow barefoot, and would have to be brought back. Such cases as this invariably died. Those who died during the night were suffered to remain with us till morning and then carried out for burial. Our dead numbered three, sometimes four each night. It was indeed a charnel-house of death and misery; life and death struggled for the mastery, and death usually won. Those who escaped death and recovered did so by passing through the most trying scenes and by being blessed with constitutional vigor that defied the ravages of disease. Fortunately for myself I had the disease in its mildest form, and on that account weathered through. The small-pox at length spread to the main prisons in the town, and the pest houses being already full to overflowing, many suffered and died of the disease without being removed from the prison, and the cases of small-pox became so general as to excite very little attention.

After about four weeks I had so far recovered as to be able to go about, and my appetite was so improved that I could have eaten much more than I did if I could have had it; and sometimes I was fortunate enough to have given me the rations of some other unfortunate comrade who was too sick to eat, and in this manner I sometimes met the demands of my appetite. I have no means of knowing the number of deaths from this disease, but there were a great many. Having no means of guarding against the contagion, and being crowded closely together in unventilated rooms, teeming with stench, dirt and filth, our condition invited the disease, and in the majority of cases it could not be otherwise than fatal. After a time I was returned to the hospital from which I was taken when attacked with the small-pox; here I was allowed two light meals a day, consisting of bread and soup, but in no case was this sufficient to satisfy my hunger. Some days later I was placed in another hospital nearer town and was appointed ward-master in the same. This hospital had two wards below and two above, and all were filled with sick. The worst cases were in the ward to which I was assigned, and my duties were such that I had four assistants under me. The number of patients under my charge was usually sixty, and the deaths were often six in a day. As soon as one died and was carried away this place was supplied with another patient.

Over our hospital, as a sort of general superintendent, was a Confederate officer named Daffan. This Daffan passed through the wards each day, gathering up the property of the dead men, saying that he had to account to our government for all the property of the dead. A short time previous to this, the federal government had supplied the prisoners with many articles of clothing, besides blankets and many articles of comfort, and many of us had good pants, shoes, blouses and shirts. Whenever one of the men died, Daffan would come around inquiring for the "effects" of the deceased, as he called them, and everything of value was gathered together and handed over to old Daffan. He was particular to impress on our minds that he had to account to our government for all these things. We knew all the time that he was lying to us in this matter, but it would not help the matter to tell him of it. Several times we put the good clothing on the bodies of the dead and they were buried with these on. This displeased Daffan very much, who said it was all a needless waste, and threatened me that if I allowed the like to occur again he would have me returned to prison. The old fiend said that a man was just as well off by being buried in his old clothes, and no better off for being buried in his best, and that our federal authorities would be greatly displeased when they learned of this waste. I regarded this as a piece of cool impudence on the part of Daffan, to think that I would believe a story so full of deceit and falsehood, but I kept from expressing what I thought, for I knew that anything I might say would do no good, and would only aggravate him to inflict some indignity upon me.

I had now recovered my accustomed health, and by a better supply of food was improving daily, having the opportunity of keeping myself more cleanly than I could do in the prison. Daffan made his usual rounds, demanding of the attendants the effects of the dead. Of the number of dangerously sick was a Dutchman who occupied a cot in one of the tiers near the center. Across the aisle from him lay a patient who had on a pair of good shoes, an article of which the Dutchman was entirely destitute. When this man died the Dutchman insisted so hard that I should let him have the shoes, that I told him that I was liable to get into trouble if I let him have them, but if he would get up and get them himself I would pretend that I knew nothing of it, and I would offer no objections. This he did, and the coveted shoes were placed under his own bunk. When Daffan came in to take possession of this man's effects he overlooked the shoes, and the Dutchman remained in peaceable possession of them.

It was reported and generally believed in the hospital, that this Dutchman had four or five hundred dollars in greenbacks stowed away somewhere about his person, and Daffan had said to one of the nurses that the old man had better give that money over to him for safe keeping till he got well. On the night of the third day after the shoes had changed owners, while one of the nurses and I were seated quietly by the stove, we heard the labored breathing of the Dutch-

man, and taking a light we went to his bed and found that he was indeed dying. He survived but a few minutes after we first heard his heavy breathing. Our custom was that when a patient died the body was placed in a suitable position, and if at night, the remains were left on the cot till morning. It was a singular fact that nearly three-fourths of the deaths occurred in the night, but why this was so I could never determine.

At the time of the death of this Dutchman only myself and one attendant were up, and we performed the necessary work of preparing the body for burial on the following morning. The nurse and I talked over the matter of the wealth of the deceased, and both expressed a desire to know the truth of the report of his keeping a large amount of money about him. We concluded that if we found it that we could use it to as good advantage as Daffan could, and we made dilligent search in the bed and clothing of the dead man, hoping to gain possession of the reputed wealth, and disappoint Daffan by keeping it ourselves. Our search was rewarded by finding only a few dollars of Confederate money and some trinkets of very little value. We were now satisfied that the report about his having a great quantity of greenbacks was a hoax, and we confessed ourselves disappointed. The next morning the body was removed in the customary manner by placing it in the dead-house. Daffan came into the hospital the next morning, and learning of the death of the Dutchman, made inquiry for his effects. I gave him all that had been found, and noticed that Daffan appeared much disappointed. He asked if we did not find a quantity of greenbacks, and we assured him that nothing of the kind had rewarded our search. He remarked that it was very strange indeed, and we read in his looks that he suspicioned me of having the dead man's money, but he went out of the ward and did not return immediately. In a short time, however, he came back accompanied by four soldiers with fixed bayonets, and, after telling me that I was suspected of having the dead man's cash, he ordered them to search me thoroughly. They proceeded to a careful inspection of every possible and impossible place about my person where money could or could not be concealed; they ripped open the collar of my overcoat, but the imaginary lost treasure was nowhere to be found. Then they turned their attention to my straw mattress and pillow, and straw after straw of both these articles was made to undergo careful scrutiny. Then other parts of the ward were carefully searched, but nothing was found, for the reason that there was nothing to find. Notwithstanding the fact that I had been vindicated by the result of this search, I was from this time on a marked man, and under the ban of suspicion. I was immediately deprived of my position as ward master, and was made to perform duties of the most menial kind, and every effort was put forth to inflict upon me some humiliation and insult. After a few days I was sent back to my old prison in town. I had been at the hospital over three months, and in that time had suffered both from typhoid fever and small-pox, but had recovered from both, so that

now I was much improved in my general health, and was looking and feeling better than at any time since the beginning of my imprisonment. Spring was now close at hand, for as near as I can remember it was about the middle of March, or perhaps a little later.

Many changes had taken place in the prison during my absence; many had sickened and died. Some of my special friends had been carried out to the hospital, and of the many, but a few had returned. From the hospital they had been carried to the dead-house, and from thence to the dwelling place of the martyred dead, to join the unreturning throng.

The small-pox continued to prevail in the prison, but it had become much milder in its character, and was now much less dreaded than formerly. Our captors still maintained a strong guard on the lower floor and in the back yard, and but three persons were permitted to go down stairs and out to the well at a time. So many had died in the three months of my absence that the prison was much less crowded than when I left. The chances for escape by the back gate or by tunneling, were now hopeless, and I soon settled down in my old place, made some new acquaintances in place of many of the old ones who had died, and resigned myself to whatever awaited me.

Our rations had become extremely light—barely enough to keep us ravenously hungry all the time, and to keep our minds and conversation dwelling on imaginary feasts, which we were to enjoy in the future. In the beginning of our imprisonment, and for months following our capture, we had allowed ourselves to hope for a speedy exchange; but now that months were lengthened into years, hope was succeeded by despair, and we no longer allowed ourselves to encourage a hope of release in this way. The only thing left for us to do to obtain freedom from our prison life, was to plan and perfect an escape. Being carefully guarded day and night, this was no easy task, and required strategy and daring of a superior kind. Adjoining our prison was another building, the roof of which covered about one-third of the window on the north side of our prison, and this seemed to offer a possible chance of escape. If we could manage to saw the bars off which covered this window, remove the glass and crawl out upon the roof of this addition, there was a chance of jumping to the ground, a distance of ten or fifteen feet from the eaves. By choosing a dark night, and making the effort so suddenly as to surprise the guards, it was thought to be barely practicable, but our situation was so gloomy that our desperation nerved us for the trial. Consulting among ourselves, we concluded that if a number should undertake it at a time, crawl out on this roof, jump off, and attempt to escape by running, there was a possibility of some of our number escaping. The work of sawing off the bars must be done on the same night of our attempted escape, for to remove the bars and let the work remain to be completed at a future time, would have been fatal to the plot. The undertaking required the strictest secrecy. The first steps were taken by making a number of case knives into saws.

The leader in this matter was a shrewd Irishman named John Foy. Ed. Mitchell, another Irishman, Tom Hinton, my partner, and myself, were the originators and prime movers in the work. One part of our plan was to keep our scheme to ourselves until the arrival of the night when it was to be carried out, and then make it generally known, and induce as many to join us as dared to do so, thus increasing our individual chances of escape. We determined to wait for a dark, rainy night, for on such a time our guards were less vigilant than on other occasions. It was not long till a favorable night arrived, and we set to work with a will to execute what we had been so long and hopefully planning. Soon as we began sawing at the window-bars it became known in the prison that an attempt to escape was to be made that night, and about fifty or sixty of the prisoners expressed their intention of making the effort along with us. We sawed away at the bars by turns until about half past eleven o'clock at night, when we succeeded in removing one bar, making an opening sufficiently large for a man to crawl through, and nothing was now left but to determine who should follow. By this time more than one-half the number who had been so ready to escape with us, had experienced a change of purpose, and had gone off and laid down, preferring to bear their present terrible misfortunes, rather than to attempt what seemed a barely possible chance of bettering their condition. To us who had originated the plan, this determination on the part of our comrades, had no effect tending to change our purpose, for we had reckoned the cost and weighed the risks before we began. The rain which had been falling during the early part of the night now ceased, and glimpses of bright sky could be seen here and there through the clouds. It appeared to us that it was a remarkably light night, being cloudy and no moon at all. Now that the night began to grow lighter, thus decreasing our chances of escaping unobserved by the guards, we began to debate whether to go on with our half executed project or to abandon it altogether. To us prisoners, situated in a dark room, and full of fears and anxiety, every outside object seemed magnified; indeed I sometimes seemed to think that the light itself was magnified. Our numbers, too, were fast decreasing, and out of the many who were so ready to go at the beginning, scarcely a dozen remained firm to their original intention. Counseling over the matter we tarried till half past twelve or one o'clock. If we failed to go now, our work would be discovered in the morning, and we would, in all probability be made to suffer for what we had already done. At last Foy, who was standing nearest the window, turned to the rest of us and said in a whisper, that if any of us would follow, he would creep out. We told him to go on and we would be with him.

He crept out, Mitchell followed, then Hinton, and then myself. Our plan was to reach the roof and all remain quietly on the same until all who made the attempt were ready, then to drop to the ground, and each for himself, escape as best he could. I handed my haversack to the one who was to follow me; it contained a piece of corn bread, which was to be my subsistence until fortune supplied

something more. In creeping out I fancied I made much more noise than any of those who preceded me, and on reaching the roof I could see the dim outlines of my three adventurous companions who had crept out in advance of me, each crouching closely to the roof to avoid being observed by the guards who were pacing to and fro in the darkness, but a few feet below. I turned round in a half-straightened position to reach my haversack, and in doing so I made a cracking noise on the roof, which alarmed my comrades, and they commenced jumping from the building to the ground below. In a moment the guards began firing and shouting the alarm at the top of their voices, and the utmost excitement prevailed both inside and outside of the prison. The shouts of the guards and the reports of their guns were anything but music to our ears. I had not yet jumped, and if it had been possible I should have returned to the prison in the same manner I had escaped, but in doing so I would be compelled to crawl back slowly, and the guards, being now fully aware of our place of escape, would have riddled me with musket shots.

A train of thought ran through my mind with lightning rapidity, and I saw that my safest plan of action was to jump to the ground, imitating the example of my comrades and share their fate. I accordingly leaped off the building into the darkness below, striking on my feet and falling heavily forward unto my knees and hands. I jumped right over the heads of three of the guards, and so close to them that they could have touched me with their guns. Each of the three fired at me, but strange to say, neither shot took effect, the darkness of the night and the confusion of the moment rendered their aim unsteady, the balls overshooting me. The flash of their pieces blinded me, and I was somewhat shocked by striking the ground, but before they could lay hold of me, I sprang forward and made my escape. They were probably of the opinion that their shots had killed me, and they being in no haste to secure a dead man, I had the better chance of getting away. In my haste and fright I ran across the street and came in collision with a plank fence, for though I knew the fence to be there, I was too much excited to remember it at that moment. The force with which I struck the fence knocked me down, and I was for some minutes too much stunned to proceed. All was excitement and confusion in and about the prison. I was now on the opposite side of the street from the prison and knew nothing of the fate of my comrades. As soon as I was somewhat recovered I commenced crawling along the fence in order to get away from the immediate vicinity of the prison. I continued to crawl until I came to a corner of the fence opposite prison No. 3, when I was able to turn to the left and to move on, still crawling and hugging the ground with the utmost caution, to prevent the guards from No. 3 seeing me. Having passed No. 3, I raised to a half-standing position, and by so doing attracted the attention of the guards of No. 4. These called out, "Here goes one of them," and began firing at me. I sprang into the street and ran as fast as I

could. The alarm brought nearly twenty guards in pursuit of me, and with yelling, shooting and running, the chase soon became more interesting than agreeable to me.

I would trip and fall on my knees, then gathering myself up again and hurry on, realizing each moment that my pursuers were gaining on me, and the shots from their guns whistled uncomfortably close to me. Just as I was on the point of giving up, I came to a ditch, over which was a short bridge, under which I took refuge, sinking myself as far as possible into the mud and water with which it was filled. My pursuers, owing to the darkness, failed to notice my jumping into the ditch, and so proceeded further on, crossing the bridge under which lay their victim, or jumping the ditch above and below. After they had passed I sunk myself deeper into the mud and there rested for some time; meanwhile the guards, having lost track of their game, returned, cursing and swearing and wondering at what had become of me. After all was quiet I commenced crawling down the ditch, fearing all the time that if I left the ditch I would be discovered and retaken. I proceeded in this way till I reached the mouth of the ditch where it emptied into the canal. The canal and river being on one side and the town on the other, made my progress somewhat uncertain. I could not cross the river, and to pass through the city, even at night, would be attended with great danger. I at length moved on, creeping as I went, with the canal and river on my right and the town on my left; finally, I came to a house, back of which was a high plank fence inclosing a garden. This fence ran so near the canal that I could not go back of it, and if I went in front I would strike the street and be in danger of being seen. The fence was too high for me to climb, and under the circumstances I hesitated what to do. I halted for a time, debating with myself how to proceed. While thus considering, I saw at a short distance a creeping form approaching me, which at first I feared might be one of the pursuing guards, but my second thought led me to hope it might be one of my comrades, and acting upon this conclusion I crept toward it. It proved to be my dear friend Hinton, and though we met under the darkest circumstances, the meeting was a joyous one to both.

We congratulated each other on our fortunate meeting and for a time consulted as to future plans. Hinton could tell very little of the fate of Foy and Mitchell, but said that when the first shots were fired at the prison he heard some one say he was shot, but could not tell which it was. Hinton's wrist was badly sprained and swollen, and was paining him very much; this was the result of his jump from the prison. We determined to cross the street in our front and pass up another one leading to the suburbs in a western direction, and finally out of town.

The canal and river shut off our escape in that direction, and we felt certain that to remain here till daylight would result in our recapture. We therefore walked out across the street in our front and passed up another one to the outer edge of the town, without meet-

ing or seeing a single person, and without being seen. Once or twice we were bayed at by some dogs that ought to have been asleep at this untimely hour. • Reaching a pike entering town from the west, we struck out in a brisk walk and soon left the town with its hated prisons far behind us. We congratulated ourselves anew, and began to think ourselves real heroes.

We soon concluded that it was very risky to travel on the pike and we took to the fields on our left, leaving the river and canal on the right. The rain of the past few days had saturated the earth, and the fields through which we made our way were mirey in the extreme, making our progress slow and difficult. The fields were inclosed with high picket fences, similar to those bound around gardens in the North, and we were often compelled to creep through holes in the fence, and sometimes we tore off the pickets in order to proceed in a direct course. Being very much exhausted with the labors and excitement of the early part of the night, and having but little vigor and strength in the beginning, we found ourselves almost completely worn out, and though we desired to go as far before day as possible, we were at length forced to halt and rest.

The great difficulty of traveling through the fields and the greater ease of traveling on the pike, induced us at length to return to the pike, intending, when daylight came, to abandon the pike, return to the fields and conceal ourselves. We had reached the pike and were moving along finely, when all at once several gruff voices ordered us to halt, at the same time the clicking noise which accompanies the cocking of muskets gave emphasis to the command. Our strength was so near exhausted that we could barely walk; therefore, escape by flight was not to be thought.

Blinded by the darkness, we had run into a squad of the enemy's pickets who were guarding a ferry on the river, and had approached to within a few feet of them before we were halted. We had no knowledge of a ferry at this place, and were not suspecting the presence of the enemy's pickets. I think the guards were placed here more to intercept rebel deserters than to recapture escaping prisoners. These guards had already been notified of the escape of prisoners from the town and were on the lookout for us. Our captors taunted us on the failure of our effort to escape, and said, "You-ens might have known you could not get away from we-uns." We bore their taunts with meek submission, not deigning a reply. A sergeant and four men were detailed to take us back to town. On the way I suffered much from thirst, and asked the guards to allow me to lie down at a pool and drink. This they refused to do, fearing perhaps that in some way I might effect my escape again. It was broad day light when we reached town. I was covered with mud from head to foot, my hair was matted with mud and dirt, and I had lost my hat, and altogether I presented a sorrowful plight. One Moffitt, a major in rank, commanded at Danville at this time, and to his headquarters we were taken. The major had not got out of bed, but presently he made his appearance, looking sour and cross. He was a small man,

having dark, penetrating eyes, and an ugly Roman nose, and was altogether such a man as a prisoner would prefer not to meet before breakfast. He eyed us with a look that threatened annihilation, and then said viciously, "I will make you fellows pay for causing us all this trouble." The sergeant was then ordered to take us up to the prison and leave us on the lower floor till further orders. The sergeant obeyed, placing us on one side of the building and under the care of a lank, long-haired son of chivalry as guard, telling the guard that we were a desperate couple and to shoot us upon the slightest effort to escape. The guard placed himself in a valiant attitude, and pointing his long, dirty finger at us said: "Now, Yank, you attempt to move and I will put a ball through you in a moment." We assured him that we knew escape was impossible, and therefore we should not attempt it. As soon as the sergeant had gone out our guard told us to lie down and rest if we wished; that he was just doing that bully talking in the sergeant's presence for effect, and that he had no desire or intention to harm us.

The other prisoners were coming down stairs and returning continually on their trips for water, and all availed themselves of getting to see us, as we were objects of curiosity. The guard was instructed to allow no conversation between us and the other prisoners, though we prevailed on him to let our friends from up stairs bring us something to eat. They brought us some corn bread and sassafras tea, which was a real treat to us. Upon inquiry we learned that our comrade Mitchell, who had attempted to escape with us the preceding night, had been shot through the left breast, and was now lying up stairs alive, but not expected to recover; and in an hour after we were placed under guard in the prison, Foy was brought in. He had a badly sprained ankle, the result of jumping from the building. He had succeeded in getting out of town, but found himself unable to travel. After daylight a negro came across him and Foy offered the negro \$100 if he would feed and care for him until he would be able to travel. This the negro, through fear, refused to do, but went away and informed the Confederates where he was to be found. He was accordingly captured and brought in. They now had us all four, and we were in a sorry plight. Hinton had a sprained wrist, Foy a sprained ankle and Mitchell was fatally shot. I had escaped serious injury, but was very stiff and bruised in jumping from the roof to the ground. Soon after Foy was brought in the three of us were taken into the middle of the street and bucked. This punishment was inflicted upon us in plain view of the men in both prisons. We were placed about midway between the two buildings, the object being to make the lesson an impressive one to the other prisoners and to humiliate us at the same time. Old soldiers know what bucking means, but the ordinary reader needs some explanation. The hands are tied together in front, then the body is bent down and the knees bent up, while the arms pass down the outside of the knees. Then a stick is thrust under the knees and over the arms, and the work is done. When a man is bucked he is utterly helpless,



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and the position of the body is so cramped that the situation becomes unendurably painful. In this case the cords were tied very tight on our wrists, which greatly increased our suffering, and our hands and arms were soon very much swollen. I began to study up a plan of relief from my painful position, and thought of a hundred different ways but all seemed useless. After suffering for two hours my limbs became numb with the pain I was enduring. All at once a thought struck me which seemed to be the thing, and I concluded to try it. Whirling myself on to my back I commenced struggling with a *fit*. I had seen many persons in fits and I hoped to accomplish something by a close imitation of the genuine. I rolled up my eyes with a stony, vacant stare, grated my teeth, worked the spittle into a froth and forced it into the corners of my mouth, and so contorted my limbs and body as to closely resemble the symptoms of fits. This attracted the attention of the guards at once, and one of them inquired of the others what it meant. The reply was that he did not know, but he believed the fellow was in a fit. Another suggested that they ought to untie me, for in that condition he feared I would soon die. The result was as I had planned it should be; they came to me, cut the cords that bound me and then left me to "come to" at my leisure. I found it more difficult to recover from than to simulate the fit, but I managed to do so with fair success. After rolling upon the ground for a short time in apparent unconsciousness, I raised myself to a sitting posture and looked around me in a half idiotic manner, pretending not to understand what had happened. At length I sat up and seemed to be recovering consciousness. My companions and the guards were completely taken in by my acting, and as I began to recover they approached me and plied me with numerous questions, all of which I answered in a foolish manner. The guard asked me if I was subject to these spells. I answered that I guessed I was, but that I did not know. Finally the lieutenant turned to Foy and asked him if I was subject to fits. Foy answered promptly that I was. This settled the matter for the time, and the lieutenant walked away. I now felt that I had accomplished a point and made a good thing of it by my little acting, and began to congratulate myself on its success. I now by signs communicated to Foy that it was all "put on," and that it was done for a purpose. I must have been detected in this, for the lieutenant, who had been watching me closely, approached me and said: "Young man, I guess you have been playing 'possum' on us." He then ordered the guards to tie me up again. To this I did not protest, for, having been untied for more than an hour, I felt that it was quite an item in my favor. We were kept tied till late in the afternoon, and then cut loose and left for a time to ourselves till we were sufficiently recovered to walk, when we were taken back to our former places in the prison. We were cautioned not to repeat our effort to escape, and were threatened with worse punishment in case we did. Our hands and wrists were swollen, and our legs and bodies sore from the effects of our long and painful punishment, and it required all our efforts to walk.

Our daring comrade, Mitchell, died from the effects of his wound on the third day after being brought in.

Viewing this effort to escape, after all the circumstances are made plain, I am of the opinion that our guards were made acquainted with our plans, and that these were communicated to them by spies in the prison, who were sharing imprisonment for the only purpose of keeping watch over our conduct and of reporting to the rebels any attempt on our part to escape. These represented themselves to us as captives from the Union army. If our captors had not been apprised of our intentions to escape, there would not have been so many at that particular point where we hoped to find the fewest, and these would not have been prepared to shoot with such promptness as they did when we commenced jumping from the building. But for this espionage on the part of our enemies, we would have certainly taken them by surprise and rendered our escape possible. I am now fully convinced, that after our first effort to escape, that spies were kept in our prison day and night, and that our sayings and doings were reported to the authorities.

From this time until our removal there there was not the slightest chance to escape; every avenue leading to liberty was carefully watched and strongly guarded.

Our rations all this time were hardly enough to sustain us from one day till the next, and but for the hopes of liberation and return to home, friends and plenty, our desperate circumstances would have driven us mad.

All the endearments of home—the companionship of friends—the social and family ties and the many blessings from which we seemed forever separated, were the topics of our conversation by day and the subject of our dreams at night.

About the first of April, 1864, rumors circulated through the prison to the effect that we were soon to be sent to some other point. We regarded this as good news, for it seemed to us that a change might result in improving our condition, while it seemed impossible that it could make it worse.

We grew to hate the name of Danville, and longed for the day when we could forever shake its dust from our feet and start for some other place, we cared not where. That long-looked-for day came at last.

About the first of May the first load of prisoners was taken from Danville, and those left behind were ignorant of their destination, but learned after a short time that they had been sent to a prison somewhere in Georgia. A week later the occupants of our prison received orders to leave. We were permitted to take all our little personal effects, but as none of us were possessed of a great quantity of goods this favor was not of much value to us.

Some of us had blankets and overcoats; some had neither. Many had parted with their clothing from time to time for something to eat, and many of this class had barely clothing to hide their nakedness, and not enough for their comfort, even in that mild climate. We

were loaded into box cars, about a hundred in a car, and this necessitated considerable crowding. We passed a number of towns and villages on the route, the names of which I cannot recall. We traveled all night after leaving Danville, only stopping now and then to let other trains pass, and to procure water. Our crowded condition made the trip tiresome and disagreeable, but we endured it patiently, hoping that a change to a new prison would bring us relief in some way.

The second day our train collided with another train loaded with negroes; the engines were badly crushed, but no one on board was injured. We were delayed several hours while procuring another engine, and again we moved on. During the second night we halted near a village of considerable size; here we got off the train and spent the night in camp near the track. I was so worn out with travel that I did not care to make an attempt to escape, but slept soundly all night. Next morning we again moved on our way, and late in the day passed through Macon, in the state of Georgia, and the same night reached Andersonville, a station about sixty miles south of Macon. We remained in the cars till daylight, and were then unloaded and had a small supply of food issued to us. This consisted of corn bread and meat, but miserable in quality and meager in quantity. Following the advice of an inspired writer, we ate what was set before us and asked no questions. Andersonville consisted of a few railroad buildings and about a half a dozen dwelling houses.

After we had eaten what had been furnished us we were ordered into line that a count might be made to ascertain if any had escaped. The commandant of this prison at this time was Captain Wirtz, who for his inhuman brutality in the treatment of prisoners, was afterward hung at Washington. Wirtz was a devil in the shape of a man; a libel on the human race, and the date of his death ought to be celebrated all over the land with bonfires and illuminations. He came out of his quarters near by, passed down our line with his hands clasped behind his back, eyeing us closely, but said not a word. He looked to be fifty-five years old, had a vicious, restless eye, sunk far into his head. He was tall and spare made, with a slight stoop in his shoulders. He was not an American, but his looks gave him the appearance of a native of one of the German states. His look was cross, sour and forbidding, and he was altogether the fiend in appearance that he proved to be in fact.

Before we were marched to the prison enclosure our names, companies and commands were carefully registered. The prison grounds at this time contained about twelve thousand men and was situated nearly half a mile from the station. The prison was encircled by a stockade built by first digging a ditch four or five feet deep round the enclosure. Into this ditch were planted heavy hewn timbers, reaching above the surface twenty feet, and firmly set in the ditch and the dirt packed in closely to hold them in their place, firm and solid. On the top of this stockade, at a distance of twenty yards

from each other, was a number of platforms, or sentry posts, where the guards were stationed when on duty, and on the outside at each platform was a rude stairway which led from the ground to the platform, and which was for the purpose of assisting the guard to reach his post of duty. On the inside of this stockade at a distance of ten feet from and parallel with it, ran the "dead line."

This dead line was a row of posts set in the ground at intervals of ten or twelve feet apart, on the tops of which a narrow plank was nailed. The guards were instructed to shoot any prisoner who should approach nearer to the stockade than this dead line. A small stream of water ran through the stockade near the center. From this stream the prisoners procured all the water they used. This was warm and disagreeable to the taste and was unfit for use. A few trees grew in the inclosure, and the stumps of many more were to be seen here and there. When we entered the stockade the men already there flocked around us and asked us a multitude of questions concerning our capture and imprisonment, and many other questions concerning the progress of the war, which we could not answer. We were not supplied with tents nor any other means of protection after coming here, and the supply of these things which we brought with us was totally insufficient for our actual needs; we were, therefore, left to shift for ourselves in this matter, each man taking care of himself, as a rule, in the construction of his habitation.

Sometimes a number would associate together in a club, and by each contributing a piece of tent, a bit of blanket or cloth, they managed to provide better means of shelter than could have been done singly. But there were many who had nothing of any kind out of which to construct what might shelter them from the scorching sun by day or the chilly air by night. To this class the burning sun and heavy dews added much to their other hardships. Four other prisoners joined me in the construction of quarters, and we chose a location in the eastern part of the stockade, but a few feet from the dead line, and on the south side of the creek. We dug down into the sand nearly two feet, and with our blankets and some pieces of canvas, which one of our number was fortunate enough to have in his possession, we managed to construct a very respectable looking tent compared with the others about us. There was a guard-post opposite to where we had located our tent. This spot had been selected by us on account of its commercial advantages, for being thus situated we could trade with the guards when any trading was to be done.

Before leaving Danville I had taken the precaution to lay in a stock of tobacco, and in fixing up our tent I placed the tobacco near by where it attracted the attention of a prisoner passing by. He inquired to know if I would sell it, and at what price. I told him I would take a dollar a plug for it, and he said that he would take it all at that price. I declined to sell it all at that time, but allowed him to take three plugs, for which he paid me three dollars in green-

backs. Another prisoner standing by said to me that I could have got three dollars a plug for it as well as one dollar. I thought this very strange, for this same tobacco could be bought at Danville for twenty-five cents a plug. I now began to realize that prices ranged much higher here than at Danville. Soon after this first sale a guard came on duty at the post nearest our tent with a bunch of onions for sale. These I bought and placed them in small piles for sale again. In a short time I had sold seven dollars worth of onions and had some left for our own use, which made us a light mess. Our prison experience had taught us valuable lessons of economy, and every atom of food was made to answer to its fullest extent.

Our arrival at Andersonville was about the middle of May, 1864, and the weather was already oppressively warm. Being unaccustomed to the climate of this latitude we suffered more from heat than we would otherwise have done. Our rations at first consisted of about two-thirds of a pint of unsifted corn meal, a half pint of raw beans and a small piece of meat; the latter, however, we did not receive but two days out of the three. We drew our rations at ten or eleven in the forenoon; then having to cook them, we could not get our dinner sooner than about one o'clock. Though the rations we drew were designed by our captors to make us three meals, we invariably ate the whole quantity for one, and if this one meal had been sufficient to satisfy our appetites we would have thought ourselves fortunate. Wood for cooking purposes was a scarce article, and to procure enough for our needs we dug the roots from the ground, hacked up the stumps, and it was not long until every stump, root, chip and splinter within the stockade had been gathered and consumed. In cooking we usually boiled our beans first till they were soft; then our meat was sliced thin and put in; afterwards our meal was added and stirred, making what we called "loblolly." When a number messed and cooked together the food was carefully divided, giving to each man his exact share of the mess.

My first trade with the guards having resulted so favorably, I determined to continue to traffic with the guards who came on duty at the post nearest our tent, and besides furnishing our mess with something extra, I soon began to accumulate money ahead.

Additional prisoners were being brought in nearly every day; these had more or less money, and while their money lasted they bought whatever they could find to eat, regardless of the price. Anything fit to eat sold at a fabulous price, and tobacco was not an exception. The following prices were obtained: three flour biscuits, \$1.00; three eggs, \$1.00; a pint of flour, \$1.00; onions ranged from 75 cts. to \$1.25 each; fresh pork, \$2.00 a pound; potatoes were bought of the guards at \$35 a bushel, and afterwards retailed singly; coffee brought \$5 per pound. These prices were on a Greenback basis, Confederate money being at ten cents on the dollar. The daily additions being made to our numbers soon brought on a crowded condition of the prison, resulting in much discomfort and additional suffering. In a vast crowd like this there are always a variety of characters, and it

may not seem strange that vice in its worst forms should have representatives, and that the depraved and baser elements in such a multitude should assert itself.

Here was the sneak thief, the gambler, the highwayman, the murderer, experts in every vice in the catalogue, and these made it necessary to keep a careful watch on everything of value, night and day. Theft, robbery and other heinous crimes were committed in open day, and were alarmingly frequent.

There were two main streets running through the prison grounds—one on the north side and one on the south, the creek running between the two. These streets on either side were lined with the tradesmen who bought from the guards in large quantities, and afterwards retailed in smaller quantities to their fellow prisoners. These dealers occupied small stands at various places all over the ground. At one place could be seen a dealer selling flour at a dollar a pint; near him could be seen the dealer in onions and potatoes. Another one could be seen at another place with eggs, biscuits and the like. Our lowest class of merchants dealt in soup bones. These bones, after being first carefully picked, were sawed or cut into small pieces, so as to show the marrow to advantage. Then some wretched soldier, hatless, his pants worn off to the knees and his shirt sleeves worn off to the elbows, would take these bones, and standing in a commanding position would yell out at the top of his voice: "Here is your nice, fine, rich soup bones for sale. Walk right up and buy the best."

My numerous trades with the guards resulted in my becoming personally known to many of them, and this was a great advantage to us in our provision traffic. By careful buying and selling I not only kept the mess constantly supplied with many extras, but had accumulated over two hundred dollars; I had been singularly prosperous in all I had undertaken. The grounds were becoming more and more crowded every day, for hardly a day passed that did not add to our numbers, and as the season advanced the weather became excessively hot and much sickness was the result. The water which we were compelled to drink and make general use of was warm and dirty. There was always a large number of men at the creek washing and getting water, and the consequence was that the water was made unfit for use except for washing. This led to the digging of wells in various parts of the grounds. The surface being sandy for fifteen or twenty feet made digging quite easy, and better water was reached at a depth of twenty-two feet than could be had at the creek. Many of these wells soon became useless by caving in. Our supply of fuel had become exhausted; every tree, stump and root had been used, and now and then small squads were allowed to go out under guard to bring in a supply of wood. Going out for wood was considered quite a favor, and he who happened to be so fortunate as to be detailed for that purpose was to be congratulated, for in so doing he found many an opportunity of getting some nice bit to eat in some manner or other; or, if he failed in this, he could breathe the pure air

and rest his wearied eyes on green fields, and listen to the song of the free, happy birds. On such occasions he was wont to wish that he had the wings of the wind that he might fly away to a land of beauty, wealth and happiness, leaving behind the horrid scenes of that worse than horrid prison pen.

The prevailing diseases among the sick were scurvy and chronic diarrhea, and to such an extent had these and other complaints grown that the hospitals on the outside were sufficient for the accommodation of less than one-fourth of those who needed such accommodation, and consequently hundreds, for lack of needed attention and medical treatment, were left to die inside of the stockade. Each morning the bodies of such that had died during the preceding night, were carried out to the dead-house. Here they were piled in wagons like so many logs of wood, and hauled to the place of burial, where they were placed, side by side, in long, deep trenches, and covered with dirt. No such thing as a coffin or box was used to enclose these bodies, and their funeral rites were things only to be thought of, but not to be observed. The Union prisoners were employed in the work of digging these trenches and in covering up their dead comrades. Even the duty of carrying a dead comrade outside of the stockade was esteemed a favor, and I have known men to pay \$5 for the privilege of carrying a corpse to the dead-house. The reason of this was that in returning from such duty each man was permitted to bring in a load of wood for his own benefit. Notwithstanding the prevailing death-rate, our prison continued to become more and more crowded, and the whole available space inside the dead-line was taken up, and the whole area was a moving mass of struggling, suffering humanity; we were so densely packed that in attempting to move around we had to pick our way with caution through the throng. The grounds were at length enlarged by the addition of eight acres to the inclosure, making the total area near twenty acres, and yet this addition, though it gave us some relief, left us very much crowded.

By July 1st, 1864, it was estimated that our numbers reached twenty-five thousand, a figure rather below than above the real number, I have no doubt. With increasing numbers the morals of the prison seemed to become more and more corrupt. Person and property was safe nowhere; robberies and petty theiving occurred day and night; no one was safe from the attacks of the human vultures who preyed upon their weaker and more unfortunate brethren. About the first of July our captors began cooking our rations on the outside of the prison, thus avoiding the necessity of sending us out for wood under guard. Instead of corn meal, as before, we received corn bread, made from unsifted meal, and without salt. Our beans were also cooked for us, and about every other day we were furnished with a very small bit of meat to each man. It is truly astonishing what a small quantity of food it takes to sustain human life, and how tenacious we cling to life, even when it seems to offer nothing but suffering. Our circumstances illustrated this point to an extent we never before dreamed of. We had among us men of all grades and

dispositions; all the walks of life had representatives, and misery and wretchedness paid no respect to the one more than to the other. Squalid misery stalked abroad at midday, nor stayed its hand in the darkness of the night. Men who had been brought up in affluence and elegance, shared the wretchedness of the lowest born of his comrades. The poorer and most destitute—those without tent, blanket or other means of comfort, wandered about the pen seeking for stray cumbos of food that might fall in their way. Old potato parings, stray beans, or any other morsel were eagerly sought for and devoured. Their sharpened visages and haggard looks told a tale of starvation and want that can not be told by tongue or pen. To alleviate the sufferings of those around us seemed next to impossible; we were all in the same desperate condition, and if there were those who seemed to fare better than the rest, they were such as resorted to trade and made special efforts to improve their condition. An effort to relieve one would cause a thousand others, as destitute as the one, to ask for relief on as good grounds. On the south side of the creek the grounds had become very mirey. The filth from the higher grounds had accumulated in this quarter, and it became a quagmire, and millions of maggots squirmed and worked in this filthy offal, presenting a sight, which when seen, can never be recalled except with a shudder of disgust.

Constant association with sickness, suffering and death had made us somewhat callous in our feelings toward our fellow sufferers, and many had allowed this feeling of indifference to get full possession of them, leaving no room for sympathy or pity. With each of us it was such a struggle for existence, that self-preservation ruled our every act and dictated our very thoughts. The weaker and more destitute were the first victims of disease and death. It seemed in many cases, that when hunger and disease had done their work, the starving victim would wander off to the creek, and there he would fall, or sinking into the swampy soil, would there lay until death ended a life of misery. No helping hand was reached out to aid him. Every finer and nobler feeling seemed paralyzed, and the one thought of self-preservation checked every feeling of humanity. Death was doing his work on the right and on the left, and it was a common thing to pass by a dying man in our walks around the different parts of the prison. Lying in the hot sun, unattended, and usually unknown, the sufferer would struggle with the grim monster until struggling ended in surrender. Hundreds were passing by but no one cared to waste his time or his pity on a dying man. Inspectors passed through our prison every day, making search for any attempt at tunneling out that we might make, and if a tunnel was begun it was usually detected before progressing far.

One tunnel, however, escaped detection, and this was projected about twenty yards from the stockade. A party of prisoners were pretending to be engaged in digging a well, and after reaching a depth of fifteen feet a tunnel was begun and pushed vigorously toward the outer side of the stockade. When the inspectors m

their daily rounds the diggers would be found in the bottom of their well hard at work, and the inspectors looked in approvingly, or passed on without a suspicion of the scheme on hands. The work progressed, undiscovered by the rebels, until the workmen had passed under the stockade, and preparations were being made for a grand exit in a short time. Unluckily for the enterprise the two men who were working in it, one morning about sun up, struck too near the surface and the crust caved in on them. Being on the outside they sprang out and ran for life and liberty. They were seen by the guards, who fired many times at them, but so far as we could see they were unhurt, and I never learned of their recapture.

Now and then some poor, unfortunate prisoner would wander unthoughtedly over the dead line and suffer the consequences, for the established rule was to shoot the offender without warning—a rule that was enforced with fiendish delight by our guards. How many met death in this way I know not, but the number was not a few.

Some of the guards would fire on a prisoner whenever they could find any kind of a plea for so doing, but others were more humane and only enforced the rigorous rules of the prison because it was their duty.

Before the middle of July the number of prisoners at Andersonville reached twenty-five thousand, and with increasing numbers the want, destitution, sickness and death grew more and more dreadful. Mention has been previously made of the moral depravity and consequent crimes resulting from time to time. Robberies were occurring daily and it was apparent that measures must be taken to bring the offenders to justice; but how to proceed to reach that end was a question not easily answered, and for a time longer we endured what we could not remedy. Money grew scarcer and scarcer, for the reason that it was being continually sent outside the prison and none of it was being returned. This state of affairs was aggravated by the fact that it was almost impossible to trade with the guards. The prison authorities finally established a trading-post inside the prison, and here we were compelled to do whatever trading we did do, but as very few of the prisoners had any money, our patronage to the established store was exceedingly light. Up to the time at which our trading with the guards was prohibited, I had, from a small beginning, increased my capital to two hundred and forty dollars, besides expending a large amount for such extras as money would buy. But now my money began to decrease, for every day I was put to some expense without any income, and under this state of things my money was rapidly disappearing.

Among the prisoners in the stockade there were about thirty negroes; these were taken out daily to perform labor on the outside, and were brought in at night. With a view to replenishing my wasted finances I gave one of these colored men forty-five dollars, telling him to buy with it anything that could be eaten, and bring it into the prison with him, and that I would pay him for all his trouble.

This he agreed to do. That night when the colored squad was brought in I went to their quarters and found the man with whom I had intrusted my money, and made inquiry of his success. He reported that he had purchased several articles of food with the money, but that the Confederate guards at the gate had forced him to give it all to them. Here was forty-five dollars gone at one fell swoop, and my spirits fell to a low state. I waited several days, and seeing no other means of renewing my trade, I gave fifteen dollars to another man of the colored squad, instructing him to buy and bring in something to eat. But he came in with a report similar to the first, bringing neither money nor food. Not caring to invest further in this line of speculation, I gave up further effort and waited for something to turn up, contenting myself by economizing, as well as I could, the money I had remaining. The adage, "misfortunes come in pairs," now verified itself, for following the loss of my money I was attacked with scurvy, a disease that had already carried to the grave hundreds of my fellow prisoners. Very few who were victims of the scurvy ever recovered, and I naturally supposed I would go with the majority. Our situation was such that it was nearly impossible to procure the necessary remedies for the disease; therefore, when a man was taken down with the scurvy he usually remained in his tent or lay out in the open air unattended till he died. Captain Wirtz, who had charge of the prison, usually rode through the stockade twice a day, but none of the prisoners were allowed to speak to him during these visits, and we were even denied the right to represent our grievances in a petition to our friends or our enemies. Misery and suffering that can not be told was our common lot, and though it be retold a thousand times there remains that which is too shocking to tell and too inhuman to be believed. Death was making rapid inroads in our ranks every day, for at least fifty were carried to the graveyard every day. It was a common sight to see men lying in the hot sand, forsaken and alone, unable to help themselves, sweltering in the burning sun, and slowly but surely dying.

We were forsaken, even by those who should have been our friends, for our government at Washington, by the advice and policy of Secretary Stanton, refused to exchange us, or to give an equal number of rebel prisoners for us in return; for they said: "We will not give healthy, robust Confederates in our hands, who are fit for the front, for a like number of half-starved and half-dead men who will never be fit for service; it is policy to let them stay where they are, even if they should all die." This might have been "policy," but to say the least, it was very heartless policy.

Crime of various kinds continued to grow more and more frequent; indeed it became known that an organized band existed in the prison, the known object of which was plunder. This band numbered several hundred, and they were pledged to support and protect each other from any punishment resulting from their misdeemeanors. Now and then one of the band would be caught in some

offense, and would be punished by shaving one side of his head; sometimes bucking was added to this punishment. But it appeared that the principals were never caught in this way. If they were detected in their deeds they seemed to be strong enough to defy punishment. It was the little, one-horse starvling who was caught and made to suffer. The arrival of fresh prisoners was generally followed by a series of robberies, for this class of men brought into the prison more or less money, and the thieves usually fell upon them and rendered them penniless, sometimes beating them besides. On one occasion a newly arrived prisoner showed desperate resistance when attacked by members of the gang, and the result was he was very dangerously stabbed by the free-booters.

This brutal act created a feeling of indignation on the part of the order-loving prisoners. But being weak, half-starved and unorganized, and each man being compelled to make a desperate effort to support life, he had little thought of redressing the wrongs of others so long as he, himself, remained unmolested; and thus three hundred or four hundred desperadoes, well organized, were able to hold in awe the other thousands who loved peace and good order.

Following the stabbing above mentioned it was resolved that further forbearance would only result in greater outrages, and therefore a few of us determined to draw up and sign a petition to Wirtz, setting forth the state of affairs of outlawry as they existed in the stockade. We prevailed on a Confederate lieutenant to bear our petition to Captain Wirtz, asking that immediate attention be given the same. Next day Captain Wirtz and several other Confederate officers came into the stockade and held several conferences with the prisoners in various parts of the grounds, making diligent inquiry into the nature of the offenses, and, as far as possible, tried to ascertain the number and names of the offenders. Such information was furnished them as fully satisfied them that the complaints in our petition were properly founded. On the following day a Confederate captain and lieutenant came into the enclosure with a detachment of soldiers, armed and equipped. A police force of near four hundred of the honest prisoners was then detailed and organized. Then a call was made to all who were in any way acquainted with the facts concerning the commission of crimes, to come forward and make it known.

Now that they were to be protected, there were plenty of witnesses, and no lack of testimony touching the outrages. These proceedings came upon the thieves unexpectedly, and caused them great consternation. They had not expected this righteous outburst of long-delayed retribution, and knew not what to do. The worst of them were hunted in every part of the prison. The robber element had suddenly come to grief. More than forty of the ring-leaders and principals were arrested and taken outside the prison under a strong guard.

Here the trial was held. Captain Wirtz said to us: "Now, you can try these men in your own way, and if they be found guilty of

the crimes of which they stand charged, they shall suffer just punishment, and you shall be protected in your decision."

A jury of twelve was then impaneled from among the prisoners, and a judge having the proper legal qualifications to decide the points of law which might arise, was also chosen. The accused were provided with good counsel and the prosecution was conducted by legal talent of no ordinary kind.

The trial then proceeded, being on the outside of the prison and under a strong Confederate guard. It lasted nine days and was characterized by great fairness and impartiality. The accused had an array of testimony to prove their innocence, but with every effort that could be brought forth in their behalf there was much damaging testimony given against them. At the close of the trial the jury retired twenty-four hours, and upon being called for a verdict they decided that thirty-five of the accused should run the gauntlet on the inside of the stockade, and that six of the number, whom they found by the evidence to be the principals, should be publicly hanged.

The punishment by running the gauntlet should take place immediately, and those who were to suffer in this manner were divided into two parties, and one party was taken to each of the two main entrances to the stockade. Here were ranged long lines of prisoners on either side of a space a few feet in width and extending far into the prison grounds. As the culprits ran between these lines they were pelted, kicked and otherwise assaulted by such of the prisoners as were quick enough to reach them. Many of the offenders were badly beaten, and it was reported that two of them died from the effect of their injuries. Those who were condemned to suffer death by hanging were allowed ten days of preparation to meet their fate, but they were kept under a strong guard outside the prison during this time. Thieves from this time forward fared roughly, for the prisoners were now well organized, having a police force of four hundred men, who diligently sought out and arrested any prisoner reported guilty of crime. When it became known that sure and severe punishment would follow the commission of a crime, the offenses from which the inoffensive and helpless ones had suffered, grew very rare.

The scurvy from which I had been suffering grew worse, and I was now barely able to walk about, but I tried to keep my spirits up and made strong efforts to continue on my feet, for I felt that if I once gave up I should certainly die. The scurvy affected us in two different forms: in one class of cases the limbs of the patient would swell and become of a dark crimson color, and if the swollen flesh were pressed with the finger the impress would remain some time. In the other cases the flesh hardened and shrank up, turning to a dark brown color. The sense of feeling was lost in some cases. In the last named cases the flesh would feel like hard, dry wood, and the joints would be more or less swelled. In both cases the gums

swelled and the teeth became loose. My case was the last described kind, which was called the bone scurvy.

On the day set apart for the execution of the six robbers I was barely able to move about with the aid of a cane, but the excitement of the occasion helped me to greater activity than for several days previous.

The scaffold on which the execution was to take place was erected on the inside of the prison and near the southern gate. When the hour arrived I hobbled out to that part of the grounds and took a position about fifteen yards from the scaffold. Nearly twenty-five thousand prisoners were looking on in solemn silence, and the scene was too impressive ever to be forgotten. The doomed men were brought in under a strong guard of Confederate soldiers, and were then delivered to the prisoners to be executed. The guards now retired to the outside, leaving the condemned men in the hands of the organized force of prisoners. Not a Confederate remained to witness the execution. It was indeed a painfully solemn thing to see these six men, in the prime of life, surrounded by such misery and wretchedness, thus to suffer the penalty which their dark deeds had brought upon them. They were brought in with their hands tied behind them, attended by two Catholic priests, who offered them the consolation of their religion in their last hours. When the time came and they were commanded to mount the scaffold, one of them, a large and powerful man, a member of a New York regiment, exclaimed to the others: "I can never stand this," and with a sudden and powerful effort burst the cords that bound him and made a desperate effort for his life.

In a moment all was confusion and excitement. Only those in the immediate vicinity of the scaffold comprehended what was going on; even where I stood I could not at first understand the cause of the consternation. The impression prevailed with many of the prisoners that the rebels were about to fire upon us from their batteries situated on the higher grounds commanding the prison, and which were kept ready for use in case of an attempted outbreak on the part of the prisoners.

The excitement reached a high pitch; two men standing near me jumped down a well eighteen feet deep to escape the destruction which they imagined awaited us all; but as soon as we ascertained that the confusion arose from the effort of one man to escape, quiet was somewhat restored. This man, whose name was Curtis, parted the crowd in front of him, flinging the men right and left in his madness and desperation. He was followed by the organized police and a large crowd of the prisoners besides. He ran to the eastern part of the stockade, and in attempting to cross the creek he sank up to his waist in the filthy offal. He was now captured and brought back. He must have known the impossibility of escaping under such circumstances, and it is a wonder that any man of ordinary judgment would have attempted such a thing.

Soon after he was brought back the six were marched to their places on the fatal platform from which they were to be launched into eternity. They were still attended by the priests who continued to counsel with and pray for them.

I remember well the remark made by Curtis just before the drop fell. He said, "It was my old grandmother who said I would die with my boots on, and I guess it is coming to pass." Finally, when all was ready, the priests retired from the scaffold, and meal sacks were drawn over the heads of the condemned men, as black caps are on such occasions under other circumstances. The trap sprung and five of the six were soon lifeless. The sixth man in his fall broke the rope and fell to the ground. He begged piteously for his life, telling his executioners that the breaking of the rope was proof of his innocence. But his begging was all in vain and availed nothing; he was again made to mount the scaffold and in brief time was sent to bear his guilty companions company. Their bodies were taken down inside of an hour and received proper burial.

This execution took place July 11, 1864. The men executed were John Sarsfield, 144th N. Y. Infantry, Wm. Collins, 88th Pa. Infantry, Pat Delaney, 83d Pa. Vols., Chas. Curtis, 5th R. I. Vols., A. Mun, U. S. Navy, W. R. Rickson, U. S. Navy.

This execution had its desired effect; it not only disposed of the principal criminals who had terrorized the prison, but it restrained others from the commission of crime. From this time forward there was little theft or outlawry compared with the times preceding this execution. Captain Wirtz should have credit for the part he took in bringing about this reform.

My health grew worse from day to day, the scurvy gaining continually and my vitality and strength weakening proportionately. New prisoners had ceased to be brought in, and a general impression prevailed that we were soon to be moved away. Money had become very scarce with all the men. My funds had dwindled from day to day, and the future looked darker than at any time since coming here. It is worthy of particular mention, that of all the religious creeds of the land, the Catholics were the only ones who visited us in our misery or seemed touched at our condition. The priests of this church came into our prison every day, rain or shine, and ministered as best they could to the wants of the most destitute, but where there where so many in need it was next to impossible to do much. The worst cases were helped to a few delicacies and comforted in various ways.

The Masons of Albany, a place fifty miles south of Andersonville, brought much relief to those of their order among us. Many a member of that mystic tie was helped to a clean shirt, a pair of shoes or something to eat by the Masonic brethren.

About the first of September, 1864, the Confederates began moving some of our number away; everybody was anxious to go first, for we had seen and suffered so much here that it seemed to us that any place on earth besides this would be better. I was too sick at this

time to care for myself, and was therefore a burden to my companions, several of whom made many sacrifices for my comfort and relief. The fact that my money was nearly all gone added to my misery, for even in prison money is not to be despised. I suffered much pain in my limbs at night, and as a consequence I slept but little. I was continually tormented by a thousand doubts and uncertainties which kept me in a constant state of restlessness from which I had no relief. It was estimated that during the months of July and August the deaths averaged one hundred and fifty daily. Our numbers were being reduced daily, both by deaths and removals, so that this was some relief, even to those who remained, for it gave us more room and better and purer air to breathe. About the 10th of September the prisoners constituting our division were called on to leave. This occasioned much shouting and other demonstrations of joy, but being entirely unable to move from my tent, it brought grief to me instead of joy, for, knowing that my companions would have to go, I realized that I would be left unattended and would surely suffer for care which none would be willing and few able to give. It was of no use to depend on strangers for care unless I could pay them, and I lacked the money to do that, having now only sixty-five cents in postal currency. My fortunate comrades, before leaving me, brought me a quantity of fresh water and arranged my blankets on sticks in such a manner as to protect me from the sun. Having done all in their power to leave me comfortable, they bade me an affectionate farewell, and I could see by their manner that they expected I would not recover, and that a few days at most would end all with me. Following their departure I felt very lonely and my spirits were much depressed. I now had no helping hands to minister to me, for, though I was surrounded by the multitude, I was almost as much alone as if I had been on the desert of Sahara. I had seen hundreds lying alone and slowly dying, friendless and uncared for; and I now felt that I was surely in the same desolate condition. That evening I prevailed on a prisoner to bring me some fresh water, and as darkness came on I pulled my blanket from the stick and wrapping it about me as best I could and tried to sleep, but being full of pain and direful apprehensions, I slept but little. I had no appetite, and what rations I drew were nauseating to my taste, and the sight of them was unpleasant in the extreme. I grew careless concerning my rations, and cared little whether I received my scanty portion or not.

The next morning after my comrades left me, as the sun rose and its rays began to scorch me, I tried several times to get some passing prisoners to fix up my blanket in the form of a shelter as on the previous day, but all were too busy or too heartless to give any attention to a dying man. I at length prevailed on one man to bring me some fresh water and fix up my tent by giving him my rations for the day. During the day I was visited by a Catholic priest who gave me half a lemon, which greatly refreshed me for a short time. I now thought my days were numbered, and concluded that I could

live but a few days at farthest, but the outlook, gloomy as it was, had some relief in it, for I felt that death would be preferable to such a life as I had been living for weeks in the past. The day wore away and night—a dreadful night, came on. A terrible storm of rain, thunder and wind raged for hours, and being compelled to lie on the wet ground, unprotected, I was thoroughly drenched and slept but little, and that little was full of frightful dreams and brought me little rest. I wished I might fall asleep and never waken. Morning came at last and the burning sun drove his scorching heat into my weak and emaciated flesh. I became delirious as the day advanced and continued so till toward evening, and when I recovered consciousness I found that I had been carried during the day to the northern part of the stockade and placed in a long shed, which had recently been erected for the reception of the worst cases. The Catholic priest had visited me and given me some lemon juice and wine. The sick and dying lay about me in great numbers; many were on the outer side of the shed, waiting to take the places of those who were being carried to the dead-house from within. I well remember my feelings, when, on regaining consciousness, I looked round me and beheld the terrible scene by which I was surrounded. I determined to make a desperate effort to live and therefore set my will in an attitude of defiance toward the grim monster. Next to me on my right lay a tall and large framed man, having on a red shirt. This man was delirious and was talking wildly and without meaning. I remember how I shuddered when I beheld the vast number of lice with which his body was covered; it appeared to me that there were thousands of them of all sizes, from the huge old plump ones down to the tiny midget of an hour old. The poor man soon surrendered and the battle of life was at an end, for on the next morning I found him stiff and silent. I had slept but little during the night, for the continued moaning of the sick made sleep next to impossible. With the return of light came renewed hopes and a still greater desire to live. I was now furnished with some corn meal and beans, but being helpless it was not possible for me to cook them, and besides I had no appetite, notwithstanding I had eaten nothing for several days. But I was convinced that I must eat something to sustain life, for I must soon die of starvation unless I did. So I gave my meal and beans to a well prisoner to cook on the halves, and when it was cooked I ate a part of it, which was very little. Yet I still believe that in thus forcing myself to eat what I could, proved to be the means by which the brittle thread of life was saved from breaking. I desired to be taken out of the prison and placed in the hospital on the outside. I spent the day in planning to this end, for it was my only hope of life. Numbers of the sick were being taken to the hospital each day for treatment, and it appeared to me that if I could only get out of the stockade and into the hospital I should recover. The next morning I told the prisoner who had cooked and shared my rations on the previous day, that if he would carry me down to the gate, where the negroes came with wagons daily for the

sick, that he might have all my rations for that day. This he promised to do if he could get his partner to assist him. He then went in search of his partner; presently they both came and carried me to the gate. At the gate were a great many sick, all waiting for their turn to be taken to the hospital. The two men who carried me to the gate laid me in the shade of a canvas tent occupied by some of the under-officials of the prison. They then went their way. When the wagons came I yelled with all my strength and asked to be loaded in; but no one paid attention to me. So the wagons were driven away with their load, leaving me and others behind. I learned that in two hours the wagons would return for another load, so I comforted myself with the hope that I might yet get to go.

When the wagons again returned I begged to be put into one of them, but the result was the same as before, and again the wagons were driven away, leaving me dejected and almost hopeless, for, let me try ever so hard, some one was always ready to step in and take my place. I was told that my wagons would return for one more load that day, and I again began planning to try and make the trip. I had a ring of rare value, one I had taken from home when I enlisted, and for various reasons I prized it very dearly, and I had always intended to keep it in remembrance of its donor. But now I was on the verge of death, as I thought, and I felt justified in sacrificing the ring for my own benefit. I therefore bargained with an Irishman, promising him the ring if he would put me in one of the wagons when they came.

It was near sun-down when the wagons came for their last load, and faithful to his agreement the Irishman picked me up and put me in one of the wagons, and we were driven away. Many were left behind, who, like myself, were desirous of getting to the hospital, but as there were accommodations for only so many, some must be left for another day, when as many could be taken from the stockade as would fill the places of those who had died on the previous day. It was not every day that the wagons came for the sick, but only at times when the deaths in the hospital made it possible to accommodate more; so if we missed getting out on the day the sick were hauled out we must wait until another favorable day. This might be the next day, or it might be several days. In this interval many would die. The hospital was located about a mile from the stockade, and we reached it between sundown and dark. We were unloaded and a list of our names, regiments and companies taken. We were then put on wheelbarrows and wheeled to places to which we had been assigned. I was taken to a small wedge tent, suitable for the accommodation of three persons; it was already occupied by one man, and he was sick nigh unto death.

We were furnished with no special comforts; there were no beds nor mattresses given us—nothing but the bare, sandy soil. Blankets were furnished to such prisoners as had none.

The hospital grounds contained six acres, and was enclosed by a close board fence eight feet high. A line of sentries was stationed

on three sides of the enclosure on the outside of the fence; on the south side the guards were on the inside. This was on account of the swampy condition of the land on this side. The grounds were carefully laid off, divided by streets and wards. The wards numbered from one to twenty. A force of well prisoners were assigned to duty in this hospital, and they were required to keep the streets carefully swept and the whole grounds clear of offal. The tents used were of two kinds—the small wedge-shaped tent, large enough for three persons, and the wall tent, which was large enough for twelve. The grounds were well shaded by trees, and altogether, the hospital was a place of comfort and beauty compared to the stockade. Each ward had its ward-master and attendants to wait on the sick, but about all these did was to bring our rations to us.

Only one of many of our worst cases of sick recovered. The poor fellow who was in my tent when I first arrived soon died; others were brought in from time to time and died, until nine had died by my side.

During all this time I could not perceive that I was improving at all, nor did I seem to get worse; I bravely held my own from one day to another.

One or two days I was the only occupant of the tent; all my fellow sufferers died within a few days after being brought in from the stockade. Let it be remembered that though nine died in my tent, there was never more than three occupants at a time—myself and two others. This statement is difficult to believe, yet it is literally true. Of these cases one or two should have particular mention. One was that of a large and well framed man who was brought in late one evening. It had been raining hard and he was very wet. He was laid beside me, and, offered some food, which he refused, saying he did not feel like eating that evening and that he would save his rations till next morning. This man and myself were the only occupants of the tent that night. In the after part of the night he became very restless, and annoyed me exceedingly by his rolling about, and by throwing himself against me so as to keep me from sleep. I became somewhat petulant and insisted upon his keeping his own side of the bed, and to cease from annoying me as he had been doing. To this he gave no heed, so getting hold of an old crutch which happened to be in the tent, I placed it next to and under him so that it served as a prop to keep him on his part of the tent. After a time he became perfectly quiet and I supposed he had fallen asleep, and I was soon in dreamland myself. Upon awakening next morning I found that his was the sleep of death, and that his tossings which had annoyed me were the final struggles of the conflict between life and death.

Another case was that of a man who had been in the tent for a number of days, and who did not appear to be much sick, so far as I could judge. He was able to get about much better than I could, and had succeeded in crawling out of the tent to an oak tree which stood near. He took off his shirt and proceeded to hunt the lice off

Of it, a task of no small magnitude. He then began talking of his home and family, saying that if he could know that they were all comfortable and well provided for he could feel reconciled to his hard fate.

He continued to talk of his wife and children until I finally told him he was foolish to thus worry himself so about his family, and that their worst, possible condition could hardly be a tenth as bad as his own, and that his best and wisest course would be to attend to his own wants as best he could, and that doubtless his family were being properly cared for by friends at home. The poor man paid very little attention to my advice, but continued to worry and fret as before, until of a sudden, and apparently without a pain or struggle, he expired. It was a great surprise to me; I had no idea that death was so near. I saw many—very many die in a similar manner. It seemed that men died without realizing the approach of the grim monster, and also appeared that long continued suffering in mind and body had made them callous to pain, and that when the final moment came they ceased to live, much as a lighted candle is extinguished by a gust of wind. Hope had fed the flickering flame from day to day, and more dead than alive, they moved about, vainly chasing a phantom of release or exchange, a hope which lured from afar yet fled as they followed; finally, when hope no longer cheered and when despair took the ascendancy, the victim surrendered and the wearied spirit forsook its prison-house of suffering and launched into the unknown sea of eternity.

Our daily rations in the hospital were a biscuit, a half pint of boiled rice and a bit of beef; and small and insufficient as this was, it was vastly better than we had been accustomed to receive in the stockade. For a time after first entering the hospital I could hardly eat all my rations; but I forced myself to eat all they gave me, believing it really necessary to sustain life. After the nine deaths had occurred in my tent, of which previous mention has been made, two patients were brought in from the stockade and assigned to my tent. These, contrary to the rule, did not die, but began to improve, and this was an encouragement to me. I had seen so many die that I had come to look on death as a certain result of being assigned to my tent.

Seeing these companions improving day after day I seemed to take on new life and at once began to improve, also, and it was but a few days till we three were rapidly convalescing. My companions were both Dutchmen; their names were Edwards and Schrader. The former was a member of a Pennsylvania regiment, and his home was at the town of Broadtop, Pa. Schrader was a native of Germany and a member of an Illinois regiment.

The two men differed widely in their habits, characters and dispositions. Edwards was almost continually talking of his home, father, mother and two sisters; Schrader had little or nothing to say of his home or relatives. Edwards seldom washed his face or combed his hair, and I have known him to go for weeks with his face dirty and his hair matted. Schrader was tidy and careful in his

personal habits, but was selfish and disagreeable. Edwards was tender-hearted and liberal; with all his slovenly personal habits he was much the better man of the two, but he had one weakness, that, under the circumstances, was a great disadvantage. He was a great glutton; it appeared that he had the capacity of half a dozen men—for stowing away supplies—nothing eatable ever went to waste where he was, and he never learned *division* as applied to anything fit to eat. His appetite may have been capable of being satisfied, but I do not remember that it ever was. We were all good eaters now, and could have eaten much more than we received. We were all improving and I began to hobble about on a crutch, and the idea of dying in a rebel prison and of being buried in the sand of Georgia, began to lose its grip on me. Our chief trouble was now, as it had been, to get enough to eat. Edwards was an expert beggar and was continually on the lookout for something to supply the mess with more than our drawn rations; hardly a day passed that he did not beg from the attendants at the cook house, something to eat, and after filling himself I came in for the remainder. Schrader was crabbed and surly; he seldom had anything to do with Edwards or me, except that he slept in the same tent with us. Edwards and I frequently messed together; Schrader ate alone. Each morning the bodies of those who had died during the previous night were deposited in the street, preparatory to burial. From here they were wheeled to the dead-house and from thence they were taken in wagons to the place of burial. The dead averaged about thirty each morning. My condition improved from day to day so that I was able, by the aid of a crutch, to move about the hospital grounds. I managed by a little trading, to pick up something extra to eat. There were hundreds of sick and suffering fellows lying in their tents unable to help themselves, but who would get me to buy peanuts, yams and the like for them. I would take their money or other articles of value which they desired to exchange, and, when opportunity offered, would sell them to the guards or exchange them for food, and would be allowed a trifling commission for my trouble. Notwithstanding the existence of an order against trading with our guards, we found many adroit ways and means of steering round the difficulties, and that necessity, which is said to be the mother of invention, was found to be the parent of many a shrewd scheme which brought relief to our urgent needs. During the early period of our imprisonment at Andersonville, there was a considerable amount of greenbacks among the prisoners; but now this money had disappeared almost entirely. Some of the men had small sums of postal currency. Confederate money was plenty enough but it took a hundred dollars to buy a beef-head. Having little or no money to exchange with the guards for what we needed, we bartered articles of clothing, rings, trinkets, pocket-knives, &c., receiving beef-heads, pieces of beef, peanuts and yams. Our plans and bargains were made with the guards during the day, but the exchange of commodities had to be done at night, and with the utmost caution, to avoid being seen by the officers.

I had so far improved in my general health that I was on my feet and moving about during the entire day planning with the guards for such articles of food as could be smuggled through their hands and into ours during their hours of duty at night. In thus moving about I not only gained strength but my spirits improved, and I was also able to provide myself with about all I needed to eat.

In one of my night trades with the guard, I came very nearly losing my life. I had procured from a sick prisoner a nice gutta-percha pocket comb which opened and closed like a knife; this I offered to trade to a guard for peanuts. He prevailed on me, much against my better judgment, to allow him to take the comb to camp to show it to his lieutenant, promising faithfully to bring the pay for it that night at eleven o'clock when he again came on duty. When the hour arrived and the relief to which the guard properly belonged had been placed on their posts, I went down to that beat of the guard line where I expected to find the man who had taken the comb. I approached the sentry and when within a few yards of him I spoke to him and inquired about our trade of the comb and peanuts. Instead of receiving a courteous answer, the guard said to me gruffly, "Now, you get away from here or I will put a ball through you," and as he ceased speaking he fired his piece at me with the evident purpose of furnishing the subject for a funeral on the following day. Though he failed in his plan I had no reason to censure him for his lack of skill as a marksman, and taking his advice I retired to my tent to ponder on the inhumanity of man to man and of the rascality of the rebel who had taken my comb with fraudulent intent, and who by trading off with another guard had not only cheated me out of my comb but had caused me to imperil my life, which in my improved state of health was becoming more and more valuable. The lesson was a useful one to me, for thereafter I planned so that no article passed out of my hands for inspection by a third party.

Shortly after this an affair occurred which more than set me even with my dishonest patrons. One of the guards wished to buy a pair of shoes, an article of which many of the soldiers of the C. S. A. stood much in need. He wanted a pair of pants also, and I promised to procure them for him, though at the time I did not know certainly that I could get them.

He promised to give a shoulder of meat and five large yams for the shoes and pants, and the trade was to be consummated that night at eleven o'clock, when he again came on guard at that post. I hunted about during the afternoon among the sick, endeavoring to find the shoes, and only partly succeeded. I found two good shoes, both for the left foot, one a No. 8 and the other No. 10. Even this assortment of stock caused me much effort, for I had to look through the camp before I found any one willing to sell, for those who had good shoes and mates needed them too badly to part with them at any price which I could pay. I put the shoes in as merchantable a shape as I could, and felt that with a reasonably dark night to aid in the trade I might hope to succeed in convincing "Johnnie" that "shoes

would be shoes" before the war was over. I found a pair of pants more readily than the shoes, and though they were not strictly No. 1 in quality, they were good enough to trade on by a little brushing up. When the hour arrived I repaired to the vicinity of the post we had agreed upon. At this place in the guard line the sentinels were stationed on the opposite side of a plank fence about eight feet high. The night was somewhat dark and on that account more favorable for carrying out our purpose. We carried on a whispered conversation by means of a knot hole in a plank of the fence. There was a mutual suspicion and a mutual lack of confidence on each side of the fence; the guard insisted that I should put the pants and shoes over the fence to him first; while I as stoutly insisted on his putting the meat and yams over to me first. I finally suggested to him that we put our articles over, one to the other, at the same time. This he declined to do saying that he feared the articles were not as represented. We would talk and parley awhile and then the guard would pace his beat, keeping up a show of duty, then he would return to the knot hole and the wrangle about the trade would be resumed. Suddenly, while we were hotly engaged in our bantering and badgering, the "grand rounds" for the night, accompanied by the officers of the guard came upon us. The guard, to escape detection, had but one thing to do. He threw the meat and yams over the fence to me and resumed his walk to halt the "grand rounds" party as he was required to do. I did not feel that I had any further business at that knot hole, but seizing the coveted prize I hied to my tent, not forgetting to take with me the shoes and pants, and congratulating myself on the success of my night's work.

I found Edwards at our tent patiently awaiting my return, and in a good condition of appetite, as usual, to enjoy a feast. So we gathered together some splinters and proceeded to build a small fire, by means of which we soon fried a portion of the meat. The fire was insufficient to cook it thoroughly, and we were at last compelled to eat it in a half cooked condition, a circumstance which enabled us to bear valuable testimony on the superiority of rare pork over that which is well fried. We gorged ourselves completely and then slept peacefully, undisturbed by either stomach or conscience.

Whenever I had success in my undertakings, as in the above mentioned case, I generally sought out my two comrades and shared with them the good results, though Shrader was so surly and selfish that he never deserved it, and Edwards very rarely succeeded in bringing in anything in this way, though once in a great while he made a good haul. Though Edwards seemed to have no faculty for trading, he one day made a raise in the line of substance which deserves mention.

I was sitting in my tent one day engaged in putting a half-sole on the seat of my pants, when Edwards came in with a well filled haversack under his arm, and looking as sneaking and guilty as though he had been caught robbing a savings bank.

I inquired the cause of his singular conduct, but he said nothing

very particular had occurred, and then he hid the haversack and its contents under his blanket. I knew something was wrong, and after pressing him for an explanation he told me that the haversack contained a beef liver, that he had got it of one of the guards whose post of duty was on the south side of the hospital grounds, where the guard line was situated on the inside of the fence. I inquired of him how much he had paid for it, and his answer was that he had *promised* to pay the guard five dollars for it, and that though he had no money nor any chances of paying for it, he was so *hungry* that he determined to take the liver anyhow, and pay for it in promises. Edwards was an honest man, but his stomach had no regard for principle, and sometimes led him into predicaments out of which it was difficult to rescue him. He was very ill at ease, now that he had on hands a case of liver complaint, for which the ordinary remedies were inefficient.

Knowing that I would share in the liver, I engaged to share in my comrade's trouble concerning it; so telling him to remain in the tent I made my way down to the guard line, planning on my way how I might cancel the amount due the guard for the liver. I stood around near the guard for some time and then asked him if he had anything to trade or sell. He replied that he had not, that he had just disposed of a beef liver to one of the prisoners, and was now waiting for him to return the haversack and bring the money for the liver. I then told the guard that a short time before I came down the doctors had arrested a fellow having a striped haversack which contained a liver, and that they had taken him to headquarters to tie him up by the thumbs until he would tell where and of whom he procured it. This statement, though not remarkable for its truthfulness, frightened the guard considerably; he said it must be the same one to whom he had sold the liver, and that he feared the fellow would divulge the whole affair to the authorities, and thereby bring upon him some severe punishment. The guard then told me that if I would interest myself in his behalf, by prevailing on the prisoner not to tell where he had got the liver, that he would not exact pay for it, and that for my services in the case he would bring me four quarts of peanuts when he again came on guard. This I agreed to do, and, followed by the best wishes of the troubled sentry, I returned to the tent to share in a huge mess of boiled liver which Edwards had prepared during my absence,—a mess, the enjoyment of which was heightened rather than lessened by the wear and tear of conscience in procuring it.

Time dragged its slow length along; the dullest day had its sunset, and the dreariest night was succeeded by the dawn of another day; monotony was sometimes relieved by variety, and once in a while a gleam of hope's sunshine broke through the overhanging clouds of despair.

I still kept up my trades with our guards, and by this means we had our seasons of plenty now and then, though generally our supply of food was greatly below our needs and of a very inferior quality.

I had bought an extra blanket, and with the one I already had I was well provided in this particular. Many of the sick in our ward began to improve, but this was after more than fifty per cent. of the whole number had died; the prisoners had been removed from the stockade and distributed over different parts of the Confederacy, we knew not where. No more sick were being brought into the hospital, as in former times, and many of the present occupants of the various wards were going about in improving health, performing light duties and giving to the hospital an air of life which was in happy contrast with the days gone by. By the middle of December, 1864, the only prisoners remaining at Andersonville were occupants of the hospital. No reliable news from the outside world, touching the progress of the war reached us; our captors seemed determined to withhold from us any news of the situation, as if our ignorance of passing events would increase the sufferings of our imprisonment. But our principal concern was to prolong our existence and to economize our scanty supplies so as to cheat the monster, grim-visaged death of his prey.

Many deaths were still occurring among us, but they were much less frequent than before; we had looked on death and suffering so long and so frequently that our feelings had grown callous and could witness scenes of horror with very little concern. When a patient died his effects were immediately taken possession of by his living comrades. In the possession of these effects many strange discoveries were made; one man, while tearing up a pair of pants which had been the property of a prisoner who had died, found four hundred dollars in greenbacks carefully stitched in the waist of the pants. Of course this was regarded as a large haul—equal to \$16,000 of Confederate promises, for every dollar of Uncle Sam's money would buy forty of the money of the waning Confederacy.

One day I got myself into a serious difficulty by buying a blanket belonging to a fellow-prisoner in our ward of the hospital. He came to me and insisted on my buying his blanket, and continued to press me so persistently that I at last bought it to accommodate him, and not that I needed it particularly. Knowing that orders existed prohibiting the sale and purchase of such articles, I feared I would get into trouble in so doing, but he promised me faithfully that he would never divulge the name of the purchaser under any circumstances. I bought it and paid him his price for it. About three days later some of the convalescents of our ward, the sixteenth, were being transferred to the eighteenth, and among them was the man who had sold me the blanket. The officials went around gathering the blankets of the patients who were being moved; in this I foresaw trouble, so rolling my three blankets up I went with them down to the eighteenth ward and left them there with a friend with whom I had been interested in trading. Then returning to my tent I awaited events. I had not long to wait, for having gone for the man who had sold me the blanket, they had frightened him into telling to whom he had sold the blanket, and bringing him into my tent he pointed me out as the man who had violated the rules. I was

soundly abused in language more forcible than eloquent, and was then told that if I did not produce the blanket and restore it to the owner that I would be tied up by the thumbs. Edwards, who was interested in my safety, advised me to confess, but as I had come into possession of the blanket honestly, I concluded to hold out for awhile, at least. Failing to accomplish their purpose by threats, I was taken under guard to headquarters for punishment. The major commanding was not in, but a lieutenant who was temporarily in charge said he had no doubts but that it would be in accordance with the orders of the major to tie me up, and it was done accordingly. A half-inch rope was procured and fastened to each wrist. Then I was stretched up against an oak tree which stood in front of the major's tent, leaving my feet dangling about a foot from the ground. I had been hanging in this manner five or ten minutes—long minutes, and was about concluding to loosen my grip on the blanket, the possession of which was the cause of my present painful suspension. The major returned and at once inquired into the facts of the case. He was informed that I had bought a blanket from a sick comrade and refused to return it when ordered. The major asked me what I had done with the blanket, and I told him that being hungry I had sold it for something to eat. This statement was not as truthful as it might have been, but it served such a good purpose that I never afterward apologized to the officer for telling it, nor have I ever done penance for it. He ordered me taken down and untied, reprimanding the lieutenant severely for his hasty action in the matter, and saying that tying me up so would not return the blanket, and that almost anyone would do the same thing under such circumstances. The major's conduct in this matter impressed me favorably. I was returned to my quarters and liberated. I afterwards took possession of the blanket on account of which I had narrowly escaped severe punishment, and both Edwards and I joined in a season of congratulation over the favorable termination of the affair.

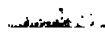
Two or three weeks after this occurrence the man with whom I had left the blankets for safe keeping, mention of which has been previously made, came to me and said that he saw a chance of escape, and desired I should join him in the effort. I told him that if his plan was a feasible one I would share in the adventure, though my experience in that line of exploits had not been full of reward. I have before stated that on the south side of the hospital grounds was an extended shallow swamp; on this side the guards walked on the inside of the fence, and on the other three sides they walked on the outside. On this side I noticed that the sentinels were less vigilant at times than the nature of their duties required, and that they would build little fires on the guard-line at night, around which they would stand or sit in couples or singly when they knew that they were not watched by the officers, and at such times the prisoners would approach the guards and traffic with them. In the southeast corner of the grounds a tree which grew on the inside had fallen across the

fence and partially knocked it down, the top of the tree falling in the swamp on the outside.

It seemed an easy thing after dark, when the guards were not watching, for a person to crawl over the body of the tree, let himself down into the swamp and escape; and this was the plan by which we hoped to gain our liberty. We hardly hoped to succeed entirely, but we argued that if we could but succeed in scaling the prison fence at this tree, and gain a temporary freedom of a few days, the effort was worth making, and we determined to try it. We knew that four savage bloodhounds were kept for the purpose of pursuing escaped prisoners, but this fact did not check our determination to see how it looked out in the country. We thought it might be several days before we would be missed, and by that time it would be impossible to track us by the scent. We made everything ready to carry out our plan on a certain night. I said nothing to Edwards of our plan, for I well knew that he would refuse to go, and would do all he could to prevent my going.

On two different nights we approached the place intending to make the effort, but both times we found the guards unusually watchful, and we waited for a more favorable time. On the third night circumstances seemed more favorable, and about ten o'clock we crept cautiously down toward the place through which we intended escaping. The guards were standing round a small fire engaged in trading with a number of prisoners. It was cloudy and rain was falling in a gentle shower. The guards seemed to have no fear of anyone trying to make an escape on such a night as this. We saw that no more favorable a time than this could be expected, and that if we ever intended making the effort, now was our time. My partner, whose name was Williams, crept over the log in advance of me and told me to follow. We used the utmost caution, for even the breaking of a twig might arouse the guards. We crept along the trunk of the tree, Williams four feet in advance. Our position at this moment was critical in the extreme, for if discovered we were almost sure to be shot down. But at last we got on the outside. Williams let himself down into the shallow water without making any noise, but when I attempted to do the same thing I slipped and fell into the water with a noisy splash. This raised an alarm. The guards shouted "halt" and opened a brisk fire. But there was very little danger in their firing, as the fence was now between us and them, and if it had been open day they could not have fired on us with anything like fatal effect.

I sprang to my feet and got away as fast as possible, never thinking of Williams nor of making an effort to keep with him. The swamp abounded with underbrush and old, decaying logs, and was altogether a place through which one could move with very little speed, especially in the darkness. In my haste to escape I scratched my face and hands and bruised myself in a fearful manner. I stumbled over old logs, and many times fell headlong into the mud and water, until I was so fatigued I could make no further progress.



Halting to rest, I thought of Williams and listened attentively that I might hear him making his way through the swamp. I would have hallooed, but was fearful of being heard by the guards who might possibly be pursuing.

Nothing could be heard of my adventurous comrade, nor did I ever afterwards learn of his fate. He was a man of nerve and had a heart as big as all out-doors, and I deeply regretted parting with him, especially at a time like this. I rested for a long time and continued to hope to hear something from Williams, but in vain. All was quiet except that the frogs and other occupants of the swamp made noisy complaints at being disturbed at this hour of the night. I was now filled with fearful apprehensions; I imagined fearful alligators lying in wait to devour me, and my situation was such that I began to wish myself back in the prison. Failing to hear from Williams, I moved on with great difficulty, hardly knowing whither I went. I had no knowledge of the extent of the swamp, and very little knowledge of the direction I was going.

I kept on with great difficulty, thinking that I would come out somewhere. About three o'clock in the morning, I struck higher ground and realized that I had emerged from the swamp. Here I lay down to rest, and being completely tired out, I fell asleep and slept till after daylight. A dense forest surrounded me; behind me was the swamp and in front and on either hand was an unbroken wilderness of woods. I had lost all hopes of hearing from Williams. I ate a scanty breakfast from the little store of provisions with which I had provided myself before starting; then resuming my journey I traveled in a southwestern direction, through a level and heavily timbered country. I felt all the time that I must emerge into some cultivated and inhabited region, though how I would proceed or what plan I would adopt to carry out my purpose and secure my escape, had not entered my mind.

The injuries I had sustained in floundering through the swamp made me stiff and sore, and hindered my progress very much. Finally, about three o'clock in the afternoon, I came in sight of a cultivated plantation, the view of which gave me great joy. I seated myself on a log to rest, and after a short time I thought I heard the baying of a hound behind me. I listened with breathless attention, and again I heard the same sound with more distinctness. I was now convinced that I was being pursued, and that the hounds were on my trail. What was to be done? I looked about me and began to plan for the best and to escape the jaws of the hounds, which would soon be upon me. The fork of a tree which stood near invited me and I climbed the trunk and was soon in the fork awaiting the arrival of my pursuers. The dogs, four in number, soon came up and began barking with savage vigor. Being fifteen feet from the ground, I was beyond their reach, and from my perch of safety I contemplated their noisy rage with no little interest. In a short time three Confederates appeared on horseback. One of them accosted me with, "Ah, Yank, we've got you this time." Another

called on me to come down at once. I told them to get off their horses and keep the dogs from injuring me and I would come down. One of them dismounted, and driving the dogs back, stood at the tree while I descended. The hounds did not seem inclined to injure me after this. I was ordered to mount behind one of the men, and the chase being ended, we rode in the direction of the prison. As we proceeded they inquired how many had made their escape, and also the manner in which it was effected. I told them a straight story and made inquiry concerning Williams, to which they replied that he had not been retaken, and they cared very little whether he was or not. These men seemed to be jovial and good-hearted; they chatted socially and treated me in the kindest manner. They expressed themselves as being heartily tired of the war and their general conduct was in marked contrast with that of the guards who had retaken me when I escaped at Danville. We reached the prison about sundown, and I ascertained that I had not reached a point more than seven miles from our place of escape, but I must have traveled in a zigzag course. Upon our arrival I was taken to headquarters and reported to the major commanding. This officer asked me how many escaped with me and by what means we got away. I told him the whole truth, and he believed it. He said that owing to my bruised and battered condition and the rough time I had had in the swamp that he would let me off for this time, but he advised me not to repeat the attempt, as it would be impossible to gain my liberty, even if I was successful in escaping from the grounds. My pitiable condition, hair matted with mud, clothes torn and my face scratched and bruised presented a plea to clemency stronger than could have been made by the tongue of eloquence. The major in dismissing me and sending me to my quarters, advised me to take better care of myself, a bit of advice which I accepted thankfully. Shortly after this incident the major was assigned to duty elsewhere, and left us, a circumstance which we had cause to regret. He was a man of many excellent qualities and inflicted no unnecessary pain upon the prisoners under him. His whole soul seemed overflowing with the milk of human kindness, and it was a common remark that so good a man was unfortunate in espousing so bad a cause.

I never heard of Williams after our separation in the swamp. He was not captured and returned to prison nor hospital at Andersonville, and his fate remained a mystery to me. The swamp was many miles in extent in one direction, and he may have penetrated deeper and deeper into it and then perished of hunger; or he may have been killed in being retaken. It is barely possible that by good fortune he succeeded in reaching the lines of our army, and was safe. If living I hope that fate may place this account before him, and acquaint him of my whereabouts. I have, somehow, a hope that he still lives.

Events of no very exciting moment occupied our time from this till about the middle of the following January, 1865. I had con-

tinued my traffic in various ways, and by so doing managed to scrape together a tolerably good living. The stockade had now been unoccupied for nearly three months, but at the above named time three or four thousand prisoners were brought in and placed in the stockade, and many, including myself, were sent to the stockade from the hospital. Here we began to retaste some of the horrors of our imprisonment of the preceding summer, but we were not so crowded as before, for instead of 25,000, as formerly, we only numbered a little less than 4,000; therefore we had plenty of room. But our rations were scant, and it was as much as we could do to live on what we got. Some time in the latter part of February five hundred of our number were ordered to move. Edwards and I were of that number, and we indulged strongly in a hope of an exchange and release. A short time previous to this the Confederates had been making efforts to enlist the prisoners in the stockade to serve in the Southern army. A Colonel O'Neil, an Irishman, of the C. S. A., came into the stockade daily, and succeeded in enlisting many of the stoutest and hardest of the prisoners. Of the three hundred thus enlisted the larger portion were foreigners. None but the very stoutest were taken. I learned afterwards that all these deserted in a body and joined the Union army, but this may not be true. None of those who enlisted should be blamed or censured for using any and every means to obtain their freedom, and I think that each of those who enlisted had strong reasons for doing so, for "all that a man hath will he give for his life."

Many persons who stayed at home, viewing the battle from afar, and knowing nothing of the dreadful carnage of battle, and experiencing nothing of the horrors of starvation in prison, are the first and loudest to proclaim that they would have died before they would have enlisted thus. Such folks seldom die in this manner.

The order to move, before mentioned, was not carried out immediately, and it was not till the early days of March that we began to pack our scanty effects preparatory to moving out. This was a task to which we applied ourselves with promptness; shout after shout went up from the men whose hearts had been bowed down with unutterable woe for many weary months; the news seemed almost too good to be true, and we found ourselves inquiring of each other whether it were a fact that we had received such orders; or was it a trick of our captors to add one more woe to the long roll of miseries that had embittered our lives. But after some further waiting five hundred of us were marched out of the stockade and to the depot. Our star of hope began to rise, and the prospect of release from our charnel-house of horrors began to grow bright. Now that we were out of the hated pen and waiting for a train to go hence, seemed almost like heaven begun below. We waited at the depot from 11 a. m. till 4 p. m., and no train coming for us, we were again returned to the stockade. What a mighty reverse this was to our feelings, and how it blasted the cherished hopes of a few hours before. Our hearts sank within us, and dark despair took the place where hope

had triumphed but an hour ago. Many gave up and sank under this blow of disappointment. Tears were shed, and maledictions and curses were heard on every hand. It was like snatching the cooling water from the victim of a consuming thirst. Many said that we may as well make up our minds to die in prison and no longer cherish hopes which budded but to perish; and in this state of hopelessness many did die. We resumed our places in the stockade and knew not what the future promised.

About two weeks after this, orders were again received, and again the fires of hope were kindled within us. This order was greeted with an outburst of joy which baffles description. Our labor of packing up and preparing to move was speedily and cheerfully performed. This being completed we marched with light hearts to the depot, finding a train of box cars in waiting. We were soon aboard and were much crowded, but we were so much overjoyed at the prospect of leaving that we cared little for the discomfort we experienced.

Our train moved in a southerly direction, running as far as Albany, in the southern part of Georgia. Here this line of railroad terminated. We were now fifty miles from Andersonville. It was after dark when we reached Albany. We were taken from the cars and laid by till next morning.

Rations were issued to us next morning and we were told that we were now on the way to the Union lines, and that this supply of food must last us till we reached our friends. We were so overjoyed at the prospect of gaining our liberty that we now cared very little about what was given us to eat.

From this place we took up a line of march, and for three days we traveled in an easterly direction, through a level country, and over what I considered very poor soil. We marched about twenty miles a day, and at the close of the third day we reached Thomasville, the county seat of Thomas county, one of the border counties of Georgia on the Florida line. Our sick were hauled across the country from Albany in wagons; many gave out on the march, and they, too, were hauled. It became necessary to press into the service the teams and wagons of planters living along the line of march, and by so doing our transportation was made equal to our needs. At Thomasville we received some kind attentions which I mention with pleasure, and which shows that even in an enemy's land we were treated as if we were human in character, at least. On the day after our arrival many ladies visited us, bringing baskets full of provisions, daintily prepared, and distributed them to the sick and most destitute of our number. They brought many articles of clothing and gave to those in need; many a sick and dying prisoner invoked God's blessing on the head of these angels of mercy as they ministered to the sick and destitute. This incident was like the gleam of sunshine on a dark day; like a spring of water in a thirsty land.

On the next day we were told that owing to a lack of cars we could not leave till the following day; and on the next day and for

several successive days we were told the same comfortless story. These delays seemed ominous of evil. Rumors of various kinds floated through the camp, and our star of hope began to lose its brilliancy. Many of us prophesied that evil was near at hand, and the most hopeful began to doubt; even our guards seemed confused and hardly knew what to do with us or themselves. Thus time wore on till the fifth day, when we were ordered to be ready to move; but instead of marching us to the depot and the train as we had hoped, we were turned back and marched in the direction of Albany, on the same road over which we had marched with such buoyant hearts and bright hopes but a few days before. At this unhappy turn in our affairs, who can describe the despair which weighed down our every heart, for we seemed to see and understand in this movement that our cup of sorrow was not yet drained of all its galling bitterness. We would a hundred fold sooner have marched in any other direction than towards Andersonville. How we hated, loathed and detested the very name of the spot where we had seen and suffered so much. And now after having our hopes raised to such a point that we could almost see the stars and strips of the dear old flag, and hear the anthems of liberty, and taste the joys of freedom, and now that we were made to turn our backs on all this and march toward our hated prison-pen, the thought was crushing, and was next to death itself. Heavy hearts make heavy feet; we were four days reaching Albany. We were sick, weary, disheartened, and the last ray of hope was almost extinguished. At Albany we were put on the cars and in a brief time were again within the walls of dreary Andersonville. If we had been sad and disheartened in counter-marching toward our old place of torment, how much more forlorn and dejected did we now feel in realizing that hope had fled and despair held a heartless mastery. Nothing could be learned concerning the progress of the war, and our knowledge of the outside world was almost a blank.

Many of us bore our misfortunes as stoically as possible, and determined to keep our spirits up to the end; but how we succeeded in doing so seems almost marvel. The actions of our captors seemed to indicate that they considered their cause a hopeless one, and in this we drew a little comfort. At the end of ten days after our return from Thomasville we again received orders to move, and again we gathered together our scanty effects, hoping in this, our third moving, to see the last of Andersonville. We marched to the depot and got aboard a train of cars a little after dark. We noticed that our guards were much excited over some news which we construed to be in our favor, and they seemed to care very little whether we escaped or not, and they made little effort to prevent our escape. I saw more than one opportunity of escaping, but I began to see that we were a burden on their hands and that they were becoming every hour more and more anxious of getting rid of us. Our train moved out at ten o'clock P. M., but instead of going south, as before, we moved in the direction of Macon. This was as we wished, for we felt more hopes of getting into our lines in this direction than by going south. We

were all night and till eight o'clock the next day running to Macon, a distance of sixty miles. Captain Wirtz accompanied the train, and he seemed considerably excited over something which he kept to himself. When the train halted at Macon the Captain passed from one car to another, assuring the men that this time they would certainly be sent through to the Union lines, and he seemed more like a man and less like the fiend that he was than on any former occasion. We regarded this as an item in our favor.

We remained at Macon nearly two hours, during which time we remained in the cars, and then we were again run back toward Andersonville. Who can imagine our feelings as our train sped in the direction of the place we most detested on earth. We asked each other, "Shall we never be free from the horrid place?" We reached Andersonville at three o'clock in the afternoon, but contrary to our expectations, and to our agreeable surprise, we were not allowed to leave the train, and were assured that after a short halt we would be sent on. This announcement was cheered lustily; the poor sufferers shook hands, shed tears and made many demonstrations of the joy which filled their hearts. The scene was one which can neither be imagined nor described. After a halt of half an hour our train again moved, going south. We reached Albany at nine o'clock that night, and, disembarking, spent the remainder of the night. In the morning we had issued to us six hard tack, which were to feed us for three days. We then set out to march to Thomasville, which place we reached at the end of three days' marching. Such of our numbers as could not be transported in wagons were left at Albany, and were afterwards sent forward. On the day following our arrival at Thomasville we were again put on board a train, and again doubts filled our minds, and serious apprehensions harassed us; for we were yet ignorant of our destination. *But we were going away from Andersonville*; there was a world of comfort in that. Our course for sixteen or twenty hours seemed to be a zigzag one, but at the end of that time we reached Lake City, in Florida. Here we went into camp at a distance of four miles from the city. Our camp was beside the railroad, and near a pond of stagnant water, from which we supplied ourselves with water to use and drink. We at length found plenty of better water by digging four or five feet.

Some of the men were wading in the pond a short distance from the bank, when they came across a young alligator, six feet in length. They set about trying to kill it with clubs. The guards, attracted by the confusion, came to their assistance and the alligator was shot, after which the carcass was cut up and divided among us. We had been so long without meat that we thought we could eat anything like flesh; besides, we were on the verge of starvation; all the rations we had received since leaving Albany was a small quantity of meal. In the distribution of the alligator the mess to which I belonged got the tail. This we skinned and cut into thin slices, after which it was boiled and eaten. Under the circumstance we agreed that it was as good meat as we had ever tasted. We remained in camp

near Lake City four days, then boarding a train, we were sent to Baldwin, a small place about forty miles in an easterly direction. This was the outpost of the C. A. at this time, in the direction of Jacksonville, where a part of our army was stationed. The railroad to Jacksonville had been destroyed by one or both armies, and this station was as far as the cars were running in the direction of the Union lines.

From Baldwin to Jacksonville was sixteen miles, and we were told that we were to reach it on foot. We had been guarded from Andersonville to this place by a regiment of Mississippi infantry, commanded by Colonel Gibbs. We left Baldwin at ten o'clock in the morning and marched in the direction of Jacksonville. Our guards accompanied us a few miles, when the Colonel called a halt. He told us that his command would go no further, that we were now at liberty, and by pursuing our way along the railroad we would soon reach our forces at Jacksonville in safety. He advised us to assist each other on the march and keep together as well as we could. He assured us that we would find our friends ready to receive us at Jacksonville. He and his command then bade us good-bye and turned back. I do not remember that any tears of regret were shed on the occasion. And now such joyous shouts and such prolonged cheers as went up from this haggard crowd of famished men seldom is heard by mortal ears. The fact that we were within a few miles of the flag which we had so long a desire to see seemed to be a joy almost purer than we could bear.

As soon as our guards left us all order of march was at an end, and each man set out and moved ahead to suit himself, regardless of his stronger or weaker companion, and in a short time the line was lengthened out to a distance of more than two miles. I marched as well as I could, but soon fell behind the majority, and yet as far backward as I could see there were many stragglers, all trying their best to make the desired end.

I was barefooted and hatless; my breeches were worn off to the knees and my shirt had lost its sleeves. All the baggage I had was half of an old blanket which I threw over my shoulders when it rained. Many marched until they became exhausted and then sank beside the way. My feet were blistered, swollen and full of prickles from sand burs. I kept on, doing my best till three o'clock in the afternoon, when I sank beside the road, feeling that I must rest, for though liberty beckoned and freedom glittered ahead of me, the flesh was weaker than the will. I rested for more than an hour, and during that time many of the stragglers came up and passed on; yet there were many more who were still in the rear. As I again moved on an old man came hobbling along and seeming to be exerting his utmost to get ahead. As he walked by my side I noticed his labored breathing and his desperate efforts to move on. Suddenly he fell forward on his face. I stopped and gave him some attention. One or two other soldiers came up, and while we were discussing what was best to do with him he ceased to breathe. He lived not more

than six minutes after he fell. We then moved on, leaving the lifeless body where it had fallen. I was informed that many in the rear were lying unable to get further. About sundown we came to a picket post of our army in the vicinity of Jacksonville. I had not felt free until I was well inside the lines of our army, for I did not know but the wheel of fate would yet make an unfortunate turn and we should again fall into the hands of the enemy. I entered Jacksonville in the dusk of the evening, and as I passed along a street I saw a colored woman carrying half of a large fish. I begged a portion of it of her and carried it into camp for my supper. It was fully dark when I found my comrades in camp; wagon loads of light bread were issued to us after our arrival, and barrels of good coffee as an accompaniment. This and the fish furnished me such a supper as I had not had in an age.

Next day a force was sent out to bring in those of the prisoners who had become exhausted on the march. I was told that five poor fellows had died on the march, and I know of many others, nearly forty, who died soon after reaching Jacksonville. The excitement of being again free had caused many to over-exert their strength, and the frail tenement gave way. It was now April 28th, 1865; I had been taken at Chickamauga September 20th, 1863, making my imprisonment nineteen months and eight days. I am safe in saying that there are not now living, of all the thousands who suffered as prisoners of war, fifty men who served for the length of time I did, and if there is any horror in all the long list of sickness, starvation and untold misery which fell to the lot of any of my fellow prisoners, and which I did not suffer, it must be too dreadful to be told.

At Jacksonville we learned that the war was about ended, that President Lincoln had been killed, and many other matters of public interest had transpired of which we had been ignorant. We remained a month longer at Jacksonville, and during that time many more of our number died. Many who were unable to control themselves ate too greedily, and not a few caused their own death in this manner.

From Jacksonville we were taken by hospital boat to Annapolis, Maryland. Here we learned of the capture of Jeff. Davis, and that the war was ended. Here we had issued to us new clothing and received the money due us for rations during our imprisonment. This was twenty-five cents a day for each day of our imprisonment. From Annapolis we were sent to Camp Chase, near Columbus. Remaining here one night, I next day took the train for my home at St. Paris, Ohio, where I arrived about noon. I had long been regarded by my friends as dead, and my appearance among them was as one from the grave.

This is my story of prison life. I have made no effort to overdraw the facts in any part of it, but have told the truth. I may have stated inaccuracies regarding dates, distances, names and other minor matters, but my description of the suffering and starvation in the prisons where I suffered, is short of the truth, in that the worst cannot be told. If the living could not speak, there are the graves of an

army of martyrs at Andersonville which tell the story better than my feeble pen has done it. In thus giving to the public this simple narrative, I am actuated by no desire to stir up strife or to engender bitter feelings toward any section of our now happy country, for I believe that all feelings of bitterness should be buried in the grave of forgetfulness. Let us cherish a love for our dear country and its institutions, the preservation and perpetuation of which has cost so much blood and sacrifice; and in the language of our country's great founder, let us "frown indignantly upon the first dawning of any attempt to alienate any portion of our country from the rest, or to enfeeble the sacred ties that now link together the various parts."

It is a source of regret to me that the fortunes of war placed me where I did not share in the crimson glory which the 113th O. V. I. won on so many well fought fields, and that the associations I had formed among the membership of the dear old command should terminate as they did, never to be renewed again until the final *reveille* that shall awake the heroic.

Yours,

J. N. HALL.

SKETCHES AND RECOLLECTIONS.

BY MAJOR J. SWISHER.

NORTH LEWISBURG, O., *April 5th, 1884.*

SERGT. F. M. MCADAMS, RICHWOOD, OHIO,

Dear Sir :—Allow me to congratulate you on the near approach to completion of the History of the 113th Regiment, O. V. I. This work cannot fail to be of interest to every member of the Regiment. It is complete in detail—having dealt largely in facts connected with the every-day life of the common soldier, facts which have usually been overlooked by the historian. You ask that I write something for the Knapsack in the form of personal recollections of the war. With a full knowledge that I may write of many facts already treated of in the body of the work, I shall undertake the work in as brief a manner as possible.

It was expected early in the Summer of 1862, that a draft would have to be resorted to in order to fill the ranks of the depleted regiments in the field. All able bodied men were enrolled, and officers had been appointed by the Government, before whom any one could go and be examined, preparatory to exemption from military duty. And here my recollection is very vivid. Men who had been known to be regular rounders, and boasted of their prowess, and were noted for raising a row whenever they could, were the ones who filled the exemption offices; and it was learned for the first time, that almost every other man was ruptured, or in some way was totally unfit to perform the duties of a soldier. Others had a front tooth out which was made much of to show that they were not able to eat hard tack or bite a cartridge. Some again made it known that they never had been able to stand the report of a gun, hence unfit, and claimed exemption. No doubt many of these same individuals would have

gone to the dominions of Queen Victoria, but an order was issued that no man should leave the United States without a passport; but to the credit of these men, many of them went into the war afterwards and were valiant soldiers. August 15, 1862, F. M. McAdams, Harrison Walburn and I went to Urbana and enlisted under John S. Leedom, who failed to go himself. On the 28th of August, 1862, I bid farewell to my family and friends and boarded the train at Urbana. Here we met a number of men from St. Paris, whose acquaintance we made for the first time, an acquaintance, which through the trying ordeal of war ripened into friendship, which will, we hope, last through all time. We were now to give up our personal liberty, and yield ourselves to the command of those appointed over us. We arrived at Columbus the same evening and were marched at once to the State House, and from thence to Camp Chase. We were about ninety in number under Captain Riker. Our first night was passed without tents or blankets, but being warm weather we suffered no inconvenience. During our stay at Camp Chase, which lasted about two months, we were almost constantly on the drill grounds, preparing for the duties which awaited us in the field. Shortly after our arrival in camp, an election was held for the office of First Lieutenant which resulted in the election of John Bowersock. Here I received a warrant as First Sergeant of Company E. My recollections of the duties of an orderly sergeant of a company of men fresh from citizen life are, that it was a very trying one. To restrain men from a liberty they had enjoyed, and mould them to military discipline was not an enviable task. We had been promised a local bounty as soon as mustered in. The men taking enlistment for muster expected to be paid at once. The local authorities of Champaign County, from which county I was enlisted, understood it was to be paid at muster in to the U. S. service. This caused discontent, and men refused to be restrained under a contract which they conceived had been violated by the authorities. Many took French leave, whilst others were at home on furlough, when I distinctly recollect being the only enlisted man of Company E in camp. All, however, came back in a few days, when we soon moved to Camp Zanesville. The night before starting, Fred Baldwin, of Company E, got up about 2 o'clock a. m., as he claimed, to split kindling, he was so anxious to be ready to go, and in doing so he cut one of his fingers off. I recollect the complimentary remark of Dr. Black on the occasion; Baldwin was never mustered into the service, but was sent home to split kindling. On the day following James Edmonson preached the funeral sermon over his finger from the text, "If thy right hand offend thee, cut it off." The congregation was large but the mourners few. Arriving at Camp Zanesville we were mustered into the U. S. service by Captain Howard and received our local bounty. This I recollect was taken from me afterwards on being promoted. We staid here but a short time; but while here some of the boys kicked over a stove and set fire to the quarters, when the whole camp was burned. From here we went to Camp Dennison. Here we drew our first mules and wagons, and were sent to Louisville, Ky., and from thence to Mul-

drough Hill to guard a bridge just rebuilt, after having been burned by Morgan. While here I went with M. G. Doak to Dr. Harlow to have a tooth pulled, and the Doctor by the light of a candle pulled two before he got the right one. From here I was sent back to Ohio in company with W. G. Carpenter to look after men absent without leave. Starting from Columbus with a number of men and arriving at Cincinnati we placed them in the barracks, and during the night in a drunken row among the men, Reason B. Parker, of Company E, (enlisted as musician) had his skull broken, from which he died shortly afterward at Louisville. On our arrival at Louisville we met the regiment with a large number of other troops ready to take boat for Nashville. Our regiment went aboard the steamer St. Patrick, the flagship of the squadron, numbering about forty vessels and three gunboats. On this trip I remember a lottery scheme was gotten up on the steamer St. Patrick in which some of the commissioned officers were leaders, and almost every man invested in some of the tickets; but news of the scheme coming to Colonel Wilcox the money was refunded, the officers placed under arrest for a few days, when it all died out. On our arrival at Fort Donalson we found the 83d Illinois Volunteers at that place engaged in a desperate battle with the Rebel General Forest, who was intent on capturing the fort and turning the guns on the fleet and prevent it ascending the river to re-enforce Rosecrans at Murfreesboro; but our gunboats arriving in time threw a few shells among the rebels, killing many of them, when they raised the siege and retreated, leaving the 83d Illinois the victors of the contest. Here the fleet halted and many of us were permitted to go on shore and view the battle-field, where we, for the first time, beheld the victims of warfare, strewn dead and dying over the field. We soon arrived at Nashville with banners flying and bands playing. Before leaving the boat Colonel Wilcox presented me with a Second Lieutenant commission, which was to me a very agreeable surprise. We marched out about three miles and went into camp for the night. Here Colonel Wilcox took his final leave of us, and Colonel Mitchell at once assumed command. We remained here but one day, when we took up our line of march for Franklin, Tenn., distant eighteen miles. We remained here near two months, in the meantime drilling and doing picket duty. I was here detailed as Quartermaster of the 113th Regiment. I learned here of the death of Harrison Wallborn, who had been left at Nashville sick. I have no doubt but this was a case of death from home-sickness.

I have many pleasant recollections of this place, Franklin being a very beautiful village, situated in one of the most beautiful countries I ever beheld. The citizens were intensely rebel, and took no pains to conceal it. While here we had several brushes with the rebels, but nothing serious or verging on what would be called a battle. Eleven rebel cavalry here made a dash through our outposts and through town, and down to the Harpeth river, and attempted to cross, when three of them were shot. No more reckless

charge was made during the war. Captain Riker resigned here, and I received my commission as First Lieutenant, and Sergeant McCrea was commissioned as Second Lieutenant and sent home on recruiting service, and remained away till October. We moved from here to Triune, Tennessee, about the middle of May, and remained but a short time. General Rosecrans having advanced on Tullehoma, we moved to Murfreesboro, Tennessee, where Rosecrans had defeated the rebel army, under General Bragg, six months before. This was a fine country and a beautiful village. Here General Mitchell was sent to hospital with small-pox. We moved from here to Shelbyville, Tennessee, passing on our way the church where Vallandigham had been passed through the lines, that he might join with his rebel friends in talking treason, of which a court martial had found him guilty a short time before. We lay at Shelbyville for some time, but were compelled to leave town, where we first took up our quarters, on account of the fleas. They drove us out of town. We camped south of town on an old rebel camp, where we encountered nothing worse than graybacks. In driving the rebels out of town and across Duck river, many of them were killed and sunk in the river. I remember the body of one having washed down the river and over a dam, and the returning eddy drew it back, when it would be again thrown out, only to be drawn back again. This was continued for several days, when it was finally taken out and buried on the bank of the river. Here several of our men came near being taken under by this returning eddy while bathing in the river, among them Captain Bowersock and David Walker. While here I was sent out by General Whittaker with a large train, on Sunday, with the 98th O. V. I., as a guard, to cut a field of oats and bring it in. We found four McCormick reapers and five cradles, impressing the owners of the machines, with their teams, to run them. At three o'clock we started back to camp with forty acres of oats on our wagons. Rosecrans having moved from Tullahoma, we moved to Wartrace, Tennessee, where we remained but a short time. This being the season of roasting ears, peaches and blackberries, we fared well. The grand advance was now made on Chattanooga. Up to this time we had had no regular supply trains. Each regiment was allowed thirteen wagons, and every one insisted on taking and having hauled for him all the baggage he wanted—enough, such as it was, to supply any family in starting in housekeeping. On our first day out it was found that our wagons were overloaded, and General Steadman, having assumed command of our division, ordered a general inspection. Colonel Warner, who was in command of the 113th O. V. I. at that time, accompanied by the inspecting officer, ordered the wagons unloaded for inspection. It was rather amusing, as the Inspector passed along the line, to notice the woeful countenances of the men as their household goods were ordered to be left, and the inspecting officer indulged in various epithets not complimentary to that kind of soldiering; but when he came to the last wagon, commonly called headquarters wagon, in which the household goods of Colonel Warner

were to be inspected, he found the fly to a wall tent had been fastened to two large rails about three feet apart, which formed the foundation to Colonel Warner's bed. I have no doubt but that the inspecting officer felt like the man who was going up hill with a cart load of potatoes, when the end-gate came out and spilled them all—that he could not do the subject justice—and rode silently away. Colonel Warner did not have these loaded in the wagon again. Our march from this on was without any particular incident till we reached Chattanooga. The rebels had evacuated that place, and fallen back to Lafayette, Georgia, having been reinforced by Longstreet. When near Rossville Gap, the battle of Chickamauga was fought. The Reserve Corps (commanded by General Gordon Granger), of which our brigade formed a part, was hurriedly sent through Rossville Gap, and, after two days' marching and counter-marching, was, on Sunday, September 20, 1863, thrown into the conflict. As the result has already been written, I will only relate a few instances which came under my personal observation. When the conflict was raging the hottest, three men of Company E, all red headed—namely: Thomas Scott, David Chatfield and Frank Russel—were charging on the rebel hosts, when I heard Scott make the remark that "us red headed fellows could stand it as well as any," when, at the same instant, Russel was killed, Scott was wounded, and Chatfield had his blanket riddled with bullets. Another instance I will give to show the nice part rank played in the army. Our lines were being hard pressed. Colonel Mitchell sent me to tell Captain Burton to remove his battery from the field. I delivered the order direct, and Captain Burton paid no attention to it. I then said: "Colonel Mitchell directs that you move your battery off the field at once." He obeyed the order immediately. He out-ranked me. After the battle we moved to Chattanooga, and remained there till the 25th of November, when the rebels were hurled in dismay from Mission Ridge. While lying in Chattanooga, I received an order from General Garfield to report at General Rosecrans' quarters immediately. This was at twelve o'clock at night. Arriving there, I was told that there were 1,100 broken down artillery and cavalry horses that must be taken back to Stevenson, Alabama, and that I must take charge of them, and collect forage from the country and have them fed till further orders. This I successfully accomplished, but, not liking the job, I sought the first opportunity to be relieved. Major Sullivant, Lieutenant McCrea and Sergeant Parr, coming from Ohio on their way to join the regiment, I turned my charge over to Captain Estap, of the 8th Indiana Battery, and started with them for Chattanooga. At Jasper, Tennessee, we fell in company with a man going, he said, to Chattanooga, and who wanted to accompany us. He insisted on going the river road instead of taking the circuitous route over the Sequatchie Mountain. We suspicioned he was seeking to lead us into a trap. A consultation was held among us, in which it was agreed that the most dire vengeance should be inflicted on him at the first sign of

treachery. He, seeing our suspicions, pulled a pass from under the lining of his hat, which read as follows :

" Pass O'Connel day or night. Peculiarity, finger off the right hand.

GEORGE H. THOMAS,

Maj. Gen. Commanding."

He proved to be a number one man, and had been through the rebel army as a spy and was on his way back to report to General Thomas. The river road, however, proved a very dangerous one. The rebels, armed with long ranged guns, held the south side of the Tennessee river, and were able to shoot across and make it dangerous to travel the river road, which ran along the river bank ; hence we were forced to travel all day on the side of the mountain, the whole time being subjected to a continuous fire, which came uncomfortably close. I had a horse to lead which stumbled in between some rocks, and being unable to get out, Sergeant Parr shot it. I carried the saddle till night, when camping with some soldiers we had come up with, it was stolen. Arriving at Chattanooga, I was sent back immediately to Stevenson, Alabama with a supply train. We had to make a circuitous route of sixty-eight miles to get a distance of twenty-eight. While on the Sequatchie mountain we met General Grant and staff on their way to Chattanooga to assume command of the army at that place. On the trip to Stevenson, the roads being bad and the mules in a bad condition, we were compelled to abandon some of the wagons, and the mules were shot, being unable to travel, and we did not wish to leave them to fall into the hands of the citizens. On our way back we stopped at Jasper, Tennessee. While sleeping by the side of a peach tree to which I had tied my horse, Colonel Ray's East Tennessee Cavalry, stationed at that place, moved and stole my horse. It was on this trip, and while at Stevenson, Alabama, that I hailed with delight many of my old neighbors whom I had not seen for two years. They were a part of General Hooker's forces, on their way from the Army of the Potomac to reinforce the Army of the Cumberland. The army now reinforced by the Fifteenth Corps and Hooker's troops and General Grant in command moved on November 26th against Bragg's army on Mission Ridge and Lookout Mountain, gaining a complete victory and sending the rebels in complete dismay, closely pursued by our forces, to Ringgold. Sherman was now sent to Knoxville to relieve General Burnside's. On this trip I served on the staff of General Beatty as Commissary. I gathered meat, molasses, flour, meal, &c., from the country to feed the brigade. Of course the reader will understand when I say I did it, that I only supervised or assisted, as I had all the help I wanted and every man a hero. To do this it was sometimes necessary to gather the grain and grind it. At one time I had four mills impressed into the service and running; others were doing the same. We entered smoke houses, meal chests and granaries; this seemed hard to take the last bite from these families, but we were marching to relieve a starving fortress and we must eat. Necessity knows no law. Our orders were to leave each family four days rations; I

doubt whether this was always done. As an incident of this campaign, I recollect being in a smoke house, contending with a man about the division of a barrel of Sorghum molasses; talking this matter over after the war with James Madden, I found it was he with whom I had contended about the molasses. I knew him not at the time, though we had been raised boys together. Nearing Knoxville, General Longstreet raised the siege and moved off toward Virginia, closely followed by the Fourth Corps under General Granger; the remainder of the troops moved leisurely back toward Chattanooga. On the march back, while out with a supply train, we stopped at the house of a good-natured Tennessean to feed our teams and load our wagons with corn. He asked me to take a walk with him; going some distance in the woods he went to a brush heap from which he took a jug of applejack and treated me in princely style. While this was taking place the teamsters had learned from the negroes that there was a barrel of applejack under the floor. They were not long in getting this in the wagon. We started to camp, and I was surprised when one of the teamsters called me to the wagon and offered to treat me from the same jug I had been treated from an hour before. They had watched us and profited by it.

As is generally the case with spirits this came very near getting me into trouble. Having a warm friendship for the 113th, I divided the applejack among the members of the 113th, and if one can judge by the songs sung and stories told around the camp fires that night it had a good effect. This coming to the ears of General Jeff. C. Davis, he sent for me and reprimanded me pretty sharply for not turning the spirits over to division headquarters for the use of the Medical Director; but it was too late, the 113th had been sick and cured. We arrived in Chattanooga, on the south side of Tennessee river, to find the bridge swept away, and we were compelled to camp on the bank of the river. The weather had turned very cold. Many of the men were barefooted, having worn their shoes out on the campaign. Rations were issued at ten o'clock at night, and we had to go at least two miles to get wood to cook our supper with. I will relate another incident here which took place on the night before the battle of Mission Ridge. Lieutenant McCrea, Sergeant Parr, and I started to cross the Tennessee river to Chattanooga. For some cause Lieutenant McCrea and I returned to camp and crossed on the bridge afterward, Sergeant Parr going over on a swinging ferry. When the boat was within a few rods of the southern shore it was capsized and he with others, was drowned. We now went into our old quarters, but were permitted to remain but a few days, when we moved south of the Tennessee and put up winter quarters near Crawfish Springs. While here we were daily receiving new recruits. One instance I recollect of one of these recruits asking an old soldier where he could get some washing done. The old veteran, seeing an opportunity for some fun, told him Jim Morgan did the washing for the division. The old veteran pointed out Morgan's quarters and told the recruit that he would find a guard in front of his

tent, that he was always kept under guard so that he would be ready to do any washing when called on. Arriving at General Morgan's headquarters he was accosted by that stern old hero as to what he wanted. The soldier replied that he had come to get him to do some washing. General Morgan assured him that he was mistaken, that he was commander of the division. The soldier retorted that it was no use for him to play that on him, that he was told he would try to get out of it, and insisted on his doing the washing. General Morgan, seeing that the recruit was the victim of a practical joke by some old soldier, and told him he was being victimized and asked him if he could point out the soldier who had sent him there. He said he could. The General sent a guard with him, with directions to bring the culprit to headquarters. The guard soon brought him, when General Morgan reprimanded him pretty severely, and ordered the guard to have the clothes of the headquarter guard hunted up (about twenty in number), and take the man to Crawfish springs and see that he washed them all. As this was a cold day in March, and he was compelled to do the washing, it is safe to say that he never played any more jokes of that kind. During our stay at Crawfish Springs I went several times over the battlefields of Chickamauga and Mission Ridge. I found soldiers that had never been buried, others who had been buried so slightly that their bodies were exposed. I found the grave of Captain Wells, of the 113th O. V. I., who was wounded at the battle of Chickamauga and fell into the rebels' hands and died, and was buried and the grave marked by Sergeant Hall, who was also a prisoner in their hands. I accompanied a party from the North the next spring to the grave of Captain Wells. They took his body North and buried it among his friends. The army was now reorganized and we became a part of the Fourteenth Corps. Colonel Mitchell returning from the North, assumed command of the brigade. I was mustered as Quartermaster of the 113th O. V. I., and detailed as Quartermaster of the brigade, which position I held till the close of the war, and I cannot express in terms too strong my appreciation of the uniform kindness with which he treated me. The summer campaign of 1864 opened with an advance on Atlanta, distance 138 miles through a mountainous country consisting of almost continuous fighting on some part of the line, and in many places there were pitched battles fought. At Kenesaw Mountain the 113th suffered heavy loss. Captain Bowersock and Sergeant Clay Scott were killed here; I had the latter buried at Big Shanty in a coffin constructed by myself. I had also made a coffin for Lieutenant Platt a few days before, and had him buried near where he fell. I mention these facts as being perhaps the only men of the 113th who fell in battle that the opportunity was afforded to accord that kind of burial. For the consolation of those who had friends die in the army I can assure them the best was always done that could be under the circumstances. After the battle of Kenesaw Mountain the rebel army fell back through Marietta. Just

before arriving at Marietta I was captured and released in the following manner:

As the rebel army passed south, about forty of their number fell out of ranks, and remained hidden in the woods till our troops passed, when they came out just as I was riding along some distance ahead of the train, which had not yet arrived. They ordered me to surrender, but, before I had been ordered to dismount, Captain Benjamin, in charge of a heavy train guard, came around a turn in the road in full sight and took the rebels prisoners. Of the many incidents which took place from this to the capture I might speak, but I will pass them by and notice the transfer of our division to Chattanooga, and from thence to Florence, Alabama, after General Forrest. While at Chattanooga we drew clothing. Here I acted as Division and Brigade Quartermaster, ably assisted by F. M. McAdams. I will relate an incident to show how little the average citizen knew of the duties of soldier life or how we did business. James O. Sampson, from Urbana, Ohio, was trying to join the 66th at Atlanta, where he had an appointment as clerk in the Quartermaster's Department. Unable to get through to the front, he asked me for a situation, which I gave him. He wanted to know where his office would be. I told him his office would be under the canopy of Heaven; his office chair, the saddle; a lead pencil and memorandum book his office fixtures; the ground his bed, and his chances for delicacies in the culinary department were such as would not be an aid to dyspepsia. He did not accept the situation. We started down Broomtown Valley towards Lafayette, Georgia; on our road to Florence, Alabama. Colonel Mitchell went home on leave of absence, Colonel Pearce, 98th O. V. I., assuming command of the brigade. This, to the staff of General Mitchell was not agreeable, as we were never able to get along with Colonel Pearce. He, no doubt, would have dismissed every one of us, but he knew his term of service as brigade commander was of short duration. The campaign to Florence was without incident worthy of note, except the building of a bridge across the river at Athens after night. This was accomplished and the cars passed over it next morning. Captain Banker, 121st O. V. I., supervised the building. When we marched into Florence the citizens closed their windows, and refused to look at the troops march through the town. The bands played and banners waved all the same. Forrest having left Tennessee, we retraced our steps, and met Sherman at Gaylesville, Alabama, with the main army. While here the soldiers, as was their custom, commenced tearing down buildings and putting up shanties, as if they were to stay always. I heard General Davis remark to General Sherman that the soldiers were committing depredations, tearing down houses, etc. Sherman remarked that it was all right—that those houses now only held one family, but they would soon make habitations for a dozen. It was this spirit that made Sherman a favorite with the soldiers. He looked on war as cruel—as a thing that could not be refined, and meant destruction. From this place the Fourth and Twenty-third Corps were sent to Nashville to look

after Hood's army, and the Fourteenth, Fifteenth, Seventeenth and Twentieth Corps, under Sherman, started to Atlanta. At Kingston, Georgia, the railroad and telegraph were cut and connection severed with the outside world, and we started on what appeared to the outside world a hazardous undertaking, but which, in fact, proved the holiday campaign of the war.

Before starting south from Atlanta I received a commission as captain and was assigned to Company E, but still continued in the Quartermaster Department. Atlanta was a grand sheet of flame as we left it. The campaign to Savannah of two hundred and ninety-one miles was made by easy marches and little fighting. We lived principally by foraging off the country through which we passed until on the twenty-first of December we entered Savannah, and General Sherman presented the city as a Christmas gift to the President. I now obtained a leave of absence for twenty days and started home by the way of New York. On board the steamer was a soldier from Minnesota who gave me the following incident. He said a northern copperhead had made some light remarks to his wife impugning his motives in going into the service; that his objects were purely mercenary. He said he wrote to him offering him one hundred dollars to enlist as he had done, five hundred dollars to stand for one hour where he had stood all day, and he said he wrote to him that he would give him a d—d licking any way if he ever got home, and now he said I am now on my way home to perform the last part of the promise. Judging from his make up, he did it no doubt. Returning after twenty days I found the army on its march through South Carolina. I overtook the army at Sisters Ferry on the Savannah river. Here General Mitchell returned a full brigadier, and took command of the brigade to the no small satisfaction of the staff. While lying here W. B. Cassady wrote his parody on Sherman's famous order, which is published in the body of this work. Our march through South Carolina was amid fire and smoke on every side. But little restraint was exercised over the whole army concentrated at Columbia, and that part of the army under Slocum, to which we belonged, was not permitted to pass through the city. I recollect distinctly that Columbia was burning while our troops were south of the river shelling the city, and before the Seventeenth Corps crossed over. From here our march was rapid, taking the same route that General Green retreated on in the war of the Revolution. When we arrived in North Carolina a different spirit seemed to possess the men. There always had appeared to be a strong Union sentiment smothered in this State. At Averysboro' and Bentonville we had two sharp engagements with the rebels, which, however, were our last. I was here for some days in company with Colonel Barnwell Rhett of South Carolina, who had fallen into our hands as a prisoner; he remained with me for a number of days without the restriction of a guard, and was a very agreeable gentleman. We were overjoyed in a few days at the news of the surrender of Lee and Johnson. We knew the war was over and that we would soon be permitted to return home

and join our families from which a cruel war had separated us. Universal rejoicing took possession of the troops, marred only by the news of the assassination of the President. We marched rapidly north to Manchester, south of Richmond, when we halted a day or two, and while here two men of the 113th Regiment, whose names I withhold, were arrested and afterward court-marshaled for saying they would like to dance on Lincoln's coffin. We visited Richmond and the house lately deserted by Jeff Davis; we also visited the capital where the Rebel Congress had done so much of evil. On our way to Washington I recollect standing in a school house where the citizens claimed Patrick Henry made his maiden speech. This was the story but I always thought the house had, in the hundred years intervening, been rebuilt several times. We passed over many of the battle fields where the Army of the Patomac had won renown. We arrived in Washington and passed in review before the President of the United States, his cabinet and foreign ministers. Here I received a commission as Brevet Major in United States staff department. The work for which I enlisted being now finished, I tendered my resignation, which was accepted June 14, 1865, and I was once more a citizen, feeling that I had done my whole duty while in the service. I now recollected that many had predicted evils to result from turning so many loose, fresh from the field of fame and glory, as citizens. But time has fully developed the fact that the great mass of men were better for having been in the war, and are doing what comes in their way to make and maintain this as the grandest government in the world. Having written entirely from memory there may be some inaccuracies as to dates, but I feel confident that the greater part will be found correct.

THE CHARGE AT KENESAW, AND OTHER ITEMS.

BY LIEUTENANT W. H. BAXTER.

In making the following remarks, the reader must not suppose that I expect to state something that no one else has seen or experienced,—such is not the case. I merely wish to preserve for ourselves and other readers the experiences common to so many, and relate matters that others took part in. Each writer expresses himself as no other does, and thus of an affair of numerous actors, each may be interesting in his way. This by way of preface.

At one o'clock A. M., Sunday, June 26, 1864, the 113th Regiment left the works immediately before Little Kenesaw Mountain, where for six days it had been occupying one position, subject to frequent shelling and incurring some loss.

Withdrawing from its works the regiment marched to the right about three miles, to the vicinity of what is now called Cheatham's

Hill. The regiment halted and went into encampment about five o'clock A. M., near some breastworks a considerable distance in rear of the front line and out of range of bullets and shells.

We felt relieved to be once more out of range. All day Sunday was a day of rest. The men were free to enjoy it, and many improved it by visiting other regiments near where they had friends. Several came over from the 66th Ohio, which belonged to the Twentieth Corps, and some of our men went over to that regiment. Many took a bath in a small creek not far off, many also writing to friends at home. The day was a bright, pleasant one, and all spent the day quite comfortably, considering the circumstances.

Thus Sunday passed. The sun went down, night came, and the hundreds lay down to sleep, the last sleep, alas, for many. All unconscious and unknowing of the dreadful scenes which the morrow would bring forth.

The sun rose on Monday the 27th of June, 1864, bright and clear. The men went about the duties of the morning untroubled by the knowledge that a dreadful enterprise had been planned for them, had been ordered, and that in three or four hours many of them would be still in death or suffering with shocking wounds.

The writer had no knowledge of what was before us until H. N. Benjamin, captain on General Mitchell's staff, rode up to me and told me that a charge had been ordered, and that when the bugle shall sound it will be to fall in, in order to march to the front line, whence the charge will start.

When the bugle notes did ring clear and loud through the regiment and brigade the signal of "fall in," I knew what ordeal lay before us. Company K fell into line at company quarters and were counted off. According to my recollection, when the company first fell into line, we had sixty-three men, including the two commissioned officers in charge of the company—the First and Second Lieutenants. On the way from where we camped to the front line, where the charge started, the regiment halted several times. The actions of many discovered that serious thoughts were in men's minds. We all knew that some, perhaps very many, would fall. But who? I or my neighbor?

On our way to the front a non-commissioned officer of Company K., under plea of necessity, retired to the brush near by and failed to return. He thus escaped the fight but was reduced to the ranks. I think Company K., when it went into the charge, had sixty men, including the two commissioned officers mentioned. The captain was excused from duty that morning by the surgeon of the regiment.

In due time we arrived at our front line of breast works, and, halting, sat or lay down behind them. Before us were the woods; within that woods were the rebel skirmishers, and somewhere behind those skirmishers were their strong works and their troops.

We sat there some time, I should think twenty minutes at least, perhaps longer. Writing now but a few months less than twenty years after the affair, part of the scene seems quite vivid in my mind.

Skirmishing was going on in the woods in our front. Several men were brought back wounded. All felt serious. There was but little laughing or joking while waiting there. While all knew the desperate work before them, and while the question in every mind was, who will escape safe and who not, each hoping the best, yet courage and resolution was on the faces of the men. The situation of waiting and reflecting under those circumstances, is much more trying on men than an immediate advance.

Finally, "forward" was commanded. Over the breast-work we jumped, and onward into the woods, and toward the rebel works we took our course. The morning was hot, our march hurried, and some of the men began to feel exhausted after a time. Occasionally a man would stumble over some obstruction, and several times the writer found it necessary to encourage and urge such on. Men began to fall. I remember well seeing Stephen Barr. He fell full length and lay with his head to the foe, his face turned partly upward, his rifle by his side. He had been shot dead through the head near the eye. He died a christian soldier; for while in camp and during the campaign he daily, almost, made his Testament his study and led a consistent life. It was not the rule for our men to devote much time to religious matters. The majority sought to be respectable men, but did not trouble themselves much about religion, at least outwardly.

A few paces from Barr, Hiram Hancock lay dead, also shot through the head, in the forehead. But we did not stop for these, or others, but pressed on.

Although twenty years ago, I remember the thoughts passing through my mind at the time I was wounded. In all dangerous places it had been my strong desire to live long enough to know that victory was ours. My thoughts in this instance were similar. They ran: This is a pretty hot place; I don't know whether I will get out or not; if I am killed I will not know anything about the result and it will make no difference, but if I am wounded I will know the result, so there is no use thinking about the consequences, but take what comes. Suddenly occurred a great shock like the terrific jar of a peal of thunder close at hand. I took a step forward and found my foot give way under me and I fell to the ground. At once I knew I had been wounded. Immediately examining the wound, I found both bones of my leg smashed into pieces a few inches above the ankle. Fearing that I might bleed to death, I rolled up my trowser leg above my knee, took a silk handkerchief from my pocket, tied it tightly about my leg just below the knee, and, breaking off a stem of a bush, used it as a lever to twist the bandage so tight that all flow of blood was stopped.

Immediately after I was wounded the charge failed, and, men scattering, sought safety as best they could. While bandaging my leg, a member of my company, John Tway, came up, and waiting a moment until I had finished, helped me back some distance until he gave out. The day was hot and he was not strong. Then Sergeant

Barber assisted me a short distance until, on his saying he was exhausted, I told him to leave me and save himself, that I would chance it to get back some way. Soon after, I received aid from two men of the 121st Ohio and Perry Howard of my own company.

Before reaching our own works, while but a short distance from them, Howard, who had hold of my right shoulder, was shot through the arm and side and fell flat as if killed. The other men did not stop to inquire whether he was killed or not but hurried with me to the works. Howard got home, and fourteen years after, I saw his arm which was then badly sore.

After we got over our works the rebels continued a dangerous shelling. There was considerable delay in getting the ambulances brought up near enough to receive the wounded. Back of our works a few rods, behind a gentle rise of ground, quite a number of wounded, including the writer, were collected. Here the surgeons were binding up bad wounds temporarily, so they could be taken back to the rear. Rebel shells were flying in the air and bursting overhead, which tried the courage of the physicians and caused them occasionally to forget their patients and "duck" their bodies, causing pain to the wounded. They were but men, and to remain steel nerved amid bursting shell was not their business, and they had not particularly tried to cultivate it. (That little spot where we lay under those bursting shells, and where one colonel died while waiting for the ambulances, was recognized by the writer when on the spot again in April, 1883.)

Finally, after some storming by General Mitchell, the ambulances were brought up and I was taken some distance back to a field hospital and laid on the ground with scores of others, waiting to have my leg amputated, for from the first I knew it would have to be done. It began to feel painful and I was anxious to have it done. In a reasonable time my right leg was amputated about four and a half inches below the knee, after which I was laid on a blanket on the ground in a tent. Two of my boys gathered some leaves, which they tied in a bundle and placed under my knee for support to keep the raw stump off the ground. I was not alone. There was plenty of company around me. Among others was James Clabaugh of my company, who was shot through the breast, the ball going clear through, inflicting a very bad wound, and no one thought it worth while to spend much time on him, as he could not get well; and Joseph Newcomb, also of Company K., who was wounded in the wrist. He was walking about holding his hand and complaining of the pain, but no one thought his wound serious, and expected him soon to recover. Clabaugh got well and was mustered out in June, 1865, while Newcomb died of his wound at Nashville, July 24.

I lay that day and night on the ground in the clothes I had worn during the battle, and in the morning found my clothes fly-blown where blood had got upon them. As may be supposed, when morning came I felt quite feeble. In the morning Harry Shepherd, my brother-in-law, of the 66th Ohio, 20th Corps, came over. He and my brother, Chas. T. Baxter, sergeant in my own company, bathed me

and put on me some clean underclothes, after which I was put in an ambulance and started for Big Shanty, a railroad station about nine miles back.

My work was done. Others would go on, but I must go back. I had suffered a great misfortune without any compensation. We were shot down by hundreds, while the rebels behind their strong works escaped with scarcely any loss. The whole affair was useless and a mistake, and Sherman's reason given is not creditable to him or any good general. Could we have felt that our enemies had also lost a reasonable number, there would have been some compensation, but for them to have lost almost nothing and to be damaged in nothing, made us feel that we had been a useless sacrifice, that we were cut off unprofitably when we might have been continued with the army and been of some service. If any just reason had been given for the charge we would have felt better, or even if Sherman had said it was a mistake and should not have been made, but the reason given was not such as to justify him in the loss of a single life in that charge.

Having entered the army when nineteen years of age, in August, 1862, months, while adding to my age, were also adding to my experience and worth to the service. I would have liked to continue to the end, but that was not to be, and when the ambulance train started back on Tuesday morning, June 28, my work was finished.

What a wearisome and trying ride that was, over those nine miles of rough dirt and corduroy road, extending from early in the day till near sundown, in the blazing sun of that Georgia, June day, only those similarly situated know. It became so unbearable that when we arrived at Big Shanty and the ambulance stood in the street, I thought it could not be endured longer and ordered two of my boys, who were with me, to take me out and lay me on the ground in the shade of a tree—the shade and ground looked so inviting—but at that moment the teams moved on and I was soon on a cot in a tent.

On the morning of the 29th we were loaded on a hospital train and started back for Chattanooga. As we arrived near Dalton, it was found that rebel cavalry had destroyed some track ahead, and we had to lie on the cars at Dalton all night. Next morning, June 30, we came into Chattanooga. I felt too exhausted to be taken onto Look-out Mountain, and was taken to hospital No. 1, Ward 1, Section 4, in the city, one of a long row of long one story wooden buildings, built for hospitals, mostly, but not entirely.

There are many trying scenes at the "front," when men are seen dead and wounded upon the field of conflict. But in a short time the wounded are removed, the dead buried, the ranks of the unhurt are closed up, and evidences of suffering are out of sight. In the "rear" the terrible ravages of war are always seen. There sympathies are keenly aroused, there scenes of prolonged suffering and of death are always at hand.

No words of mine can faithfully portray those hospital scenes. At one time in the ward where I was in there were twenty-one wounded

men—every bed being full—and of those twenty-one, eighteen had amputated limbs, either arm or leg. Men died to my right and men died to my left and before me. Beds generally were not long vacant that summer, but as some died or were sent north, others, fresh cases, came from the front, so that most of the time all were occupied.

Daily, in the morning, the dead wagon drove past us, and often the tap of the drum and the shrill note of the fife, told us that the sufferings of some poor fellows were ended, and they were borne to a soldier's grave. We became callous in a considerable degree to the scenes around us. Men had to, or they would have died. Their emotions could not always be tuned to a high pitch, else their weakened bodies would have given way under the strain of their sensibilities. In the rear often, as at the front, men had to be stoical, not taking too much thought of what might befall them. So in those hospitals, men died, were carried to their long homes, the living felt sorry for them and their friends, and turned to other things. There was too much to be fully realized as it happened with the passing days.

Across the room at my foot a cot was once occupied by a very large man suffering with a thigh amputation. He had been in the ward but a very short time, perhaps not more than two days. The nurse told him to be careful, as he was liable to bleed. One morning about daylight I was awakened from a doze by a sound like water pattering upon the floor. At once I knew the man was bleeding—the blood pattering upon the floor. The nurse ran to him and stopped the flow of blood with his thumb, until a tourniquet was brought. Efforts to save his life were of no avail. That morning he died. Occupying the same cot once, was a young man with thigh amputation. The flesh had drawn away, and shrunk back from the end of the bone, leaving it protruding quite a distance. He delighted in singing Methodist hymns. He occupied the cot for some time, but finally died.

At my left, on a cot next me, was a young man whose life the doctors tried to save one night, but without avail. The sloughing away of the artery of an amputated leg caused his death. He had been frequently warned that he must keep more quiet, but would not. The gangrene ward, to which I was taken for a couple of weeks, was a scene of hopeless misery. Very frequently some one was taken to his final resting place.

The nurses were men, although there were some ladies in attendance. One lady devoted considerable time to our ward, cheering the despondent, writing letters for the feeble, helping prepare food and adding in that way to the comfort of the wounded. The nurses, as far as I saw, were kind, waiting on the disabled, and doing for them as well as they could. Food at times was quite scanty, sometimes receiving barely enough to satisfy, and that of the plainest kind, but most of the time by what the government and the sanitary commission furnished, the patients were comfortably supplied.

Enlisted men paid nothing, but all commissioned officers were charged one dollar a day for their board.

The days of July, August and September were long, wearisome and many of them hot. How often, overcome by weariness and drowsiness from a sleepless night, we desired to sleep during the day, but could not. With the head uncovered, flies prevented, with the head covered, the heat was intolerable, for we had no fly nets, only a sheet or paper.

Beneath my cotton mattress were dozens of sow bugs, while, when the shades of night fell upon us, whole platoons of bed bugs appeared upon the sheets, and drilled at their leisure.

It was a long time before I felt able to undertake a journey home. The flap of my amputated leg came down, or partly so. The tibia protruded through the flesh, and remained thus for two months, until nature completed an amputation of the exposed and deadened portion, when a piece of bone from the top of the tibia, in triangular shape, two inches long and one wide, was lifted off by the nurse—which I now have—after which the flesh rapidly grew over. Twice gangrene set in. I will not prolong these hospital scenes. One has but to imagine hundreds of men wounded in every shape—all badly, for the slighter ones were at once taken to the rear—the days and weeks of suffering, the daily deaths, the hopes of the living, which so often went out in disappointment.

On October 5, I left the hospital at Chattanooga for my home, Mechanicsburg, Ohio, arriving there about the middle of October, having stopped over at Nashville. On October 5th, on the hospital train from Chattanooga to Nashville, a vote was taken to see how the Presidential candidates stood among the wounded soldiers. The vote cast was—for Lincoln, 161; for McClellan, 8.

It will be remembered that Company K was a company added to the 113th Regiment in the beginning of 1864. The majority of the company were seeing their first service, while some of them had seen much service elsewhere. While the company had been under fire with the regiment all along in the campaign, yet, until June 27, the regiment in that campaign had been in no place where there had been any serious loss. This was, then, the first desperate place for most of the company. They did their duty well. As brave men, they obeyed orders. The loss of the company was heavy. Seven were killed; five more died of their wounds, making twelve deaths. One, Booker Durnell, was captured, and died in a rebel prison. Ten or twelve more were wounded, some of them very seriously, so that of the men who went in one-third died or became valueless to the service.

MEN OF CO. K KILLED IN ACTION JUNE 27, 1864.

NAMES.	AGE AT MUSTER.	WHEN MUSTERED.
Ezra Allen.....	26	January 9, 1864.
Stephen V. Barr.....	36	March 2, 1864.
William V. Coppin.....	22	January 5, 1864.
Hiram Hancock.....	40	January 21, 1864.
Levi Romine.....	31	January 27, 1864.
Joseph Wilkinson.....	18	January 5, 1864.
Lemuel P. Jones.....	28	January 18, 1864.

DIED OF WOUNDS RECEIVED JUNE 27, 1864.

NAMES.	AGE AT MUSTER.	DATE OF MUSTER.	DATE OF DEATH.	WHERE.
Hector Morren.....	20	January 5, 1864..	June 30, 1864....	Big Shanty, Ga.
Joseph H. Newcomb.....	25	January 16, 1864..	July 24, 1864....	Nashville, Tenn.
Levi Hemminger.....	38	January 5, 1864..	August 1, 1864....	Chattanooga, Tenn.
Patrick Fields.....	38	January 14, 1864..	August 19, 1864..	Nashville, Tenn.
Robert R. Osborne.....	18	January 9, 1864..	August 22, 1864..	Chattanooga, Tenn.

CAPTURED AND DIED IN PRISON.

NAME.	AGE AT MUSTER.	DATE OF MUSTER.	DATE OF DEATH.	WHERE.
Booker Durnell.....	25	January 5, 1864..		

OTHER DEATHS IN CO. K.

NAMES.	AGE AT MUSTER.	DATE OF DEATH.	WHERE.	CAUSE.
John H. Bricker.....	25	July 4, 1864.....	Chattahoochie River, Ga..	Killed.
Henry C. Britten.....	19	July 6, 1864.....	Chattanooga, Tenn.....	Disease.
Levi Elliott.....	42	August 12, 1864..	Nashville, Tenn.....	Disease.
Azro Mann.....	28	October 31, 1864..	Nashville, Tenn.....	Disease.
James McMahan.....	24	Nov. 30, 1864....	Jeffersonville, Md.....	Disease.
Monroe Elliott.....	22	February 4, 1864.	Savannah, Ga.....	Disease.
George Peobles.....	27	April 18, 1865....	Baltimore, Md.....	Disease.

Again last April, 1883, I stood upon the ground so disastrous to us. The same woods were there, excepting a small portion cleared up near the rebel works, the same works, only the action of water and the tooth of time upon the logs had partly filled up the trenches, most of the logs helping form the works having rotted; thus, they are not now as formidable looking as they were twenty years ago. But there are many large logs left, in the same position as when placed there for defense. Many of the logs are apparently as sound as when cut, only the bark and outer sap have rotted away, leaving the balance sound. There are logs there yet having a diameter from two to three feet, while those of less size are numerous. The point of attack is now named Cheatham's Hill. Though the subject is full of interest to me, I will not detain my readers longer.

CAMP ITEMS AND RECOLLECTIONS OF THE BATTLES
OF CHICKAMAUGA AND KENESAW.

BY D. B. WARNER.

ST. JOHN, N. B. *February 2, 1883.*

I remember an incident which took place in Camp Zanesville, showing one of the many difficulties in transforming a large body of men into disciplined soldiers—men who never before had known what it was to obey *orders* :

The men of the 113th felt rather blue, when, soon after the appointment of the field and staff officers, the command was ordered to Camp Zanesville to guard conscripts. But the Colonel consoled himself with the thought that it would be a good school for guard duty as well as ordinary drill. Strict orders were issued, and a regimental guard was established, which, for strictness, was grumbled at and wondered at by both officers and enlisted men.

One of these orders was that there should be no loud noise or talking on guard. This order was frequently broken, and the Colonel's peaceful slumbers rudely disturbed thereby. On a certain night, this was unusually so, or else the Colonel was in an unusually sour mood. The first thing on the following morning the officer of the guard was sent for, and the Colonel said to him that he wished to have the soldier who made the disturbance on guard last night placed under arrest in the guard house. The officer soon returned and reported that he could not ascertain the name of the man who had offended. Colonel W. retorted, "If his name is not given put the *whole* guard in." The officer again reported, saying he thought the other part of the order could not be carried out. Then the Colonel sent for the Major, and said to him: "Major, I want you to put that whole guard of last night into the guard house, and keep them there till they will promise to do better, or give the name of the soldier who made the noise."

The Major went out feeling very much that it would be more agreeable to his feelings had the Colonel, to establish his personal authority, gone himself. Finding the guard drawn up, standing at *order arms*, he gave the orders, "Attention!" "Shoulder—arms." "Stack—arms." "Right—face." "Forward—march," and into the guard house they all went, before they knew where they were.

The Major was complimented by the Colonel, but remarked that he would in future prefer not being assigned to such duty, and do without the compliment.

* * * *

An incident of some importance occurred at Wartrace soon after the arrival of the 113th at that place. Our pickets gave an alarm, and the troops were at once called to arms. In the distance was a

great cloud of dust, and it seemed that an army approached. It turned out not to be an army with guns and banners, but an army of Blacks. Here was a grave matter. What were we to do with them? While considering this question, its solution was suggested by one of the masters of some of the Blacks, who presented himself at the tent of the Lieutenant Colonel, and requested that he be allowed to take his "niggers" back to his plantation. Here in this almost wilderness—in this camp of the 113th O. V. I., was presented the question which was disturbing the statesmen at Washington—what will be done with the slaves? This was before the question had been settled by the proper and higher authorities, but the Lieutenant Colonel found himself face to face with the question, and it must be settled then and there, so far as he was concerned.

The officer said to the owner of black chattels, "Have you seen any of your negroes since coming into our lines?" The reply was, "Yes; some of them are scattered among the companies of your regiment." "Go, then, and bring one of them here," said the officer. Soon the planter returned bringing with him a big black fellow. "Is this your master, boy," asked the officer. "Yes sah," answered the black man. "Why did you run away from him? Was he a good master? Did he give you enough to eat and did he treat you well, give you good clothing and proper attention when you were sick; all this?" The darkey replied, "Yes sah; no niggah had a better master; no fault to find." "Well, then, do you want to go back to him?" No answer. "Come, now," said the officer, "if your master is all that you say, why did you run away, and why do you not wish to return to him?" "*I wants to be free, sah,*" said the darkey. He was permitted to return to his place in the company. Then turning to the planter the Lieutenant Colonel said, "Now, sir, if you can find in this regiment any of your slaves who will come to these headquarters and say to me, without fear or compulsion, that they want to return to their master, I will *permit* them to go, and no one shall interfere with their going, and you may also inform any one interested in the matter, that while I am in command of this regiment, no slaves will be returned to their masters against their will." The answer of that darkey, "*I wants to be free,*" made the Lieutenant Colonel an abolitionist, and this answer of his to the planter was one of the *first* proclamations of emancipation.

* * * *

AT Chickamauga, an incident of very grave moment occurred. The 113th went into the fight in the second line. The charge was led by a regiment of Illinois troops I think. They were met at the top of the hill with a regular hail-storm of grape, shot and shell. They were thrown into confusion and their commanding officer was shot and fell from his horse just in front of our line. This regiment fell back through our line, shouting to our men not to go in there, and the result was that the 113th was thrown into momentary confusion, and

were pressed down the hill to the rear some distance. I gave up at one time and thought the old command was done for, but this was but for a moment. In the midst of this the officer in command called out the number of the regiment and the single word "halt," and the regiment obeyed the command. It was at once re-formed and marched back to the crest of the hill, *and there remained* until another unfortunate circumstance occurred. Lieutenant Platt of the 113th, who was then detached and acting Aide-de-Camp on General Steedman's staff, rode up and said to me that the regiment was to fall back to the ridge next in our rear. I remember as if yesterday my surprise at the order, and I then said that there must be some mistake, but he repeated the order, and not liking to take any responsibility I gave the order to fall back. When we reached the point to which the order had referred and while re-forming the regiment, Steedman and Mitchell, and I think General Beatty, came up, and explanations being made, and learning that the order was a mistake, the regiment was a second time marched back to its original position in the line and their remained till nearly dark, when the entire line was retired and we moved off the field in good order, and bivouaced that night with but few stragglers, but with the loss of over half of our regiment left dead or wounded. But few commands in that army went off the field that day in as good order as did the 113th O. V. I. The number of their killed and wounded on that day is all the testimony necessary as to their valor.

* * * *

THE battle of Kenesaw was of very different character, in that we knew where the enemy were, that we were to attack them in their works, and were to capture them without firing a shot. I well remember the council of officers I called that morning, a very short time before the attack. There the plan of the assault was given, and the officers were informed that our claim to the advance was granted, that we would lead the charge. The meeting was very solemn, but I did not detect among all their faces one which suggested anything other than a determination to do his duty. At that council I handed three sergeants their commissions. Crouse, a tall, fine looking man, a member of the Mt. Sterling Company, was one of them. Dungan at the same time was handed his commission as First Lieutenant, but did not live to be mustered. He lay in a tent with me the night of the 27th; the next day he was taken to Chattanooga and died; I never saw him after the 28th.

Kenesaw, to me, was a dreadful battle, because unnecessary, and brought on against the advice of the best Generals of the army. In the fight I saw so many shot down and frightfully mangled that the recollection to me is simply horrible.

One incident at Kenesaw made an impression on my mind more than all the rest. Certain circumstances in the history of the regiment had made me acquaintance with a particular sergeant of one of

the companies very interesting and favorable, and he became with me a great favorite.

At Kenesaw, when the assault had been made, and we had almost reached the works of the enemy, it became evident that we could not capture them, and I sent word along the line for the men to cover themselves and commence firing. After I thought we were doing well, and the men were well hidden under rocks and behind logs and trees, I discovered this favorite Sergeant standing out in full view of the enemy, loading and firing as though he were at target practice. I was sure he would be killed, for the rebels seemed to be literally skinning the hill. I turned toward him, (he being toward the right of the regiment, and a little to the rear of the line upon which I stood) and began to motion to him with my right hand to lie down, and while in this position I was shot, and this was the last shake of my right hand. If the rebel who fired that shot had not been nervous, that *favorite* would have been the cause of his Colonels' being shot in the *back*. Did I ever tell you this before? That Sergeant's name was F. M. McAdams.

But returning to the order which was delivered to us, and which we obeyed with doubt and reluctance at Chickamauga. I am sure Platt got the order from some one, and that he delivered it as he understood it. My impression now is, that when questioned in regard to the order, he said he received it from Captain Russell, A. A. G., on the staff of General Granger. Russell was killed in the battle, earlier, it seems to me, than I received the order. Some one made a mistake which might have cost us great loss, but it cannot now be settled who it was. I am certain, however, that Platt received the order from some one who he considered in a position to give it. I recall this matter because at the time, one Chaplain Van Horn, wrote a letter to the press on the battle, which reflected upon the courage of the regiment. The 113th was perfectly in hand during the entire day, with the exception of the time the other regiment broke and run through us, and, as I have written, the confusion in our ranks resulting from that cause, lasted but a short time, when at the command we re-formed and took up our position in the line of battle.

LEAVES FROM THE DIARY OF ASSISTANT SURGEON A. HARLOW.

DETROIT, MICH., *February, 1883.*

Having kept a diary during my entire stay with the regiment, I am able to give day and date, and a clear statement of facts herein mentioned.

On the 16th day of September, 1862, I reported myself to Colonel James A. Wilcox, commanding the 113th O. V. I., stationed at Camp

Chase, Ohio. Was duly introduced to Surgeon J. R. Black and T. C. Tipton, and found them to be affable and intelligent gentlemen of their profession. I entered immediately upon the duties of my office, and was not long in making the acquaintance of the officers and many of the enlisted men in the regiment, and was favorably impressed with their intelligence and soldierly bearing.

The day following my arrival in camp, no little excitement was occasioned in consequence of an attempt to impose a somewhat ludicrous punishment upon a soldier for refusing to do duty. The delinquent was put in a barrel and rolled around the camp; his comrades and friends rescued him. All the officers were called out, and finally, the order being revoked, peace and good feeling was restored.

On the night of September 18th, twenty rebel prisoners made their escape from prison No. 1, in the following manner:

They took a large dry goods box containing carpenter tools and placed it against the boarded wall where the egress was to be made. A party of four occupied the top of the box and played cards, while a fifth, secreted in the box, began the work of boring and sawing a hole in the wall. Meanwhile, those on top kept up a din and noise calculated to prevent the boring and sawing from being heard.

The work being nearly completed, they waited for the darkness and stillness of the night, and then by a sudden push, the opening was made in the wall, and twenty-two who had been made acquainted with the plot, deliberately walked out without thanking the government for the very kind treatment which they had been receiving.

On the third day after their escape, eight of these were re-captured and returned to their former quarters.

On the 29th of October, we camped at Zanesville. Some ten days after our arrival here the measles broke out among the men, and spread rapidly, until more than two hundred cases of the disease were in camp. The regimental hospital becoming overcrowded with patients, many of the sick were treated in their barracks and tents. When this epidemic was at its height (November 10) a fire broke out in camp, which, on account of the strong wind and the great amount of straw and other combustible material, and despite the greatest efforts of the men to check it, continued to burn till the main part of camp was laid in ashes. No loss of life nor personal injury resulted from the fire, but many of the officers and men lost valuable personal effects.

A regiment without shelter, and many of them sick and exposed to the inclement weather, is fearful to contemplate. Prompt measures were taken to provide shelter and comfort for the sick, new plank barracks were soon constructed, and but a few days elapsed until all were snugly quartered on a sloping hillside, inclining toward Licking creek. During the first three months of our service but one death occurred in camp, a fact that speaks well for the surgical and medical department, when we consider the epidemic and exposures to which the men were subjected. This death was that of John Rogers,

Company G. He died December 5, 1862. His body was sent home for burial.

On the 15th of December, the regiment left camp for the South, halting a few days at Camp Dennison. I assisted Surgeon Black with such of the convalescents as were able to accompany the regiment, going as far as Zanesville to see them safely off. Others remained under my charge for a time, and then followed on. On January 4, 1863, I rejoined the regiment two miles out of Louisville, Kentucky, happy, indeed, in once more being able to mingle with the officers and men so greatly endeared to me by many a fond recollection. At this time great efforts were being made to forward needed supplies to the "Boys in Blue" who comprised the army at the front, and as an incident pertaining to this matter, I state that one hundred and nine six-mule teams, with suitable escort, passed our camp in one day, each loaded with army supplies, destined for Nashville.

The day after my arrival, January 5th, the 113th left Louisville for parts unknown, except to Colonel Wilcox and a few of the other commissioned officers. Our destination proved to be Muldrough's Hill, a wild, rough country, on the Louisville and Nashville Railroad, near a little place called Colesburg. At the little burg the 113th disembarked and marched a couple of miles, when we came in sight of the smoking ruins of "Big Run Trestle," which had been recently destroyed by the notorious raider, John Morgan.

This camp was called "Camp Lucy," or more appropriately "clap-trap," on account of the risk of our being "gobbled up" by Morgan or Forrest or some other marauding band some dark night. The monotony of camp life was broken on the third day of our stay here by the visit of the Surgeon General of Ohio, Dr. S. M. Smith, with his corps of nurses *en route* for Nashville to attend the sick and wounded of the late engagement at Stone River. The fact that our camp was situated near this long bridge, and that all passengers going to or coming from Nashville by this route were compelled to walk over the broken place in the road, gave us daily opportunity of seeing many strangers, as they were unavoidably compelled to pass within speaking distance of our camp. One dark night soon after our arrival here the regiment was awakened from its dreamy reveries by the ominous sound of the long roll, while the officers passed from tent to tent, commanding the men to fall out and form into line. This was promptly obeyed, and then the regiment marched out over a rough and stony path, made doubly difficult by the inky darkness of the night. The supposed enemy could not be found; in fact he was miles away and sound asleep. A return to quarters was ordered and very cheerfully obeyed. After we had been here a few days the regiment was divided into two parts, and four or five companies commanded by Lieutenant Colonel Mitchell were sent further south to a similar trestle, where they remained protecting a force of mechanics who were constructing a bridge spanning a chasm some two or three miles further in the direction of Nashville. Surgeon Black accompanied this part of the command, while your humble correspondent remained attending to the medical and surgical wants of the men at camp

Lucy. About the time of this separation, that part of the command remaining at the first trestle vacated the camp first occupied and took position on the hill on the opposite side of the railroad, in a position overlooking the valley and the surrounding country. This we called Camp "Summit." This was Muldrough's Hill, one of the prettiest camping grounds it was ever my fortune to take part in occupying. Long shall I remember with the liveliest interest and the fondest recollection, as well as many old comrades associated with me there who may chance to read this sketch, the experience of camp life enjoyed by us on the rugged brow of this old Kentucky hill, during a portion of January, 1863. Our camp commanded a splendid view of the surrounding country, and if we could not, like the ancient war horse, smell the smoke of battle from afar, we could certainly see our enemies approaching in time to make all necessary preparations to meet him. Unusual for this climate, snow fell on the 15th of January to the depth of three feet, and this was followed by very cold weather, reminding us of the frost and cold of northern Ohio.

In the midst of this storm and low temperature our hospital tent took fire and burned so rapidly that it required the efforts of all the attendants and nurses to rescue the sick. I doubt not many of the hospital patients yet remember the daily visits of Widow Gardner to our camp. She would come well laden with eggs, chickens, squirrels, Indian bread and other toothsome delicacies, for the particular benefit of convalescents in hospital. During our stay at Muldrough's Hill, James Harvey and Geo. F. Reno, both of Company A, died. The body of the former was sent home; the latter was buried on Muldrough's Hill.

The regiment, in obedience to orders, returned to Louisville on the 27th of January. Our trip was tiresome and uncomfortable, our train occupying all night in the trip. We entered the depot on the morning of the 28th, and, disembarking, we spent a few hours with arms stacked awaiting further orders. Up to this time the regiment knew little pertaining to our destination, nor did they care, so that it led them to get a crack at the rebels.

During the day the regiment moved to the landing about three miles below Louisville, and at the foot of the falls of the Ohio. Here lay a number of steamers receiving freight and taking on board thousands of troops as well as army supplies of all kinds. Many regiments, like our own, were at the wharf waiting to go on board of some one of the many steamers lying anchored in the river. The 92d, 36th and 89th Ohio regiments had just arrived from West Virginia, and also the 26th Ohio, from the Kanawha, all of which gave the place and its surroundings a warlike appearance, and gave evidence of big things to come.

On Thursday, January 29, the 113th went aboard the splendid steamer Saint Patrick. Here we lay awaiting the movement of the twenty or more steamers forming a fleet of great magnitude, and intended for some decisive part in the great drama of the future. We had now been in the service nearly six months, during which time we had not made the acquaintance of the paymaster, but on the 30th

that official made his appearance, and paid our dues for the period ending December 31, 1862, making no inconsiderable roll of greenbacks, and enabling the members of the regiment to send home considerable money after retaining sufficient for their personal wants.

While here, Captain H. Z. Adams, of Company G, tendered his resignation, and instead of leading his brave company to victory and renown, returned to the bosom of his family and friends to spend his days at his advanced age in the more quiet occupation and peaceful pursuits of a preacher of the Gospel. No one questions his judgment or doubts his patriotism in thus retiring to private life.

Sunday, February 1. The Jacob Strader has just passed down loaded to the water's edge with blue patriots; now our own vessel swings out into the stream, and is in hot pursuit. Others follow, one after another, until twenty or more burdened, puffing steamers, carrying 18,000 or 20,000 troops, are in line, forming a spectacle seldom seen in war or peace. Many a brave heart beat doubtfully as our formidable fleet descended the Ohio. Our passage down the majestic Ohio was a pleasant one in some respects. The Saint Patrick was a fast boat, and in going down she passed a number of other steamers, creating on board of each the wildest enthusiasm. On the way, Captain Peck was taken suddenly and dangerously sick with spasms and other violent symptoms, which continued with severity for twenty-four hours. It was deemed best that in his weak condition he be given more quiet and rest than he could get on the boat, preparatory to his returning home, and he was accordingly put ashore at Evansville, and provided with such nursing and care as his condition demanded.

On the morning of January 3d, we arrived at the mouth of the Cumberland, and were soon in line with other steamers, barges and gunboats ready for the ascent of that beautiful stream.

The sun rose clear and beautiful; not a cloud obscured her brightness. Seldom does the eye behold a sight more imposing and beautiful; nor does the ear often in a lifetime drink in such rich music than it was my pleasure to enjoy on that January morning. All hearts seemed enlivened with the exhilarating scene. The curling smoke as it rose in fleecy columns high in air, flags waving and banners floating, all conspired to enhance the beauty of the scene, and to impress it upon the mind and heart in a manner never to be forgotten.

Moving on our joyous way up the Cumberland, nothing took place to mar the pleasure of the trip till late in the afternoon of our first day, when the sound of booming cannon broke in on the stillness of the scene. At a signal from our flagship the gunboats belonging to our fleet ascended rapidly, leaving the long line of steamers in the rear, and hurrying on they reached the scene of conflict in time to do effective work in turning the tide of battle in our favor at the last hard fought battle of Fort Donelson. As our fleet approached the scene of conflict late in the dusk of the evening it was with difficulty we escaped the designed destruction from numerous barges, flats and other combustible matter sent blazing down the river to intercept our fleet.



Early next morning, in company with a number of Union men, I went over the field and counted more than a hundred rebel dead, scattered here and there as they fell under the well-directed fire of the boys in blue. I visited the hospital and prescribed for many of the rebel wounded, among whom I found a Dr. Mulkie, Surgeon of the 3d Georgia Cavalry, badly, if not fatally, wounded, to whose temporary relief I ministered to the best of my ability, tempered with such kind words and sympathy as the poor man, dying far from home and friends, was, though an enemy, entitled to. Besides the killed and wounded a goodly number of rebels were taken prisoners. Among the more noted dead found upon the field was a Brigadier General McNary, Colonel Coffin, of Missouri, and Colonel Hendrick, of the 4th Alabama. The rebel dead left on the field numbered over two hundred. Our loss was about thirty, among whom was the gallant Captain Reed, of the 83d Illinois, who was shot through the neck and instantly killed; just as he was leading a desperate charge on the enemy. His body was sent home. Surgeon Black, of the 113th, exerted his acknowledged skill in rendering efficient aid by prompt attendance upon the wounded of both friend and foe.

The gunboat Lexington, one of the six gunboats of our fleet, reached the scene of action in time to take a part. She was no ordinary boat but had already made herself famous. Going on board of her I was courteously treated by her officers, one of whom pointed out her points of interest. He informed me that her 64 pound gun killed 170 men at one shot at Pittsburg Landing, and on her arrival here on this occasion one of her shots killed 12 rebels and 8 horses.

The most dangerous part of our trip was yet to be passed over. Our fleet waited for the arrival of Major General Granger, who, upon his arrival, took charge of steamers and their convoy of gunboats. On the morning of the 6th we again started upward. It was a most imposing sight. Soon after getting under way an American eagle, that noble bird of liberty, soared high in the air above us. This was regarded as an omen of good. We were expecting trouble at several points ahead before reaching Nashville, especially at "Harp-er's Shoals," where the rebels had recently burned the gunboat Pinchback, and several of our steamboats, taking many prisoners. These Shoals are fifty or sixty miles above Fort Donelson, and are nearly five miles in length; they are rapid and so dangerous to navigation as to make it desirable to pass them in daylight. Whistle signals had been adopted by our fleet which all boats in line were required to observe. One whistle meant, go slow; two, keep a proper distance apart; three, close up; four, stop; one short and one long, back; one short and two long, we are attacked; two short and one long, assistance wanted; one long and three short, get under way; one long, two short and one long, stop, tie up and await orders.

On the evening of February 7th we reached the noted city of Nashville, having passed Clarksville, the Shoals, and other dangerous places unmolested by the enemy. Our long and venturesome trip

from Louisville to Nashville, down the Ohio and up the Cumberland, being now ended, we had only to disembark and move out to the front. Before leaving the city for more stirring and warlike scenes, I found time to visit parts of the city. I also visited a number of hospitals, and witnessed an amputation at the shoulder joint and other interesting operations. I made a visit to the State House, of which Nashville may well be proud, and stopped reverently at the tomb of Ex-President Polk, situated in the front yard of the elegant mansion occupied by his widow.

Notwithstanding, the eye could see much to admire in this once beautiful city, yet the finger marks of war's desolating hand were seen everywhere, and many parts of the city were in a dilapidated condition.

We marched out of the city, and, going four or five miles southward, camped in a beautiful grove. From the fatigue and exposure attending our long trip, and consequent close confinement on the steamer, many of the men, in spite of the best efforts of Surgeon Black and myself, were taken sick in such numbers that four hospital tents were filled with those unfit for duty.

February 12. Orders having been received to march to the front, Surgeon Black thought it best to send most of our sick then on hand to the general hospital at Nashville. Many of these, sad to relate, never again left this city of pestilence and death.

The 113th, under command of Colonel Wilcox, accompanied by the field and staff officers, in company with a number of other regiments, forming a brigade, under the command of General Gilbert, left early the same morning for Franklin. Surgeon Black accompanied the 113th in its forward movement, while I was directed to remain with and attend to those who were physically unable to move on to the front. Captain Taylor, Company B, and a sufficient guard, were left with us until a proper disposition was made with the sick, after which they also moved on to Franklin.

An additional large number of our sick was sent to general hospital at Nashville, many of whom, for lack of proper treatment or other causes, met the fate of their comrades previously placed there. These had desired and expected to be able soon to stand in their places in the ranks with their comrades, sharing with them the glory and destiny of the command. But, alas, how uncertain was human life in our overcrowded hospitals at Nashville during the winter and spring of 1863. Our sick being thus disposed of, we joined our forces in camp at Franklin. The remainder of February was without any incident of note, but March was ushered in with more active operations of a military character, for the great concentration of troops and the other war-like preparations going on in and around Franklin plainly indicated an advance further south.

Surgeon Black having been assigned to duty in the general hospital at Franklin, left me for a time alone in attending the surgical and medical wants of the 113th, which labors proving too great for my health and strength, Dr. Black was returned to the regiment.



On the 5th of March loud cannonading was heard in the direction of Spring Hill, a town of some size ten miles or more to the south. At 12 o'clock, noon, the long roll sounded in our camp, and the 113th and 125th Ohio Regiments were soon marching rapidly toward the noise of battle. The cannonading grew more and more distinct as we neared the field, and the roar of musketry indicated that hot work was at hand, and that those who had been so long spoiling for a fight would now be gratified. Our brigade was posted at a turn in the road and behind a stone wall, waiting for the pursuit of the enemy on the expected falling back of our troops engaged in the fight.

I was seated on my horse, near my ambulances, with everything in readiness to give attention to the wounded, and to convey them to a place of safety. Every moment was big with exciting interest. While thus waiting, one of the ambulance drivers, pale and trembling, asked to be permitted to drive down a little under the hill. The presence of my revolver and the threat that I would blow his head off in case he moved, kept him in his place. The driver of the other ambulance, equally exposed, seemed totally indifferent, and whistled and sung "Yankee Doodle" alternately.

This hotly contested battle, which lasted for hours, with about equal forces opposing, finally was a drawn one. The enemy, under Van Dorn, Forest and Jackson, numbering close to twenty thousand men, fell back to Spring Hill, carrying with them fifty or sixty of our wounded. Our troops fell back to Franklin, and rested on their arms during the night, expecting a renewal of the conflict on the following day.

An incident of the day, unusual on the battle field, deserves mention: A young man was visiting his brother, a member of an Indiana regiment, and concluded to go out and see a battle for the first time in his life. He was shot and instantly killed.

Following the engagement, and for several days in succession, great numbers of Union troops were concentrated at Franklin. These troops were commanded by Generals Granger, Baird, Gilbert and Sheridan, and the enemy under Van Dorn, in the vicinity of Spring Hill was menaced, but fled to a place of safety. Van Dorn was nicely ensconced at the splendid mansion of one of the wealthiest rebels in Spring Hill, fascinated and feasting upon charms not found in the every-day life of a Major General, and in the line of duty, and which proved his overthrow, as will appear further on.

On the afternoon of March 9th he gathered together his Brigadiers and their several hosts and retired, taking with them their wounded and some of ours, leaving eleven of the latter in an old church near by to fall into the hands of their friends. Our forces occupied the town the same evening and I happened to secure quarters at the identical house which had been the headquarters of Van Dorn. I found the room strewn with papers and documents pertaining to the office of the rebel chief. Soon after occupying my quarters, an order came for me to go and dress the wounds of the eleven Union soldiers

in the old church before mentioned. Hastily partaking of a sumptuous meal prepared by order of my host, whose safety and protection he wished to purchase by his affability and kindness, I repaired to the prison house of the wounded, with all needed bandages and dressing, accompanied by my assistant, ready for the duty assigned me. Finding the door barricaded and all within still and dark, I feared I had missed the object of my search, but after rattling at the door for a while and making known the object of my visit, I was admitted into the dark prison house of my wounded comrades. They were much pleased at my visit. Having no light nor materials for producing it, I sent my assistant into a brick mansion near by to procure one. He soon returned and reported that they said they had none for us. I had him return and tell them that unless they furnished all the light needed for the occasion, a ten pounder would be leveled at their house and fired off for their especial benefit. The assistant obeyed and soon returned with the needed light, bringing also the apologies of the household for their non-compliance with my first request, and a humble request to do them no harm. The following are the names and regiments of the wounded: William H. Brotherton, Sergeant Company G, 85th Indiana; John G. Rawley, private, Company G, 22d Wisconsin; John Baker, private, Company I, 33d Indiana; James Bural, private, Company D, 33d Indiana; Jas. A. Comstock, private, 33d Indiana; Wells Gallexson, Company G, 22d Indiana; W. C. McNett, private, Company G, 19th Michigan; Aaron J. Buckan, Company C, 19th Michigan; Edward Cromer, private, 19th Michigan; Benjamin Green, private Company I, 19th Michigan; David Dollinger, private, Company D, 19th Michigan.

These wounded men had been paroled by the enemy before being left. I found them in the dark, without fire or blankets to protect them from the cold, and with no hand of mercy to minister to their wants. They told me that as soon as they were taken by the rebels, their coats and most of their other clothing were taken by their unfeeling captors, and not satisfied with this booty, the rebels rifled the pockets of the prisoners, taking everything of value and appropriating the same to their own use. They mentioned other heartless acts perpetrated upon them.

While engaged in dressing the wounds of these men, I noticed a gentleman, dressed as a citizen, who appeared quite interested, and who gave close attention to all my professional acts, but as he asked no questions nor made any remarks his presence gave me no concern.

Finally, when I was about leaving the house he said, "Well, Doctor, you have done very well to-night. I am much pleased with the skill and ability which you have exhibited in the work performed." I said, "Sir, will you please inform me whom I have the honor of addressing?" Judge of my surprise when he informed me that my visitor was Dr. Varian, a Medical Director of the C. S. A. Before we parted he remarked to me that as a great battle was expected to come off to-morrow he wished to detail me for a particular service. This was my first interview and acquaintance, but not my last inter-

view and happy experience with the "Medical Director of the Army of Kentucky."

My eleven patients were next morning placed in ambulances and taken to the general hospital at Franklin.

After a refreshing night of rest in the bed last tumbled by the rebel chief. Van Dorn, and having attended to my eleven patients previous to their leaving for the hospital, as before stated, I sought to learn what I could of the family of my loquacious and genial host. He had two sons and one son-in-law in the rebel armies; that General Van Dorn had for weeks past made Spring Hill his headquarters, stopping all the while in the house and partaking of the hospitality of this gentleman. He expressed himself as being pleased to extend to me and others the courtesy and welcome of his house, and expressed a desire that we would exert ourselves in protecting his person and property from violence, on account of his house having been the headquarters of the Confederate general and his staff. I assured him that no harm should come to him for what he had done in the past, but my earnest advice to him would be to espouse the Union cause, which in the end was sure to triumph. How far I succeeded in turning him from the error of his way I dare not say, but judging from what I saw in the person of his daughter to whom I was introduced, and whose husband was a surgeon in the rebel army, I fear my advice was not taken according to the prescription.

Stepping aside from the narration of warlike events, I need not ask the reader's pardon for a passing notice of this lady. She was characterized by very striking southern proclivities, and in attempting a pen picture of her I shall not indulge in any extravagant hyperbole. She was a brunette of some twenty or more years of age, possessing form and features that might be considered beautiful. Her general appearance and conversation indicated refinement and culture. She was an adept in vocal and instrumental music, of which she gave ample demonstration. She espoused the cause of the South with unusual spirit, telling what she would do if she were a man, and exhibited such zeal and pathos that I almost began to think that it was a happy thing for the Union cause that she chanced to be a woman, while at the same time, as the sequel shows, it was a misfortune to the Confederacy that she had not been a man.

The much injured husband of this spirited woman, on a recent visit home, learned facts concerning his wife and General Van Dorn that so fired his brain and crazed his mind that he rushed back to camp, entered the General's tent, on retributive justice bent, and drawing a revolver shot him dead on the spot. Then flying quickly to the Union lines, he sought protection and safety under the flag he had so long abused and insulted.

Although this 10th of March was big with excitement and expectation of blood and carnage, there was but little fighting done. Had the enemy given us fight instead of retreating, our gallant 113th would have found the opportunity they had long waited for to distinguish themselves and extinguish the enemy.

How unlike are the rights and privileges in the army as shown by what fell under my observatin to-day. As our brigade was resting a short time about the middle of the day, near a farm house, a soldier noticed a well grown chicken straying too far from the barnyard, and immediately gave chase with fixed bayonet, endeavoring at each successive turn to transfix his game. Unlucky fellow! While so intent on pursuit that he could see naught but the receding and terrified biddie, an officer, whose buttons denoted rank, with sword lifted high brought up the rear with a blow, and a threat that if that thing occurred again the offender would be made to suffer. Just as this scene closed General Baird's Chief of Staff, mounted on an elegant horse and leading its mate, rode up to the mansion door and informed the owner of the horses that as General Baird wanted the horses he would appropriate them to the use and benefit of the government, and so doing he rode of with them, notwithstanding the cries of the family.

The army failing to meet the foe, could only return to Franklin. It was, indeed, an imposing sight to witness such a formidable display of military pomp as was seen that day by terrified hundreds of inhabitants along the Columbia pike, as our long dark columns moved northward in a continuous line, which occupied two hours in passing a given point.

Stopping to recuperate and rest a little at the house of my old rebel host while the somewhat scattered forces of our column were passing through the town, I chanced, from great fatigue, to fall asleep, and no one of the family deigning to awaken me, I slept on until the entire army had passed and the rear guard was out of sight. Suddenly awakened by the cessation of noises or other causes, I sprang to my feet, and, looking out of the window, saw my perilous situation. Hastening from the house without saying "good bye" to my entertainers, I mounted my horse, and was soon dashing toward Franklin, just as a squad of mounted rebels rode into town a few rods in the rear of me. Their command to halt was disregarded, and a number of shots fired at me went wide of the mark. A ride of a few miles brought me to my place in the line of march, and the lesson I had learned by loitering on the way was not soon forgotten. Reaching Franklin, we occupied our former camps, and were soon again performing the routine duties of the every-day life of a soldier.

April 1. I wrote to General Garfield for a pass from General Rosecrans for my wife and a lady nurse to visit the camp hospital. Steward Wells, after long and faithful service, left to-day for home, on account of physical disability. Also Lieutenant Toland, being unable for duty, goes home on a leave of absence. Poor John Price died to-day. He belonged to Company C; his disease was congestion of the brain. On the 3d we were honored by a visit from two officers of General Rosecrans' staff. They complimented us highly on the neat appearance and sanitary condition of our hospital.

George Horton, Company C, died on the 8th in the regimental hospital. His death was occasioned by congestion of the lungs.

Captain David Taylor, Jr., Company B, on account of failing health, left to-day for the North. I accompanied him as far as Nashville, and, with feelings of fond regret, waved the hand of farewell to him as he passed out of the depot homeward bound.

April 18. Arthur Wharton, Company B, died to-day of typhoid fever. He leaves a wife and four little children.

May was ushered in with a little more incidents than usual, for, before the day dawned, the 113th went out in the stillness of the morning, going several miles in the direction of Spring Hill, routing two rebel camps, killing several, and taking a number of prisoners. The only loss on our part was Billie, our favorite ambulance driver, who was mentioned before as singing and whistling on a former occasion near the same place. Poor fellow; he was shot dead on his seat in the ambulance. His body was brought to camp and buried beside a large elm tree, on which I engraved his name and fate, after breaking the sad news in a letter to his mother.

My own health and strength, which began to fail in early spring, brought on by increased duties imposed by the absence of Surgeon Black from the regiment attending to the duties of Medical Director, and other responsibilities to which he was called, now rapidly grew worse, after experiencing a shock assimilating sun-stroke on the 24th day of April past, while attending duties assigned me at Nashville, that Assistant Surgeon Tipton had to be recalled from other duties and assigned to duty in the regiment. This change took place on the 3d of May. I remained on duty in the regiment, notwithstanding my feeble health, and gave assistance to Surgeon Tipton as best I could during the pendency of my resignation, which was tendered on account of physical disability, at the suggestion and by the advice of Colonel Mitchell and other officers of the command. My honorable discharge was received from Headquarters on the 13th and dated the 11th, making me once more a free man.

On Monday, May 18, 1863, I bade farewell to many warm friends in camp, and, in company with my wife and hospital nurse, Langstaff, who went home on sick leave, I started for Nashville, where I arrived the same evening, *en route* for Northern Ohio, where I arrived in safety on the 26th day of May, 1863.

In closing this hurriedly written sketch of my nine months' service with the 113th O. V. I., I tender many grateful and heartfelt thanks to all the officers and enlisted men of that regiment for the respect and kindness universally shown me, and I shall ever cherish their friendship and acquaintance, which now, after a lapse of twenty years, seems sweeter, purer and dearer. Could my health and strength have held out, how happy I would have been to have gone on to the end and shared in greater honors so bravely won, but I must content myself in appropriating only a limited share of the honor and glory encircling the brow of the many brave boys of one of Ohio's favorite regiments, who fought so bravely to the end of the war.

A. HARLOW,

First Asst. Surgeon, 113th O. V. I.

AN ARMY REMINISCENCE.*

A LETTER WRITTEN BY AN EX-UNION PRISONER.

ANNAPOLIS, MD., *December 5, 1863.**Mr. William Winslow and others :*

You already know that I have been a prisoner and am now free. Yes, it is all over again, and I would lose my right arm, yea, rather would I lose life itself than trust myself to the tender mercies of the rebel government.

I will give you a brief, unvarnished account of my captivity, and while I would not appeal to your sympathy on my own behalf, for with me it is all over, but there are yet more than 12,000 loyal Union soldiers still enduring the horrors and indignities I here describe.

Soon after our regiment became engaged at Chickamauga, September 20, 1863, I was struck by a minnie ball which passed entirely through my left breast, and just under the bone of my left arm where it joins to the shoulder. I was taken to the rear, and in the retreat later in the day I was left at a citizen's house about seven miles from Chattanooga, and four or five miles from the field of battle. Here I remained all night. There were 150 of our wounded at and near this place, and only enough ambulances could be had to carry away fifty at a time. Two trips had already been made and we were waiting for their return, when a squad of rebel cavalry rode up and we were prisoners. Lieutenant Wheelock was of the original number, but he was taken away early in the morning by our ambulances. He was very badly wounded and could scarcely speak when he left.

The number who fell in the enemy's hands was fifty-three wounded and thirty-four well men who were left to attend the wounded. Besides these there were four Confederates.

The first thing our captors did was to march twenty-eight of our well men to the rear of their army, leaving six to care for us, the wounded. Being inside the rebel line we were left to shift for ourselves. The lady at whose house we were, gave us what we did get to eat, but she could do but little to supply the wants of fifty men. Here I remained a whole week. The rebels gave us nothing to eat, and even refused us an ear of corn to parch. Quite a number of the wounded died for the lack of proper medical attention.

Having no prospect before me but death by starvation and lack of care, I struck off into the woods, hoping by the utmost caution I might avoid the troops of the enemy and find a house where I might get something to satisfy my appetite. I was so weak as to be hardly able to walk, but at the close of the first day I found myself in the rear of the rebel infantry pickets. I stopped at a house, got

*The writer of this sketch died from the effects of his imprisonment, December 31, 1863.

a good supper, and stayed all night. The family treated me kindly, and so did all wherever I stopped, with one exception.

I got along finely and received much aid from the people among the mountains. Many of them said that their hearts were for the Union, and they would be glad to help me but feared the rebels. But I found one old man by the name of Sullivant, in Lookout Valley, whose heart beat differently. He thought the Lord would curse him if he gave a Yankee anything to eat. He said to me: "Youens all got a mighty whipping over here, but it was good for you; and yesterday General Wheeler got 144 of your wagons up in the Valley, and what do you suppose was in them? Nothing at all but silk dresses, bureaus and band-boxes and such things as you villains had stolen from us." This old sinner threatened to arrest me and take me to General Bragg's headquarters, but I managed to get away from him. I continued moving on day after day, and at length found myself across Lookout Mountain and within six miles of Trenton. So much aid had I received from citizens thus far that I began to entertain hopes of getting to Bridgeport, which was only sixteen miles further. But the rebels had possession of the left bank of the river and their cavalry scoured the whole country, far and wide, taking all the stragglers they could find and executing summary vengeance upon all citizens suspected of aiding our boys through the mountains.

By one of these scouting parties I was at length taken, and by them was carried before General Longstreet, then stationed near Rossville. I was finally turned over to the provost guard, placed in the guard-house with a number of deserters, conscripts, negroes and five federals.

The first day we got nothing to eat, and the second day only a little corn meal and fresh beef; and so it went.

One night nearly all the guards got drunk. The sergeant of the guard-house, who was also drunk, gave orders that if one of the damned Yankees moved or got up during the night, to shoot him. At last on the 11th of October we were sent to Atlanta. On arriving here we found 300 more of the wounded of Chickamauga, and two days later we were all started by rail toward Richmond. The journey was a very hard one, as we were crowded into filthy cattle cars, thirty-five of us to each car.

The journey to Richmond occupied eight days. We went by the way of Columbia, Charlotte, Raleigh and Petersburg. Our rations during all this trip consisted of twelve crackers and a pound and a half of pork. Written instructions were furnished the lieutenant having us in charge that we should neither be allowed to buy nor to trade for anything on the road, nor should citizens be permitted to speak to us nor to furnish us a piece of bread.

Upon arriving at Richmond we were taken at once to Libby prison, all put in one room and left to our own meditations. Here we remained three days, during which time we received but two meals. We were then removed and quartered in a brick building,

which in times of peace was Yarbrough's tobacco factory, but was now known as the Franklin Street Hospital. It now contained three hundred sick and wounded. Some of these had rude bunks, but the greater number were scattered promiscuously over the floor. As fast as the sick or wounded became able to walk they were removed to the main prison and others were brought in to fill their places, so that in a short time only such remained as were very sick or dangerously wounded. These died at the rate of from five to twelve per day. I remember one morning that five men were placed side by side and in two days' time they died and their places were filled by others. On one occasion it was decided to parole a number of the prisoners, and the officer in command advised the surgeon to select only those who were nearest dead, for then he would save the expense of buying coffins for them. One of the sick men asked the doctor if he thought he, the prisoner, would recover soon, and was told that he did not want him to get well, and if he died that would keep him from fighting them again.

Captain Ross struck a prisoner in the face one morning at roll-call for daring to ask a question, accompanying the blow with the vilest language and a threat that if he opened his mouth again it would be at the risk of having his throat cut, and at other times this same officer beat prisoners in a brutal manner, and it is reported that more than one was shot and killed. Such is chivalry!

On the 10th of November I was taken from the hospital and placed in one of the main prisons. This was a tobacco factory, as were all the prisons in Richmond, I think. The floor was very filthy, many of the windows were destitute of glass. There were no stoves, no candles, nor any means of heat or light; and in this pen, deprived of the commonest comforts of life, eleven hundred Union soldiers were crowded like so many dumb animals. Our blankets had been taken from us when we were first captured or soon after; many of us had neither hats, shoes nor blouses. Here we received one meal a day, and this consisted of six or eight ounces of corn bread; sometimes this was sour and only half cooked, sometimes a small quantity of boiled rice and a few sweet potatoes.

These men were the heroes of the war—had faced the cannon's mouth at Fort Donelson, Stone River, Chickamauga and other bloody fields. It was horrible beyond expression of tongue or pen, to see these brave men, gaunt with hunger and worn out by fatigue and exposure, groping in the darkness like so many specters.

If you would see hunger, woe and wretchedness in all their deformity, you have but to see the inmates of the prisons at the capital of the C. S. A.

I will relate one or two instances of the many which came under my observation, and which, though too horrible for belief, are the whole truth.

One day a dog came into the "Royster Prison," and the boys managed to coax him away from the owner. They then killed the animal and cooked the carcass in small bits in their tin-cups by hold-

ing them over the gas jets in the night, this prison being differently lighted than the others. When cooked the mess was greedily devoured. Next day they related the exploit to the surgeon and to convince him of its truthfulness exhibited the pelt of the unfortunate canine.

One of the guards smuggled and sold to one of the prisoners, who had the greenbacks to pay for them, a number of sweet potato pies. Of these he ate so many as to make him sick, and he vomited them off his stomach. Two of his comrades, with their wooden spoons, gathered up and ate the rejected, half-digested mess. It sometimes happened that pieces of bread from the cook-house found their way into the swill-barrel, and in such cases they were fished out and greedily devoured by the starving men. Old beef bones which had been cast aside were gathered up, pounded to fragments and made into soup. A notice in a Richmond paper read like this: "Farmers and others who may have cattle of any kind to die on their places, can get the same taken away and be liberally compensated besides by making application at this office. Commissary of Prisons."

Shall such a conspiracy be upheld and supported by such men and by such means, and hope to succeed? God forbid. Is any sacrifice too great if by making it this southern oligarchy can be crushed to the earth? The feelings I now entertain for this miserable Confederacy are such that when my three years of service are ended, if the war be not ended and my services are still needed, I shall deem it a privilege to again enlist that I may do further service. I am not yet exchanged, but have improved greatly in my general health since coming here, the particulars of which may have reached you by other means. Hope to visit Hartford soon. Meanwhile thanking you for your kind assistance and wishing you continued happiness and prosperity, I am respectfully yours,

WM. H. LANE.

PRISON SKETCH OF WARREN C. ROSE.

I was born at Granville, Ohio, June 30, 1836, and at the age of twenty-one I went West, and spent three years teaching in Iowa and Missouri. Returning to Ohio, I attended college at Marietta, and was a member of the Freshman Class of 1861. The war began, and finally, when the call for 300,000 men was issued by the lamented Lincoln, I thought the call included me, and, bidding farewell to college life, I returned to Granville. Soon after, at a large and enthusiastic meeting held at the town hall, I enlisted for three years or during the war. My name was first on the list of what afterward constituted Company D of the brave and invincible 113th Ohio Volunteer Infantry. I have it to say that I stood at my post and did my duty with my company up to the hour when I fell into the hands

of the merciless enemy at Chickamauga. For a few days previous to the battle I had been suffering with a slight illness, sometimes having a high fever. On the day before the battle of Chickamauga I gave out completely, and on the day of the battle I had not enough strength to keep in my place either in advancing or retreating. When our column fell back at dusk, leaving the dead and many wounded, I fell into the hands of the foe. In the morning we found ourselves prisoners. I was left on the field fourteen days with the wounded. At the end of this time an exchange was effected, and our worst wounded were sent into our lines at Chattanooga, while the slightly wounded, and those of us who had been attending them as nurses, were sent by railroad to Richmond, Virginia. We were quartered in Libby Prison two months, and were then sent to Danville, Virginia. We remained at Danville six months, and were then sent to the world-renowned Andersonville, Georgia. Remaining at Andersonville three months, we were again moved to another prison in Charleston, South Carolina, where we remained one month. We were then sent to Florence, South Carolina, where we remained three months. At this time an arrangement had been agreed upon to exchange 10,000 men on each side. Rebel officers came into the prison at Florence, and selected from the whole number those who were nearest dead, and who, when exchanged, would be likely to be of the least service to the Union cause. I was included in this number. A rebel officer told me on the day we were paroled at Florence that only 800 of the 10,000 men captured at Chickamauga were left alive. At Charleston, where we took passage for God's country, we saw the 10,000 rebels for whom we were being exchanged. These were strong and healthy men, ready for the front. These men had been fed, sheltered and cared for by the Federal Government, while we had been starved, insulted and neglected to an extent that is absolutely indescribable. We were mere shadowy wrecks, unfit for duty of any kind whatever. Only those who endured the horrors of our prison life can understand how terribly we suffered.

I was paroled December 10, 1864, making my imprisonment fourteen months and twenty days. I was sent home, where I remained till April 3, 1865, when, being exchanged, I joined the 113th near Raleigh, North Carolina. Then followed the surrender of the rebel army, commanded by General Johnson, the long march to the National Capital, the grand review, the homeward bound trip, and the greetings of friends at the fireside at home.

Comrades, let those of us who, braving so many hardships and perils, have lived to see the flag of our beloved country wave over a free people, stand ready to maintain all we have won and give God the glory. And let us also remember that if Jesus is our leader we shall always be led to victory. God bless our country and its brave defenders.

WARREN C. ROSE,

Valley Falls, Kansas.

From the London Democrat.

THE WAR HORSE, "OLD JOE."

THE "JOHNNY REB." DISCOVERED FROM WHOM HE WAS CAPTURED.

In the issue of the *Democrat* of about the first of January, we published an account of the death of "Old Joe," an aged white gelding, owned by Judge B. F. Clark, and brought from Georgia during the war by Colonel Toland Jones of the 113th O. V. I. The notice was copied into the *Herald and Georgian*, published at Sandersville, Georgia, with a few remarks, and the issue of that paper of the following week, February 7th, contains the following, which we doubt not will be found of interest to many of our readers:

The account published in the *Herald and Georgian* of the death of "Old Joe," a gray horse captured in the battle near Sandersville, that was carried to London, Ohio, by Colonel Jones, and the inquiry as to the ownership of the horse has, we think, satisfactorily discovered the owner and rider.

Walter G. Knight, who proved himself a true Confederate, was the rider, and Mr. Joe Vinson, who died a few years ago, was the owner. Mr. Knight had just returned from prison, had been at home only five days, when Mr. Vinsen proffered the use of his horse, a fleet and spirited animal, to Mr. Knight to ride out to Sandersville and ascertain the whereabouts of the Yankees, then supposed to be about Oconee. Mr. Knight, taking his own new saddle and bridle, mounted Bob, as the gray was called, and coming near town, heard some talking up an old road to the right. Thinking they were Confederates he started up the old road, but soon saw blue coats; he wheeled around and started diagonally across the woods and the public road into a pine thicket, where now is a field, between the Warthen road and the road to Fenn's Bridge, followed by a shower of bullets from the Yankees he had found. He was a fleet rider, and spurred his horse rapidly forward on the route we have just indicated, when he found himself just running right into the line of battle.

The line halted and with muskets pointed at Mr. Knight, the Yankees sang out "Come in, Johnny, come in." Johnnie saw it was best to come in, and dashed forward to the line. Some ordered him pretty roughly to dismount, but he remained seated till an officer came up and asked him who he was, to what command he belonged, etc. At first Walter was thought a bushwhacker, but soon by his answers assured them of his true character. The officer ordering, he dismounted and was taken to the rear. As he went back one of the guards said, "this will make a good horse for Colonel Jones," and assures him the more of the identity of the horse. He also remembers the scar on the horse's nose, as does also that man of wonderful

memory, Mr. John R. Wickers, though both say it was not a sabre cut, as the animal was not then an army horse. Mr. Wickers says he was a capital horse for hunters, and was, as he phrases it, the best woods horse he ever saw, but not a sober harness horse.

Mr. Knight was afterwards carried to the residence of Hon. W. G. Brown, where his widow now resides, headquarters of General Sherman, who asked him a few questions, and then sent him back to be kept under guard. He remained from Saturday until Sunday night, when he made his escape.

From memoranda handed us we learn that Walter G. Knight was Orderly Sergeant of Company B, 12th Battalion Georgia Volunteers, Evan's Brigade, Gordon's Division, Erly's Corps, the old Stonewall Jackson's Command. He was captured July 10, 1864, at Frederick City, Maryland; was paroled at Point Lookout the latter part of October, 1864. He has twenty-three scars on his body, and has a bullet that passed through his body. He was in nine different prisons, and escaped from three; he was once lost in the mountains, and was five days without anything to eat.

These are facts that can be proved, says Mr. Knight, and by common consent he made a good soldier.

The saddle and bridle that was captured was new, and was kept with great care; and now Mr. Knight says, as old Bob, this horse's rebel name, is now dead, he wishes Colonel Jones would send his saddle and bridle home. Yes, send it along; or a good new one would do, as he is not hard to satisfy.

EVERY-DAY SOLDIER LIFE.

The following sketch of every-day soldier life was furnished by Thompson P. Freeman, of Company F :

While at Camp Chase, I procured a pass to go out south of camp to the house of a farmer, where I had a pleasant time chatting with the old man and his attractive daughters. He invited me to stay for dinner, and, lacking the courage to decline, I accepted. Dinner being over, I accompanied the old man to his sorghum works, and spent part of the day in pleasant conversation and in watching the process of making molasses. I then returned to camp.

The same night some of that molasses broke guard, and actually took refuge in our tent. For days following we lacked nothing in the way of sweetening for our rations, nor did I ever return to the farm house to thank the old man for sweetening the mess.

Soon after our arrival at Camp Zanesville an incident occurred which ought to be recorded. A load of straw had arrived, and was being carried by the members of the regiment to their quarters for bedding. One of the drafted men came also, and took up an armful of straw, and was making off with it, when Colonel Wilcox ordered him to

lay it down. The man retorted by telling the Colonel to go to the place the way to which is said to be paved with good intentions, and where straw is presumed to be a perishable article, and was making off with his bundle of straw. Just at that moment the Colonel's foot flew up and took the drafted man where it would do the most good, and established the reputation of the Colonel as a kicker. The man went his way, and it is not probable that he afterwards enlisted in the 113th and slept on *straw*.

While a squad of us were picketing at Franklin, an incident occurred about milking time in the morning. Seeing a cow near a house, one of the men went and asked for milk. Failing in procuring it at the house, he determined to milk the cow. He said the first thing he ever did was to milk, and that he knew all about milking a cow. He found the cow unused to being milked after the Yankee idea, and, in his efforts to anchor her for the purpose, he caught her tail and called on me to assist. I stepped in front of her; she gave a quick turn by the left flank, and, the milk-hungry soldier at her tail losing the line of march, went whirling down the hill at a rate that threatened his destruction. The cow returned to her fodder, and the pickets at that post drank black coffee for breakfast.

During that little affair at Triune I remember how gracefully we all bowed whenever a cannon shot came screeching over us, but when we reached our trenches at the top of the hill, we could see the smoke of the enemy's guns, and trace the course of the shots as they came whistling toward us. As General Gordon Granger sat on his horse watching the progress of the action, a shot from the guns of the enemy cut off the limb of a tree, which fell close to his feet. He never took his eye off the enemy, but, jumping from his horse, he requested one of the gunners to let him try a shot, and, permission being granted, he emptied a number of saddles of their rebel riders in a manner that showed him to be a practical gunner.

At Chickamauga, September 20, 1863, Company F, of which I was a member, was on the picket line. Captain Levi T. Nichols was in command, and we were advancing through a cornfield, when "zip, zip," came the bullets from the left, striking the cornstalks on every hand. We were nearing some timber, and by the time we reached it the cannon shots of the enemy were coming from our front, striking the ground sometimes and bounding high in air, or go crashing through the timber at a dangerous rate. While we lay for a brief time crouched behind trees to cover us from the enemy, more than one incident took place among the men of the company. One of them, whose reputation for bravery had been below par, shook as with a chill, and whimpered: "I never thought I would come to this; how I wish I was at home." In subsequent actions he distinguished himself for bravery and soldierly bearing.

The cannonading ceased, and our company resumed its place in the regiment, capturing two prisoners who had hid in a hollow. After we returned, and had taken our place, the troops in front of us were ordered to charge the enemy in our front, while our line was

ordered to lie down at the foot of the hill. Almost immediately we were ordered to charge over the same ground, and, as we advanced on double quick, we met the first line falling back, having been overpowered by the enemy. Many of these were falling as they came, and it seemed to me they were being killed by our fire.

I determined not to fire until I got a fair view of a Johnnie. I waited but a moment, for off to the left oblique I saw a rebel step from behind a tree, at the distance of twenty-five or thirty yards, and point his gun in the direction where I stood. I drew up my gun, aiming at his whole body, intending to hit him somewhere, but my gun snapped and refused to fire. I tried a second cap, and it snapped. Seeing that my left-hand comrade was shot, I took up his gun and discharged it at the rebel at the tree. Presently I observed that there was no one at my immediate left, and was on the point of turning back, thinking I was alone, when I heard Lieutenant Wheelock give the command: "Stand up to them, boys; don't give an inch." Turning to my right, I found the rest of the company completely in line and doing desperate work. I now began to reload my gun, and in doing so I received a musket shot through my right wrist, completely disabling me from further duty. Lieutenant Wheelock was shot through the lungs about the same time, from the effects of which he died the next day. I now attempted to leave the field, dragging my gun with me with my left hand. I at length abandoned my gun, and went to the rear to find a surgeon. I soon found one, and was about speaking to him, when a shell of the enemy exploded uncomfortably near us. He suggested that we had better get beyond the range of those guns, and I agreed with him. We hurried off, crossing a ravine, and halting behind a tree. Having two handkerchiefs, I bound one tightly around my wrist and made the other into a sling to support my wounded arm. I made an effort to go on and find an ambulance, but, in doing so, I fainted and fell. The fall, together with the voice of a comrade near by, revived me so that I got up, and, standing against a tree, soon recovered so as to be able to go on in search of an ambulance. I was advised to go to the field hospital, but, after a fruitless effort to find it, I set out to return to our former camp, which I reached about sundown. I had walked seven miles, and was exhausted from fatigue and loss of blood.

Going to a spring near by, I sat down with the intention of bathing and dressing my wound, when a couple of Indiana soldiers came along, and, learning that I was wounded, one of them bathed and dressed my wound quite skillfully, and I then learned for the first time the dangerous character of my injury. The hand was almost severed from the arm by a minnie ball. At the regiment to which these two men belonged I drank some coffee, and felt much refreshed. Then I went in search of the 113th, for, having learned that the whole army had fallen back, I presumed they would be in the valley somewhere. I failed to find the regiment, but, finding two wounded comrades of the 113th, one being wounded in the head and the other in the shoulder, I proposed to them that we have some supper. We

prepared and drank some coffee, and then, gathering together some corn stalks where the mules had been fed, we made our bed, with one army blanket under us and an oil cloth over us. (I had lost both my blankets in the charge early in the afternoon.) Next morning, being unable to find our regiment, and knowing that our wounded were being sent to Chattanooga, we prepared to go in that direction, but, finding a surgeon of an Illinois regiment, we had our wounds dressed by him. I procured some water for the purpose, and, admitting that the wounds of the other two men were more serious than mine, I waited till the last. He told me that mine was a terrible wound, and that I must not be surprised if it required amputation. He then ordered an ambulance, into which we were loaded, and, after a dusty ride of a few miles, we reached the hospital at Chattanooga. This building was already full, so we were taken to a brick building which had been prepared for us. We were among the first to occupy it, but in less than two hours it was full of wounded and dying. I never again wish to witness a scene of such distress and suffering as that hospital presented.

The same afternoon an order was issued requiring all who could walk to cross the river and be prepared to take a train for Bridgeport. We remained two nights and a day awaiting the arrival of a train, and, when it came, it was not a train of cars with comfortable coaches and easy, cushioned seats. It was a train of army wagons, such as we had seen used to transport supplies. I filled my canteen with water, and nerved myself to walk, thinking I could ride whenever I chose to do so. I found out that walking was the most agreeable, for the roads were mountainous and dusty beyond description.

The second day at noon we reached a small village, where I learned that a resident physician would dress my wound. I went to him and showed him my wound. He told me it was very dangerous and it would probably never heal, and that the hand would have to come off sooner or later. He dressed it very carefully and put new bandages on it, and when I offered to pay him declined taking any compensation, saying he took great pleasure in doing what he could for the Union soldiers. We moved on and reached Bridgeport that evening. During the day I lost a large tin cup which I prized very highly, having carried it all the way from Camp Chase.

At Bridgeport I applied to a surgeon to have my arm dressed, but after learning that it had been dressed that day and that I had kept it dampened continually with cold water, he said that as so many needed surgical attention worse than I did, that I must try and wait till we arrived at Nashville. At 11 o'clock that night a train arrived to take us to Nashville. It was a train of box cars, but it was better than army wagons. We piled in like so many hogs and were soon moving northward, arriving at Nashville on the afternoon of the next day, four days after the battle. I entered Cumberland Hospital September 24, 1863. The next morning all who could walk were ordered to go to the dining hall to eat, but I remained in my quarters, where I received extra diet of eggs and other delicacies. I

remained here sixty days, my wound healing well in that time. On the 23d of November, 1863, I received a furlough for thirty days, arriving at home on Thanksgiving Day, November 25. On the 9th of December I was examined by Dr. Sinnett, of Granville, and received a certificate of disability for forty days, and on the 14th of January, 1864, I received another certificate for thirty days. On the 16th of February I went to Columbus, and finding Colonel James A. Wilcox, the first colonel of our regiment, who was at the time provost marshal, I told him my situation and asked his advice. He gave me a note to the officer at Camp Tod. This officer proposed to send me to Nashville, but advised me first to see the examining surgeon. This officer proposed sending me to Nashville, also; but I protested and urged him to send for my papers which were at Nashville, and allow me to remain in Ohio. He then wrote me an order of admission to the Seminary Hospital, Columbus. On the 22d of February I wrote to the officer in charge of Cumberland Hospital, Nashville, asking for my papers. These came in due time. I remained in the Seminary Hospital till March 2d, 1864, when I was transferred to Camp Dennison. A few days after my arrival at Camp Dennison I was examined by the post surgeon, who said that gangrene had set in on my wound, but he hoped to be able to scatter it. By carefully following his instructions my wound was soon much improved, and by the 28th of March it had become so much better that I was recommended for a discharge, but it was not till the 25th of April, 1864, that I received it.

I am now a citizen of a great and free country, and I am proud of the humble part I have taken to restore the Union and establish a lasting and permanent peace.

T. P. FREEMAN,
Marysville, O.

PRESENTIMENT OF APPROACHING DEATH.

There belonged to Company B, 113th O. V. I.,—a regiment raised in the neighborhood of Columbus in 1862—two young men, both of whom enlisted from the little suburban village of Reynoldsburg. Both were good soldiers, attending to such duty as was imposed upon them without any more than the usual amount of complaint, and in battle behaved as well as the average. Time rolled on, and everything went as merry as such uncertain times would permit. One day both of these young men were sitting in company quarters, trying to fit a pair of government brogans to their delicate little feet when the following conversation passed between them:

"Well, John, I think these brogans will be the last Uncle Sam will have to furnish us, as before they are worn out, this 'cruel war' will

no doubt be over, and we can return to the Burg, and show them what kind of shoes we had to tramp in."

"I don't know about that, Will," said John, looking solemn; "but one thing is certain, this will be the last pair of shoes I will draw, for in the very next engagement our regiment is in, that amounts to anything, *I will be killed*, and will, therefore, not need any more foot gear."

"Oh, pshaw, what are you talking that way for? We'll both live to see the war ended, and the way we'll drive through Reynoldsburg one of these days behind a spanking team, will make the natives wonder. Won't it be fun, though, to see them open their eyes, when we go through that town like the wind?"

"But I tell you I will never get back. I feel it in my very soul, and have for a long time, that I would soon be numbered among the dead," said John, more serious than ever, not even cracking a smile at the thought of storming his old town behind a good team of horses.

His friend tried every way to free his mind of this thought, by telling jokes on his old home companions, and of the fiascos they used to indulge in, carrying it so far as to laugh at the ridiculousness of his presentiment of coming evil. But to no avail.

These soldiers were "partners,"—slept together, ate together, and what one did, the other knew of.

The regiment, in about two weeks after the above conversation, received marching orders, and all was in readiness to move. These two young soldiers had curled up under their blanket for the night, and John, putting his arm around Will, said: "This is the last night you and I will ever spoon together, for before to-morrow's sun goes down I will be a corpse, *and I know it.*"

The next morning (Sunday) was bright and clear, and John insisted on his companion taking his watch, money and other valuables, still asserting that before the day was done he would be no more. His friend declined, telling him that their chances were equally good, still laughing at his fear of being shot. About ten o'clock the boom of artillery and the rattle of musketry could be distinctly heard, and the 113th was moving to the front. The contending forces met, but the crash was only of short duration, each side retiring for a breathing spell and to prepare for more effective effort. John was still all right, and was reminded of the fact that he still lived.

"The thing is not over yet, Will; as sure as fate, I will not see the setting of the sun. The next engagement will end me for this earth."

In a short time Company B was ordered out on the skirmish line. John and Will kept close together, and both stood behind the same tree. There was scarcely room enough for both, and John concluded to dodge across to the next tree only a few yards distant. He had gone but a short distance, when crash went a minnie ball through

the upper portion of his body, and in falling turned completely around and fell stone dead at the feet of his companion.

And his presentiment was fulfilled. The rebels soon came forward in force and drove the skirmishers back to the main line, and the body of John J. Smith, of Reynoldsburg, was never recovered, having been thrown in a trench with hundreds of others, recognition being impossible by their friends, who endeavored in a short time to recover the bodies of members of the regiment who were killed in this engagement—Chickamauga, Sunday, the 20th of September, 1863.

Is there anything in presentiment? The reader can answer.

OUR REUNIONS.

At the annual meeting of the Army of the Cumberland, held at Columbus, Ohio, in the summer of 1874, a number of the men of the 113th O. V. I. met at the Neil House and effected a temporary organization for the purpose of holding annual reunions of the regiment.

On the 22d of December, 1874, the regiment held its first reunion at the Board of Trade rooms, City Hall, Columbus. A permanent organization was made, as follows: President, John G. Mitchell; Vice President, Toland Jones; Treasurer, W. H. Halliday; Secretary, F. M. McAdams; Assistant Secretary, T. D. Bently. The exercises consisted of an address by General Mitchell and a free-and-easy lot of speeches by various members present. A banquet was held at the American Hotel in the evening, and fun and frolic reigned till a late hour. This reunion was a success.

The second reunion was held at London, O., on the last Friday of October, 1875. The annual address was delivered by Otway Watson. The people in and about London did a noble part in providing an abundant entertainment and generous welcome.

The third reunion was held at Mechanicsburg, O., October 27, 1876, and was presided over by Joseph Swisher. An address of welcome was delivered by W. H. Baxter. Some routine business was transacted, and a banquet was held at the Darby House in the evening. This reunion was regarded as a failure, the citizens of the village failed to take an interest with us. Officers for the ensuing year were elected as follows: President, Charles P. Garman; Vice President, John W. Kile; Treasurer, James Coultas; Secretary, F. M. McAdams.

The fourth reunion was held at Columbus, O., August 24, 1877, and was presided over by John G. Mitchell. An able address was delivered by J. K. Hamilton, and some important matters of business disposed of. A banquet in the evening at the American House, an able address by Judge West, and other speaking exercises closed the

day. Officers for the ensuing year: President, John G. Mitchell; Vice President, George McCrea; Treasurer, C. A. Cofforth; Secretary, F. M. McAdams.

The fifth reunion was held at Columbus, October, 1878. The address was by Toland Jones. The occasion was one of rare interest, the attendance large and all passed off well. Officers elected for the ensuing year were as follows: President, John G. Mitchell; Vice President, Toland Jones; Treasurer, C. A. Cofforth; Secretary, F. M. McAdams; Orator, David Taylor, Jr. The usual banquet at the American House closed the ceremonies.

The sixth reunion was held at Columbus, August 29, 1879, and was presided over by John G. Mitchell. The officers for the ensuing year were as follows: President, David Taylor, Jr.; Vice President, Charles Sinnet; Secretary, F. M. McAdams; Treasurer, Charles A. Cofforth; Executive Committee, James Coultas, W. P. Souder, Moses Goodrich. Speakers for next reunion, Otway Watson, Joseph Swisher. James A. Wilcox was the principal speaker. The usual committees were appointed and much other business disposed of. Brief addresses were made by McAdams, McCrea, Haley, Abbot, Sinnet, and others. Many letters from the absent ones were read by the Secretary. Proper plans were made for the next reunion.

August 11, 1880, was the date of the seventh reunion, held at the usual place at the State Capital. This meeting was presided over by David Taylor, Jr. The usual committees were assigned to duty at the morning session. The committee on nominations presented the following report: President, Wm. H. Halliday; Vice President, Moses Goodrich; Treasurer, Chas. A. Cofforth; Secretary, F. M. McAdams; Executive Committee, J. L. Flowers, Wm. Romosier, C. R. Herrick. The early part of the afternoon session was occupied in brief speeches, in which McAdams, Swisher, Watson and Hon. J. F. Ogilvie (98th O. V. I.) participated. There being present Chas. Kulencamp, 108th Ohio, Comrade Fibley, 98th Ohio, Captain Banker, 121st Ohio, and others of old Second Brigade, the meeting took on brigade proportions, and some plans were spoken of looking to a reunion of the regiments of the brigade at a future time.

The evening session was held in the office of the Auditor of State, and, though not well attended, was full of interest. Garman, Taylor, Watson, McAdams, Edmiston and Evans made short addresses.

The eighth reunion convened at Columbus, August 11, 1881, and, in the absence of President Halliday, was presided over by John Ogilvie. Committees on business, finance, nominations, etc., were appointed at the morning session, as follows: Business—Taylor, Southard and Flowers. Nominations—Simpson, Souder and Grafton. Finance—Cofforth, Osborn and Taylor. Future Reunion—Thrall, Sullivant and Van Houten. Officers for the ensuing year were chosen, as follows: President, Geo. G. McCrea; Vice President, L. S. Sullivant; Treasurer, A. M. Grafton; Secretary, F. M. McAdams. A project of writing a regimental history was discussed, and F. M. McAdams was made historian, with the assurance that

the membership would meet the necessary expense. St. Paris was agreed on as the place of meeting for next reunion. The session of the afternoon was occupied in short speeches, hand-shaking and exchange of good will and good feeling. No evening session was held.

The ninth reunion assembled at St. Paris, O., on the 1st day of September, 1882. This was regarded by the people as the largest gathering of *any kind* ever held in the town. No pains had been spared in planning on a large scale; money and labor had been bestowed with liberal hands. Bravery and beauty vied to outdo each other in making the occasion successful, and never was labor and devotion more fully rewarded. No brief sketch can do the description justice. The principal exercises were held in Furrows' grove, near town. Addresses were made by J. Warren Kiefer, W. R. Warnock, S. T. McMorran and others. A huge dinner was served in princely style, and the capacity of the old soldiers was, for once, reached. At Bowersock's Hall, in the evening, an entertainment was held, consisting of music, toasts, addresses, etc. In this exercise John G. Mitchell, Chas. F. McAdams, L. S. Sullivant, S. T. McMorran, Toland Jones, W. C. Rose, Iza Gales and J. Swisher participated. This reunion is regarded as one of the largest ever held in this part of the State. The people of St. Paris did themselves great credit.

The tenth reunion was held at Granville, Licking county, September 20, 1883. Like the preceding one at St. Paris, it was immense. The citizens had for weeks been talking, planning and laboring to make the occasion a success. All the necessary plans for decoration, music, entertainment, etc., had been carefully laid and intrusted to competent hands. The meetings were held in the Opera House, which was filled to its utmost limit. L. S. Sullivant was chosen chairman. The following committees were appointed: Resolutions—M. M. Munson, J. K. Hamilton, J. Swisher; Finance—John W. Kile, C. R. Herrick, M. Goodrich; Nominations—J. S. Ports, W. C. Bostwick, Toland Jones; Programme—B. Huson, Thomas A. Jones, John Ogelvee. R. E. Rogers, Mayor of Granville, delivered a greeting of welcome. Rev. T. J. Sheppard responded on behalf of the resident members of the regiment, and J. K. Hamilton spoke in response to the welcome. Toland Jones and Joseph Swisher made some fitting remarks in the morning session. Dinner was then in order. Such a dinner! One could believe that the whole commonwealth had united in furnishing supplies. The attack was made in good order, and the line was maintained without a straggler. Some dinners can be described; this one can not. It was all that a rich country, loyal hearts and fair hands could make it. That is saying enough.

The exercises of the evening session consisted of toasts, music, speeches and anecdote, and will long be remembered on account of the enjoyment it furnished. The toasting and responses were as follows:

"The American Soldier"—Joseph Swisher.

"The Press in the War"—Milton Scott.

"The Unreturned Volunteer"—F. M. McAdams.

"Our Reunions"—L. S. Sullivant.

"Our Invited Guests"—M. M. Munson.

The Granville Cornet Band furnished good music of the instrumental kind, and a select choir of vocalists rendered some excellent pieces of music during the day and evening.

The eleventh reunion was appointed for Mt. Sterling, September 10, 1884. The following officers were chosen for the next year: President, Toland Jones; Vice President, Moses Goodrich; Secretary and Treasurer, F. M. McAdams; Orator, Joseph Swisher.

Our reunions are growing in interest year after year. May they continue as long as there are two of the old command left to greet each other and shake hands.

ADDRESS OF MAJOR JOSEPH SWISHER,

AT THE

SEVENTH REUNION OF THE 113TH O. V. I., AT CITY HALL, COLUMBUS,
OHIO, AUGUST 11, 1880.

COMRADES OF THE 113TH O. V. I.:

I received official notice a few days ago of my selection, in connection with Major Watson, to deliver an address at the 7th annual reunion of the regiment. I have collected a few thoughts together for the occasion, which I hope may not be entirely void of interest. While engaged in the quiet pursuits of life, amidst peace and plenty, we can scarcely realize the fact that within less than twenty years past our country has been engaged in a great civil war which threatened its very existence. While recounting the heroism of those who went forth to battle for their country, you will pardon me if I go back and briefly recount the causes which brought on the conflict. Going back to the time when the Colonies separated themselves from the mother country, and set up an independent government for themselves, we find that in the Constitution which they adopted they left the very germ of dissolution. Our forefathers had declared that all men were endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights, among which were life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. Yet, when the Constitution was adopted human slavery was allowed to exist. While poets have sung of this as the land of the free and the home of the brave, it remained for nearly one hundred years as the land of the free and the home of the *slave*. Thomas Jefferson first compared the institution of slavery to a wolf held by the ears, which you could not hold onto nor dared to let go.

The slave power, ever aggressive, first showed its real spirit in 1820, when Missouri was admitted as a State into the Union. By a compromise measure, the impending crisis which threatened a speedy dissolution of the Union at that time was averted.

All parties then thought the bounds of human slavery were forever restricted. Peace was restored to the country. Unexampled prosperity followed. Our country increased in wealth and population, until it speedily took rank among the first nations of the earth. Twelve years later we find a new element of disturbance in our body politic. John C. Calhoun, of South Carolina, first proclaimed the doctrine of States' rights—that the State governments were superior to the General Government—and South Carolina, in 1832, passed an ordinance denying the right of the General Government to execute her own laws within the sovereign limits of that State. But that stern old patriot and hero, Andrew Jackson, was at the head of the government, and forever immortalized his name and administration by the declaration that, "By the eternal, the Union must and shall be preserved," and that he would hang those in resistance to the execution of the laws higher than Haman if they persisted in their course. Knowing well the stern character of the old hero of New Orleans, the people of South Carolina speedily acquiesced, and allowed the laws to be executed within her limits. However, the doctrine proclaimed by Calhoun was not destroyed—only quelled, to lie dormant, ready to break out at the first favorable opportunity. The acquisition of Texas as a slave State gave new impetus to the slave power, and, by the aid of the Supreme Court in the passage of the Dred Scott decision, every foot of territory heretofore free was virtually made slave territory, and every free man a blood hound for the capture of fugitives from human bondage. This measure naturally alarmed the freedom loving people of the North. Intense excitement prevailed throughout the country, when again the antidote of compromise was applied by a bill introduced by that venerable sage and patriot, Henry Clay, of Kentucky, and the country again reposed in quiet until the overcrowded population of the New England States and Eastern cities, and the Northern Central States, began to turn their eyes westward to the plains of Kansas, where they might build up homes for themselves and their children. The South, becoming alarmed at the growth and political power of the great Northwest, sought to overthrow the time honored Missouri Compromise, and did, by the aid of Northern dough-faces then in Congress, repeal it, and attempted to curse the land of Kansas with slavery through the doctrine of Squatter Sovereignty. The territory filled up rapidly. The people of the North were anxious to make free homes for their children in that beautiful country; the people of the South determined, through the doctrine of Squatter Sovereignty, aided by the Dred Scott decision, to make Kansas a slave State. They poured their population into the territory. Political excitement ran high. Strife and bitterness existed between the people from the different sections of the country. Two constitutions were framed and presented to Congress preparatory to its admission as a State into the Union. Under the leadership of such patriots as Sumner, Wade, Giddings, and old Thaddeus Stephens, the free State constitution was adopted. The strife and bitter feeling at this time was intense. All

felt that the peace of the country was in danger. The South were chagrined. Their representatives in Congress presented the appearance of caged wild beasts. Representatives of the freedom loving North were stricken down in the halls of legislation for daring to assert their principles. The South claimed that the election of Lincoln to the Presidency on a platform opposed to the extension of slavery was sufficient cause for them to sever their connection with the Union, and build up for themselves a government whose chief corner stone should be human slavery. Early in December, 1860, South Carolina passed an ordinance of secession, which was speedily followed by other States, which together formed a new government, styled the Confederate States of America, into which the people, under the doctrine of States' Rights, were taken as into a whirlpool. Our small army had been sent to the Western frontier, under the pretext of suppressing Mormonism. Our navy was scattered in foreign seas. Our forts were being captured, our arms were shipped South, and treason was plotted under the very nose of James Buchanan, who had—I will not say the audacity, but the imbecility to declare that there was no power under the Constitution to coerce a sovereign State. Had the old hero of New Orleans been in the Presidential chair, he would have nipped treason in the bud. The halls of Congress resounded with the language of treason. Yet the people of the North were slow to believe that any portion of the people were willing to throw off their allegiance to the best government the world ever saw. The President constitutionally elected had, in order to escape assassination when on his way to Washington to be inaugurated, to pass secretly through Baltimore. Soon after his inauguration Fort Sumpter was fired upon. The Northern heart was at once fired up. The spirit of patriotism, always strong in the North, was fully aroused, party lines were for the time apparently forgotten, and every energy seemed bent to the one purpose—that of preserving the Union. The farmer left his plow; the mechanic his workshop; the merchant his counter; the clerk his office, and the gentleman his leisure; and all buckled on their armor, and hastened to defend the capital of the nation from the rebels, already armed and marching in solid phalanx against it. The rebel army was commanded by able generals, who had been educated by the same Government they now sought to destroy. The first conflict of arms proved disastrous to the United States troops, but served to fully arouse the people of the North to a true sense of the situation. They realized that to preserve the life of the nation would cost blood and treasure, but the bright hopes of the future would richly compensate for both. The war went on with varied success; sometimes victory crowned our efforts; again, we would meet with disaster. Meantime a party grew up in the North hostile to the war for the preservation of the Union. The lower House of Congress had fallen into the hands of those opposed to the war. Great leaders stood up in the halls of Congress and declared that not another man nor dollar should be given to fill the ranks or feed the soldiers already in the field. The

Legislature of Indiana had so crippled the executive of that State that he was obliged to go to New York and pledge his own credit for money to equip the soldiers from that State ready for the field. A majority of the members of Congress elected from Ohio were opposed to the war. Secret organizations sprang up throughout the North, whose purpose was to discourage enlistments and give aid and comfort to the enemy. In 1862 a convention met in Columbus, O., and openly passed a resolution declaring that 200,000 men of Ohio sent greeting to their brethren in the South. Amid these stirring scenes the 113th Regiment, O. V. I., was organized. It was organized under the second call for 300,000 men, in 1862. It was not made up of that class of men who from excitement went into the army, but of men who in their calm reflection felt that their services were needed to fill the depleted ranks of their brethren already in the field. It assembled at Camp Chase on the 28th day of August, 1862, and at once went into the school of the soldier to receive that discipline so necessary to the efficiency of a soldier in the field. After remaining here nearly two months, under instruction of Colonels Wilcox and Mitchell, it was transferred to Camp Zanesville, and from there to Camp Dennison. Remaining but a short time here, it was transferred to Kentucky, and became a part of the reserve forces of General Rosecrans in his pending battle with General Bragg in Tennessee. To attempt to write anything of the 113th Regiment after this is to write a history of the war. The regiment remained in Kentucky but a short time, when it took a steamer, in company with a large number of troops, for Nashville, to more immediately re-enforce General Rosecrans' army, which had been depleted after a desperate but successful battle of three days with the rebel army, under General Bragg, at Murfreesboro, or Stone River. The regiment arrived at Fort Donelson just in time to witness the close of the second battle of that place. Arriving at Nashville, the regiment here parted with Colonel Wilcox, to whom the men had become much endeared, and Colonel Mitchell at once assumed command, and, though not always in immediate command of the regiment, yet remained with it through all the trying ordeals to which it was subjected. The regiment now pushed on to Franklin, Tennessee, where it was organized into and became a part of the Reserve Corps, Army of the Cumberland, under Major General Gordon Granger. Here it rested for some time, being occasionally called out to meet the enemy, who was hovering around the right flank of Rosecrans' army. While lying here the ravages of disease made sad havoc in our heroic band, for which I always thought the would-be General C. C. Gilbert was very largely responsible, by calling up the men who were not endued to camp life at unseasonable hours, for no other purpose, as any one could tell, but to gratify an inordinate ambition he had to show off. But, after the United States Senate clipped his brigadier wings, he drooped his tail like a peacock, and disappeared from the theater of war, only to be remembered as one of the things of the past for which there was no further need.

After spending the greater part of the summer of 1863 in Middle Tennessee, the regiment was pushed rapidly forward across the Cumberland Mountains and the Tennessee River into Georgia, to engage with the main army under Rosecrans at the battle of Chickamauga, who was not only to meet the army of Northern Virginia, but the paroled prisoners from Vicksburg.

After two days of marching and countermarching, in which the greater part of the army had been engaged in deadly conflict, the reserve corps, of which the 113th formed a part, was on the 20th day of September, 1863, thrown into the deadly breach. Like the legions of honor under the great Napoleon, they were only thrown in after the conflict had become desperate. Here the regiment received its first baptism in blood, having lost in killed and wounded one hundred and sixty-three men. What thrilling emotions pass through the breast when memory calls back the time when amid the roaring of artillery, the shrieking and bursting of shell, the rattling of musketry, the whizzing of bullets, the groans of the wounded and dying, the 113th charged and recharged upon the rebel hosts. The charge of the immortal 600 of which poets have sung was not more heroic than that of the 113th on that dreadful day. Retiring after the conflict within the fortifications surrounding Chattanooga, the army assumed the position of a stag at bay on which Bragg considered it unsafe to move. Here the regiment suffered the privations of hunger without a murmur till on the 25th of November, the army having been reorganized with General Grant in command, aided by those able Lieutenants, Sherman, Thomas and Hooker, and being largely reinforced, moved upon the enemy's works and hurled the rebel hosts in dismay from Mission Ridge, following them as far as Ringgold, Georgia, when the regiment was suddenly started on a forced march into East Tennessee to relieve Burnside, who was closely besieged by the troops of Longstreet. Unprepared to stand the rigors of a winter's campaign; poorly clad, without rations, subsisting off the country, they made forced marches without a murmur. Nearing Knoxville and the siege having been raised, they hastily retraced their steps towards Chattanooga, expecting to soon occupy their comfortable quarters which they had left a few weeks before. Arriving on the bank of the Tennessee river in the night, chilled by the cold blasts of a December wind, many of them barefooted and their feet bleeding, only to find the bridge across the Tennessee unfit to cross, and the men were only permitted, like Moses when leading the children of Israel to the promised land, to view it from afar, they likewise were only permitted to view their quarters from afar, and take up their quarters on the frozen banks of the Tennessee without tents or fire, which they did with a resignation not surpassed by that of the soldiers of the Revolution at Valley Forge. The regiment crossed the river next day and entered their quarters, where they expected to remain for the winter, but were doomed to disappointment. They were barely settled down when the word, "fall in," passed along the line, and they took up their line of march south across the

Tennessee river. Moving out from Chattanooga about eight miles, halted and put up new quarters where they remained till May, 1864, except for short intervals when they were ordered out on some duty for a few days at a time.

The first of May found the army animated with new life; all was bustle and activity. The army had been reorganized, with W. T. Sherman, one of the world's ablest generals, in command, with General George H. Thomas, that true type of a Roman soldier, in command of the Army of the Cumberland, of which the 113th, O. V. I., formed a part. Now commenced one of the most remarkable campaigns history gives any account of. To write a history of this campaign is to write a history of the 113th regiment. At Buzzard Roost, at Resaca, at Rome, at Dalles the regiment bore a conspicuous and honorable part, until brought up in front of the Kenesaw Mountain it found everywhere the guns of the enemy bristling in its front. Called upon to charge on the enemy's works the men buckled on their armor without a murmur and charged into the very jaws of death. Here again the regiment suffered severely, losing one hundred and sixty-five in killed and wounded. Unable to capture the enemy's works, they wavered, fell back a short distance and intrenched themselves in close proximity to the enemy's guns and maintained their position until the enemy fell back, when the word, "fall in," again passed along the lines. The march was at once resumed, and continued without much serious opposition till the Chattahoochee river was reached, where the rebels had to be brushed out of the way; following up again to Peach Tree Creek, the enemy made another stand, and where the fighting qualities of the 113th Regiment were again tried and not found wanting. The enemy now fell back within their intrenchments around Atlanta, closely followed by the Union army, when a furious bombardment commenced against the Gate City of the South. Unable to capture it by direct approaches in front, the regiment, with the main part of the army, was moved to the right, confronted the rebel army at Jonesboro' and defeated it, in which action the 113th again covered itself with glory. Atlanta was immediately evacuated and taken possession of by our troops. The regiment was not long to repose here. News having come that General Forest with a large cavalry force was in our rear, the division to which the 113th belonged was sent back to capture Forest or drive him out of Tennessee. This selection, no doubt, was made on account of its marching qualities. Over mountains, through dense forests, across deep rivers, for six hundred miles they followed him, till, considering discretion the better part of valor, he made good his escape by crossing the Tennessee river into Alabama. Hastily retracing their steps, they rejoined the main part of the army at Gailsville, Alabama, from which point commenced the grand holiday campaign of the war. Returning to Atlanta, tearing up the railroad as they went, cutting loose from all communications with the outside world, burning Atlanta, they started South under an order to forage liberally off the country. Never was an order obeyed with more

alacrity. Each tried to vie with the other to see who could come the nearest fulfilling it literally. This march was through a land of milk and honey. Dishes dainty enough to tickle the palate of an epicure or satisfy the appetite of a gormandizer. Yet, amid all this plenty, our soldiers were allowed to rot in rebel prisons. Arriving at the city of Savannah, they remained only long enough to be refitted, when they took up their line of march through the hot-bed of secession—South Carolina—where they had been warned that thus far can you come and no further. But it was soon found that those who had snuffed the battle from afar off were, when the war was brought to their doors, the most abject cowards and poltroons the regiment had yet met. Here all restraint seemed thrown off; every soldier felt that to this State, more than any other, was to be traced the cause of the war, and each one seemed determined to reek vengeance on the people, forgetting that passage of Scripture, "Vengeance is mine saith the Lord." Fire and sword was on every side; from hill-top and valley went up the smoke of burning buildings, till the heart sickened at the sight. Wading rivers, traversing swamps and climbing mountains, occasionally stopping to brush the rebels out of the way, the regiment entered the State of North Carolina, soon to be confronted by the combined forces of Johnson, Hardee and Beauregard, who had united to make one last desperate effort. Here, at Bentonville, one of the sharpest conflicts of the war took place. In this battle the 113th bore a conspicuous part, This was the last battle in which the regiment engaged; her battles henceforth were to be of a peaceful character. Passing rapidly forward to Goldsborough, North Carolina, we were joined by Schofield and Terry, who brought large re-enforcements. All felt the end was now drawing nigh. We soon received the news of the surrender of Lee's army to General Grant. This was quickly followed by the surrender of Johnson's army to General Sherman; the surrender of the remaining armies of the Confederate States immediately followed, and the last vestage of rebel authority was captured in central Georgia, in petticoats, booted and spurred.

The assassination of Lincoln cast a deep gloom over the army, and woe would have been to the people of the South if Sherman's army had again been turned against the enemy. But the war was over, and with it passed away the institution of slavery, and the germ of dissolution which our forefathers admitted into the Constitution as a local institution perished in the attempt to make it national. The regiment now started on its march homeward; it passed rapidly through Richmond, the capital of the now defunct government, and passing rapidly northward, it passed over many of the battlefields where the Army of the Potomac had met the rebel hosts in deadly conflict—grounds rendered forever historic. Arriving at Washington, the regiment participated in one of the grandest pageants the world ever saw, that of a victorious volunteer army after four years of fighting and campaigning to preserve the Nation, marching and passing in review before the representatives of the crowned heads of

Europe, and dissolving when no longer needed, and taking up the peaceful avocations of life. Those who had been the ardent friends of the government through the war now felt that those who had sought to destroy the government should be modest, and not seek to take any active part in the affairs of the Nation. Yet we soon find them claiming to be the only fit persons to conduct the government they had fought to destroy. We find them openly declaring that they would gain through the ballot box what they had failed to achieve on the battlefield. We find rebel brigadiers standing up in the halls of Congress and declaring they had at last captured Washington, and that they now intended to repeal the last vestige of war legislation from the statute books of the Nation. Being gently rebuked for the spirit of bravado, they are now trying to gain possession of the government in a manner which certainly presents a very strange phenomena—that of the same party who sought to overthrow the government by force of arms, and fought the regular army to do it, now trying to creep into power under a blue coat and brass buttons with a Major General of the U. S. Army as its leader. Be not deceived, this is the same old power, in disguise, you met in rebel gray on the plains of the South. Members of the 113th O. V. I., stand firm by the principles for which you fought. This is a duty you owe to yourselves, to your posterity, and more than all to the noble band of patriots who, less fortunate than yourself, gave up their lives in defense of their country by which you are enabled to enjoy the blessings of the best government in the world. The government which they gave their lives to save is now truly the land of the free and the home of the brave. It is fast increasing in wealth and population. Free schools and free churches all over the land; it has all the elements of true greatness within it. Rich mineral wealth, a fertile soil bounded by 11,000 miles of sea coast indented with numerous bays upon which large commercial and manufacturing cities are growing up, giving employment to tens of thousands of the down-trodden of other nations. One of the mightiest rivers of the world passes through its center, upon which the commerce of the great Northwest passes out to feed the crowded population of Europe. Her commerce is upon every sea, and finds a market in every city of the world. Her bonds which were at one time only worth thirty-five cents on the dollar, are now above par. The same money which the enemies of the government declared during and after the war to be worthless, to be rags, they are now anxious to have at a premium of fourteen cents on the dollar, and to-day the government, if she chose, could issue three and a half per cent. bonds at par which would eagerly be taken for the outstanding indebtedness of the government now coming due.

You, by your valor, have restored a Nation's credit, and now live to enjoy its blessings. Those who fell in defense of their country need no eulogium at our hands; they have written their names high upon the scroll of fame which will last through all time, and their sacrifice and heroism will be a theme upon which in future ages the

poet will tune his lyre to sing their praises. But to their widows and orphans we owe a sacred duty, to see that no O'Connors* legislate against their interest or rights.

Now, Comrades of the 113th, having extended these remarks much beyond my original intention, wishing you long life, happiness and prosperity, I can only add, may God bless you in your declining years.

A TRAGEDY IN A DREAM.

Taking my comrade, Ed. Blain, into my office a few days ago, I read to him a previously prepared sketch of the killing of George Workman, Company B, 113th O. V. I., on the 24th day of February, 1865, by an insane soldier, on the left bank of the Catawba or Wateree River, in South Carolina. The tragedy made a deep impression on my mind at the time, but I did not know that Blain had any recollection of it more than of one of the many incidents of his army life.

After hearing my account of it, he admitted its correctness, and said he saw the whole affair when it took place, and not only that, but that he had had a dream, months before, while in Ohio, in which he saw the same tragedy with all its attendant details. Blain also said that when the column halted at the place above named, he recognized it as the spot he had seen in his dream, and that he remarked to one of his comrades that he had seen that place before. Leaving his company where it had stacked arms in the rain, he ascended to the top of a hill to a house, where he witnessed the shooting of one soldier by another as I had described it. I give this incident as one of the unexplained and unexplainable mysteries that once in a lifetime come to the surface, the solution of which puzzles the wisest of the wise.

F. M. M.

A MOTHER'S TRIBUTE TO HER SON.

Henry A. Wells, of Johnstown, Licking county, Ohio, was born November 27, 1836. He was enrolled as a member of Company D, 113th, O. V. I., August 20, 1862. He served faithfully with his company in the duties of camp and bivouac during the fall of 1862, entering Kentucky and enduring the rigors of that eventful winter at Muldrough's Hill, south of Louisville. The duties and exposures of the campaign were too arduous, and sickness ensued. He was assigned to hospital No. 3, at Nashville, where he died February

* O'CONNOR was a member of the Ohio Legislature, who introduced a bill to abridge the rights of soldiers' children in the Ohio Soldiers' and Sailors' Orphans' Home, at Xenia, O.

20, 1863. A short time previous to his death, his uncle, Captain Joshua M. Wells, in passing through the hospitals, found his nephew and realized that death was near its victim. Henry told his uncle that he knew that he must soon die, but that Jesus was very precious all the time, and though he was far from his home and widowed mother, he felt reconciled, and, said he, "I can die here as well as anywhere."

Captain Wells remained with him to the end and administered to his comfort. He gave many evidences of his complete preparation for death, and of his trust in the Savior. Henry had been a faithful member of the M. E. Church since he was sixteen years old, and was always faithful in defending the right and opposing the wrong.

The body was sent home for burial, and the large concourse of friends, who shed tears of sorrow at his funeral, attested the high esteem in which he was held. And now, as the years roll by, his sorrowing mother decks the resting place of her son with fragrant flowers, and dampens with her tears the sod that conceals all that is mortal of him she most loved.

ELIZA B. WELLS.

NOTE:—Frequent mention is made elsewhere in this work of Captain Joshua M. Wells, Company C, detailing the facts of his being wounded at Chickamauga, his death, burial, etc. (See Hall's Prison Life.) His widow died November 22, 1875. His two surviving sons, Emory and Willis A., are residents of Clarinda, Paige county, Iowa. A Post of the G. A. R., located at Columbus, was named after this brave man.

W. ROSS HANAWALT

Was born in Ross county, Ohio, August 8, 1837. His education, which was of more than the ordinary character, was the result of careful, assiduous study more than of superior advantages. In 1856-7, he attended school at South Salem, and during the few years that preceded his enlistment he had given his time to teaching, in which profession he gained prominence.

He enlisted in the 113th O. V. I. at its organization, being at the time principal of the Union Schools, of Mt. Sterling, O.

He served as Quartermaster Sergeant from the organization of the regiment in September, 1862, till March 25, 1863, when he was promoted to Second Lieutenant of Company G, and at the battle of Chickamauga, Ga., September 20, 1863, he fell at his post of duty, sealing his devotion to his country with his blood.

The acquaintance I had formed with Lieutenant Hanawalt had ripened into a strong friendship, and when I learned that he was one of the sacrifices of that fatal day, I felt that a brave and noble man had fallen. He was my ideal soldier, for he was all that a patriot and gentleman could be, and now, after a lapse of more than a score

of years, during which period, time has healed many wounds of the heart, I recall the name and record these lines with peculiar feelings of sadness:

“Soldier rest, thy warfare o’er,
Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking;
Dream of battlefields no more,
Morn of toil, nor night of waking.”

M.

A HOSPITAL SKETCH.

The Chaplain of the 113th O. V. I. contributes the following:

I herewith furnish you some items connected with my duties as chaplain of the Fourteenth Army Corps, at Savannah, Georgia:

I was detailed by General Jefferson C. Davis to act in the capacity of corps chaplain, and entered upon my duties in January, 1865, while the army lay at Savannah. The surgeon in charge was Lewis Slusser, 68th Ohio Volunteers.

I was required to superintend the interment of the dead. Up to about January 20, 1865, there were division hospitals, but, by special order of General Sherman, these were consolidated into corps hospitals. When the army moved from Savannah, crossed the river, and entered South Carolina, there was left in the hospital of the Fourteenth Corps nearly eight hundred sick and wounded men. My work for two months was to aid, comfort and instruct the living, and bury the dead. My custom was to visit the several wards every day, and spend more or less time with each sufferer, singing, talking, reading and praying.

I determined to bury the dead in the most substantial manner possible under the circumstances. One of the first things to be done was to select the ground in which to deposit our dead heroes. We chose the Laurel Grove Cemetery, situated one mile from the city, near the Augusta road. It was a place of rare beauty. The dead of the Fourteenth Corps occupy four lots in this lonely spot, namely, lots number 1,620, 1,621, 1,622 and 1,623.

On a post eight feet high, near the center of these lots, we placed a large acorn, the corps emblem. We buried our dead in rows, numbering the rows and graves. The corps hospital occupied the Infirmary and the public school building, on Barnard street. Having arranged with the post quartermaster for a supply of coffins, the next thing was to procure bottles and corks. The bottles used were such as had been used for wine and porter, and we procured them in the city with no other compliments than to say we had use for them.

These bottles being perfectly dry, we would deposit in each a memorandum of a deceased soldier, giving name, rank, disease, date of death, and the command to which he belonged. This was written plainly in ink.

The body of the deceased was gently lowered to its last resting place; brief religious exercises followed, and the grave was then filled within eighteen inches of the top; the bottle was then placed, with neck downward, in the dirt at the foot of the grave. To ascertain to a certainty the name of a buried soldier, it was only necessary to dig at the foot of the grave, find the bottle containing the memorandum, and read the record. After about two months duty of this kind, many of the sick having died or recovered, I was relieved, and again joined the regiment near Raleigh, North Carolina.

JOSEPH MORRIS.

HUMOR AT KENESAW.

After the battle of Kenesaw Mountain, I went to the field hospital to see if any of the 113th were in need of assistance which I could render. As you know, I was then Quartermaster Sergeant of the regiment, and was with the wagon train, and not in the engagement which resulted so disastrously to our forces.

Upon arriving at the hospital, as it was called, (a shady spot upon which had been erected a number of tents) I beheld a sad sight. The numerous tents were filled to overflowing with the wounded, the dying and the dead. Among the hundreds who lay on the ground I recognized Ed. Whitehead, a member of my own Company. Ed. was a great big, good-natured fellow, with a heart as big as his body, (figuratively speaking) and stood six feet four inches in his stocking feet. I asked Ed. where and how seriously he was hurt. He replied that he was shot through the fleshy part of both thighs, and upon examination I saw that it was a very painful and dangerous wound.

Presently a number of ambulances were brought up, and an order was given to load the wounded and send them to Big Shanty as fast as possible. With the assistance of others, we picked Ed. up and placed him in the vehicle nearest to where he lay, pushing him gently to the front, until his head reached the seat of the driver. For a moment he lay with closed eyes and motionless. Then opening his eyes, and rising partly up, he looked soberly at his feet as they hung out of the rear of the ambulance. Then he asked in his dry manner: "Bill, how much of me is there out yet?" Then he lay down and the ambulances were driven off. The surroundings were simply horrible, but the humor of that inquiry provoked a good laugh from all who heard it. I have thought of this a thousand times, and have as often laughed over it. Ed. still lives, and nobody enjoys the story better than he.

W. H. HALLIDAY.

POST-OFFICE ADDRESSES.

The following is a list of the addresses of the survivors of the 113th O. V. I. so far as can be ascertained. The list is incomplete, but mainly accurate, and will serve a valuable purpose:

OHIO.

COLUMBUS.

James A. Wilcox, John G. Mitchell, L. S. Sullivant, Otway Watson, A. C. Van Houten, George H. Rowland, John Dickey, H. H. Kneeland, Wm. P. Souder, John Beasinger, John Wolf, Wm. Regester (?), Henry Silbach (?), Herman Silbach (?), Henry Pfautch, Nicholas Shimmel, M. V. B. Little, James Coultas, Chas. A. Cofforth, John Byrne, C. R. Herrick, J. L. Flowers, Wm. H. Halliday, W. S. Durant, John B. Miller, D. T. Green, David O. Mull (W. C.), J. L. B. Wiswell (?), Wm. Romosier, John Romosier, Albert Field, R. Knight, Wm. Keller, Geo. Sinclair, J. R. Topping, Augustus Leshey.

URBANA.

O. H. Barber, Geo. L. Teister, Web. S. Gearhart, Ed. Schellhorn, Philip A. Huff, William Craig, John W. Snyder, G. W. Crain, Joseph Low, Cyrus T. Ward, Felix L. Rock.

SAINT PARIS.

Geo. G. McCrea, Elijah Gabriel, John F. Riker, George Gabriel, Simon Gabriel, A. M. Grafton, Michael Huddleston, John Wilson, George Negley, Willis Huddleston, Wm. Jenkins, David Beaty, S. E. Smith, Wm. M. Grafton, John Wank, Samuel Bishop, Anthony Bishop, Leonard Bishop.

GRANVILLE.

Moses Goodrich, B. W. Mason (?), Wm. Ports, Thomas A. Jones, Lewis Williams, M. M. Munson, Hiram Williams, Burton Huson, Thomas J. Evans (?), Henry C. Case, J. A. Scureman, F. A. Eno.

MT. STERLING.

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NO MILITARY history is complete that does not make mention of the women of the war. The history of the work of love and devotion of the mothers, wives, sisters and sweethearts never can be written! We can only get a glimpse of it; for who can tell of their anxiety or of the many weary and wakeful nights as they watched and prayed for their loved ones, many of whom were never to return. The tender, sad memories of the war, speak to all more eloquently than can be written on the page of history, as they sweetly and pathetically remind us how the mothers and women of the land, touched by the fires of patriotism, bade their sons gird on the armor of their country; how, through the long and bitter years of the war, their faith was unbroken and their loyalty was firm; and how, when the dear ones were borne home cold and lifeless, they, like the Spartan mothers, "thanked God that their boys had died that their country might live."

"The wife who girds her husband's sword,
'Mid little ones who weep and wonder,
And bravely speaks the cheering word—
What though her heart be rent asunder!
Doomed nightly in her dreams to hear
The bolts of death around him rattle,
Hath shed as sacred blood as e'er
Was poured upon a field of battle!

"The mother who conceals her grief
While to her breast her son she presses,
Then breathes a few brave words and brief,
Kissing the patriot brow she blesses,
With no one but her secret God
To know the pain that weighs upon her,
Sheds holy blood as e'er the sod
Received on Freedom's field of honor!"

The record of the war is not complete without the history is written of the part borne by our loyal women. How much we owe to their love, care and encouragement for all we have achieved; and how we strive in all the laudable ambitions of life to win their smiles of approval.

MARCHES AND BATTLES.

Believing that not only soldiers, but the general reader, after having perused this brief history, would be interested in the "maxims of war" which govern the movements of an army in the field, I have carefully compiled, from the Army Regulations and the best military authorities, this short chapter on marches and battles.

MARCHES.

The object of the movement and the nature of the ground determine the order of march, the kind of troops in each column, and the number of columns.

The "general," sounded one hour before the time of marching, is the signal to strike tents, to load the wagons and pack-horses, and send them to the place of assembling. The fires are then put out, and care taken to avoid burning straw, etc., or giving to the enemy any other indication of the movement.

The "march" will be beat in the infantry, and the "advance" sounded in the cavalry, in succession, as each is to take its place in the column.

When the army should form suddenly to meet the enemy, the "long roll" is beat and "to horse" sounded. The troops form rapidly in front of their camp.

Batteries of artillery and their caissons move with the corps to which they are attached; the field train and ambulances march at the rear of the column, and the baggage with the rear guard.

In cavalry marches, when distant from the enemy, each regiment, and, if possible, each squadron, forms a separate column, in order to keep up the same gait from front to rear, and to trot, when desirable, on good ground. In such cases, the cavalry may leave camp later, and can give more rest to the horses and more attention to the shoeing and harness. Horses are not bridled until time to start.

The execution of marching orders must not be delayed. If the commander is not at the head of his troops when they are to march, the next in rank puts the column in motion.

In night marches, the Sergeant Major of each regiment remains at the rear with a drummer, to give notice when darkness or difficulty stops the march. In cavalry, a trumpeter is placed in rear of each squadron, and the signal repeated to the head of the regiment.

In approaching a defile, the Colonels are warned; they close their regiments as they come up (each regiment passes separately, at an accelerated pace, and in as close order as possible). The leading regiment, having passed and left room for the whole column in close order, then halts, and moves again as soon as the last regiment is through. In the cavalry, each squadron, before quickening the pace to rejoin the column, takes its original order of march.

If two corps meet on the same road, they pass to the right, and both continue their march if the road is wide enough; if it is not, the first in the order of battle takes the road; the other halts.

A column that halts to let another column pass resumes the march in advance of the train of this column. If a column has to pass a train, the train must halt, if necessary, till the column passes. The column which has precedence must yield if the commander, on seeing the order of the other, finds it for the interest of the service.

On a road, marching by the flank, it would be considered "good order" to have 5,000 men to a mile, so that a full corps of 30,000 men would extend six miles; but with the average trains and batteries of artillery the probabilities are that it would draw out to ten miles. On a long and regular march the divisions and brigades should alternate in the lead; the leading divisions should be on the road by the

earliest dawn, and march at the rate of two miles, or, at most, two and a half miles, an hour, so as to reach camp by noon. Even then the rear division and trains will hardly reach camp much before night. Theoretically, a marching column should preserve such order that by simply halting and facing to the right or left it would be in line of battle; but this is rarely the case, and generally deployments are made "forward," by conducting each brigade by the flank obliquely to the right or left to its approximate position in line of battle, and there deployed. In such a line of battle a brigade of 3,000 infantry would occupy a mile of "front;" but, for a strong line of battle, 5,000 men, with two batteries, should be allowed to each mile, or a division would habitually constitute a double line with skirmishers and a reserve on a mile of "front."

BATTLES.

Dispositions for battle depend on the number, kind and quality of the troops opposed, on the ground, and on the objects of the war; but the following rules are to be observed generally:

In attacking, the advance guard endeavors to capture the enemy's outposts, or cut them off from the main body. Having done so, or driven them in, it occupies, in advancing, all the points that can cover or facilitate the march of the army or secure its retreat, such as bridges, defiles, woods and heights; it then makes attack, to occupy the enemy without risking too much, and to deceive them as to the march and projects of the army.

When the enemy is hidden by a curtain of advanced troops, the commandant of the advanced guard sends scouts, under intelligent officers, to the right and left, to ascertain his position and movements. If he does not succeed in this way, he tries to unmask the enemy by demonstrations; threatens to cut the advance from the main body; makes false attacks; partial and impetuous charges in echelon; and, if all fail, he makes a real attack to accomplish the object.

Detachments left by the advance guard to hold points in the rear rejoin it when other troops come up. If the army takes a position, and the advanced guard is separated from it by defiles or heights, the communication is secured by troops drawn from the main body.

At proper distance from the enemy the troops are formed for the attack in several lines; if only two can be formed, some battalions in columns are placed behind the wings of the second line. The lines may be formed by troops in column or in order of battle, according to the ground and plan of attack.

The advanced guard may be put in the line or on the wings, or other positions, to aid the pursuit or cover the retreat.

The reserve is formed of the best troops of foot and horse, to complete a victory or make good a retreat. It is placed in the rear of the central or chief point of attack or defense.

The cavalry should be distributed in echelon on the wings and at the center, on favorable ground.

It should be instructed not to take the gallop until within charging

distance; never to receive a charge at a halt, but to meet it, or, if not strong enough, to retire maneuvering; and, in order to be ready for the pursuit, and prepared against a reverse or the attacks of the reserve, not to engage all its squadrons at once, but to reserve one-third, in column or in echelon, abreast of or in the rear of one of the wings; this arrangement is better than a second line with intervals.

In the attack, the artillery is employed to silence the batteries that protect the position. In the defense, it is better to direct its fire on the advancing troops. In either case, as many pieces are united as possible, the fire of the artillery being formidable in proportion to concentration.

In battles and military operations it is better to assume the offensive, and put the enemy on the defensive; but to be safe in doing so requires a larger force than the enemy, or better troops and favorable ground. When obliged to act on the defensive, the advantage of position and of making the attack may sometimes be secured by forming in rear of the ground on which we are to fight, and advancing at the moment of action. In mountain warfare the assailant has always the disadvantage; and even in offensive warfare in the open field it may frequently be very important, when the artillery is well posted, and any advantage of ground may be secured, to await the enemy and compel him to attack.

The attack should be made with a superior force on the decisive point of the enemy's position by masking this by false attacks and demonstrations on other points, and by concealing the troops intended for it by the ground, or by other troops in their front.

HEADQUARTERS FOURTEENTH ARMY CORPS, }
WASHINGTON, D. C., June 15, 1865. }

GENERAL ORDERS,)
No. 17.)

Soldiers of the Fourteenth Army Corps:

Since he assumed command of the Corps, your General has seen many occasions when he was proud of your endurance, your courage and your achievements.

If he did not praise you then it was because your labors and triumphs were incomplete. Whilst the enemies of your country still defied you, whilst hardships and dangers were yet to be encountered and overcome, it seemed to him premature to indulge in unnecessary praise of deeds being enacted, or to rest upon laurels already won. But now, when the battle and the march are ended and the victory yours; when many of you are about to return to your homes, where the sounds of the hostile cannon—now silenced, let us trust, forever in our land—will soon be forgotten amidst the welcoming plaudits of friends; when the heavy armor of the soldier is being exchanged for the civic wreaths of

peace, he deems it a happy occasion to congratulate you upon the part which you have borne in common with your comrades of the armies of the Union in the mighty struggle for the maintenance of the unity and integrity of your country. You will join heartily in the general rejoicing over the grand result and the termination of the Nation's peril. While the country is welcoming her defenders home, and their noble deeds are being commemorated, you will ever remember with proud satisfaction that at Chickamauga yours were the invincible battalions with which the unyielding Thomas hurled back the overwhelming foe and saved the day; that at Mission Ridge you helped, with your brothers of the Armies of the Cumberland and of the Tennessee, to plant the banners of your country once more on the cloud clad heights of Chattanooga; that at Jonesboro, your resistless charge decreed the final fate of proud Atlanta; that at Bentonville you for hours defied the frenzied and determined efforts of the rebel hosts to crush *seriatim* the columns of the victorious Sherman. Years hence, in the happy enjoyment of the peace and prosperity of your country, whose preservation your valor on many hard fought fields secured, it will be among your proudest boasts that you fought with Thomas and marched with Sherman from the mountains to the sea; that you toiled and skirmished in mid-winter through the swamps of Georgia and the Carolinas; that after years of bloody contest you witnessed the surrender of one of the enemy's proudest armies, no longer able to withstand your irresistible pursuit.

Now the danger is past and the victory won, many of you turn homeward. Let the same generous spirit, the same pure patriotism, that prompted your entry into your country's service be cherished by you, never forgetting that the true soldier is always a good citizen and Christian.

Some remain yet for a time as soldiers. The same country that first called you needs your further services, and retains you. Let your future record be a continuation of the glorious past, and such that, as long as a soldier remains of the Fourteenth Corps, it shall continue bright and untarnished.

Many of the noblest, bravest and best who came out with us will not return. We left them on the hills and by the streams of the South, where no voice of mother, sister or wife will ever wake them—where no kind hand will strew flowers upon their graves. But, soldiers, by us they never will be forgotten. Their heroic deeds and last resting places will often be brought to mind in fond remembrance. Though dead, they will live in the affections of their countrymen and their country's history. Whilst passing events are fast changing our past associations and requiring us to form new ones, let us seek to extend a warm greeting and the hearty hand of congratulation to all who rejoice in our country's preservation and a return of peace.

By command of Brevet Major General Jefferson C. Davis.

A. C. MCCLURG,
Brevet Colonel A. A. G., and Chief of Staff.

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